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VOL. XIX.—NO. 15. BOSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DREW LOTS TO MURDER.

How Chief Hennessey was Doomed to Death.

Four Men Chosen to Do Shooting and a Boy to Give Signal.

Confession of Manuel Politz Discloses the Mafia.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 12.—The grand jury, in its forthcoming report upon the Hennessy murder, the subsequent miscarriage of justice, and the wreaking of popular vengeance upon the Italian suspects in the Parish prison, will, for the first time, probably, give to the public the confession of Manuel Politz.

The statement he made never reached the jury. The State claimed that while Politz incriminated others he protested his own innocence, and besides there were contradictions in his confession which would destroy its value.

There was strong evidence against Politz and it was preferred to hold him prisoner.

Notwithstanding his seeming lack of reason the Sicilian understood this well and another terror grew upon him, a fear greater than that of the law.

It was the dread of the strong and hidden murderous arm of the Mafia. He knew its methods and its power well, and when the bronze and crimson-cheeked little country woman, whom he called his wife by right of possession, came to him and denounced him for having gone back on his countrymen, he would no longer eat the food she brought.

He drew further away from his fellow suspects, and did not even feel safe under the prison roof with them.

The dread which haunted him doubtless preyed upon his mind until his condition was very close upon insanity.

The swift punishment meted out to him by an indignant populace must have appeared to him as a relief, and he could hardly have regretted that the "fever called living was over at last."

Politz's Confession

was made to the district attorney. About the same story was told to his attorney, and portions of it were told at various times to those who came in contact with him. Said he:

"I had joined a certain society of my countrymen, the president of which was Charles Matranga. This society, I supposed, was formed for benefit of my countrymen. Macheca, Matranga and others were prominent members. On a Saturday night I was at a meeting of the society, at which Matranga, Macheca and others were present. It was there stated that the purpose of the meeting was to decide who were to "do" Chief Hennessy.

"The names of the members were placed in a box by numbers, and 10 were drawn therefrom. These 10 men were notified to meet and arrange the manner and means of carrying out the work allotted to them. The men met in a room over a place owned by Duffee. The money was then distributed among six men, each one receiving about $200.

"I was asked to carry a sack of guns from the meeting room to the house of the shoemaker, Monasterio, on guard near basin. I refused to do so, not knowing at the time why the guns were to be taken there. Matranga was there and said he would carry the sack.

"Two later meetings were held near the Poydras market. I am not sure whether the money was distributed at these meetings or at Duffee's. The plan agreed upon was, that on the night of Oct. 15 every one was to meet at Monasterio's place. Marchezi's boy was instructed to be on the lookout, and watch the approach of Chief Hennessy. He was to wait on Rampart st., and when he made sure that the chief was coming he was to pass Hennessy and run rapidly out Girard st., and when opposite Monasterio's was to give the peculiar Italian whistle.

"When the whistle was given by the boy on the night of the 15th of October Monasterio opened the door and said to the others, 'The chief, the chief.' The rest then stepped out through the side door of Monasterio's shanty and through the large gate into the street, immediately opening fire upon a man on the opposite side, who was quietly walking along.

Scaffedi, Marchezi, Bagnetto

and Monasterio killed the chief. I was not there and did not know anything about the killing until the following Sunday morning.

"I heard of Hennessy's shooting for the first time on that Sunday morning when my landlord, John, was reading the paper."

In answer to a question how he could know any of these things if he was not present, he replied that Monasterio told him all about it.

"I took no part in the shooting," he said, "and did not know that there was any intention on the part of anybody to kill Mr. Hennessy.

"On Sunday morning I arose and did not go any place in particular, remaining around the house all day. I could not work because I had a sore arm. I am innocent, and my conscience is as white as the wall."

About the time of Mr. Heard's appointment as counsel the great change in Politz had commenced, and he was suspicious of everybody, and particularly of the defendants and their counsel, who had laughed at his confession. Mr. Heard did not escape Politz's unjust distrust, and when he sat down among the other defence counsel, Politz was convinced in his narrow mind that Mr. Heard was against him.

Politz actions resulted in Mr. Heard's withdrawal, and the appointment of Mr. John Q. Flynn, a young criminal lawyer.

Mr. Flynn had considerable knowledge of Italians of Politz's class and set about obtaining his peculiar client's good will. Mr. Flynn after trying in several ways to impress his friendly intentions upon Politz, adopted a characteristic Italian method to test his faith.

When alone with the prisoner, Mr. Flynn handed him a glass of water to drink. Politz, still suspicious, declined unless Mr. Flynn first tasted the liquid. Mr. Flynn refused saying:

"If you have confidence in me drink."

Politz hesitated a moment, his look showed surprise, and then he seized the glass and drained its contents.

After that Politz trusted his lawyer more than he had any person since his arrest. During that day there were many private interviews between Mr. Flynn and the judge and district attorney.

The reporters puzzled themselves as to the object of these consultations, until it appeared that Mr. Flynn urged and obtained the separation of Politz from the other accused, and even from the prison walls.

That night Politz slept in the sheriff's office in the Criminal Court building in charge of Deputy Sheriffs Jones and Nelson.

About 9.30 o'clock Mr. Flynn was seen to enter the building, and he did not leave until 2.30 in the morning, having spent nearly the entire night with his client. His object, from the best information at hand, was to prepare Politz for the witness-stand in the morning. The result was

Evidently Not Satisfactory.

Mr. Flynn looked worried, and spent the greater portion of the morning in a hunt around the lonely Girod street cemetery for Politz's brother. The latter was probably required to assist in bringing Politz upon the witness-stand and placing him in the mood to tell his complete story to the court.

Politz's brother was never found. Had he been his presence in court would have created a sensation, and the State would have deemed him a revelation to strengthen its case.

It is said that there was a close resemblance between the brothers, except that the missing Politz had a small black mustache, while Politz's defence was that his upper lip was always closely shaven. Had this brother been produced the witnesses might have identified him as the man at the killing, and Politz would have been the most important witness for the State.

Perhaps the brother anticipated some such denoument, and, fearing arrest, sought safety in flight. He is said to have returned to Italy.

There was another sensational incident on the morning of March 11 in the office of the criminal sheriff, where Politz was given temporary quarters. Mr. Flynn, after having been at work on the case most of the night, entered the building at 7.30 o'clock in the morning. He went at once to Politz, and found his client very quiet and apparently sound in body and tranquil in mind.

Mr. Flynn said "Good morning." There was a pause of a few moments, and Politz called his attorney over and asked him to bend over towards him. To the surprise of those present Politz said in English, a language of which he had pretended ignorance:

"I want to whisper in your ear."

Mr. Flynn complied, and placed his ear close to his client's mouth.

Somebody Warned the Lawyer

that it might be a ruse by which his ear would suffer. Mr. Flynn's only reply was to place his gloved hand near his ear, but Politz again said in plain English:

"You need not fear me. I no hurt you."

Then Politz, in a perfectly rational and collected manner, continued:

"Place me upon the witness stand today, and I will tell all I know, everything."

Mr. Flynn replied that he could not do that, but if Politz wished to make a statement all he had to do was to rise in court, express the wish to testify, and the court would then, doubtless, permit the lawyer to place the Sicilian on the stand as he desired.

So it was understood that Politz was to startle the court and the community that day.

Court opened. Politz was at the bar. So was Mr. Flynn. The trial was resumed. Several anxious eyes were on Politz. He seemed to feel the time had come. Politz arose and faced the court. There was a hush. Politz appeared calm enough. Suddenly a look of intense terror overspread his features. Then came a cry. The only words Politz spoke were in Italian. "Scoffedi killed the chief." Then the luckless Sicilian fell face forward upon the floor.

Had the heavy hand of the Mafia reached forward and silenced the telltale tongue? Anyhow, Politz was never again in condition to testify. From that moment the policy of Mr. Flynn changed and the legal defence of Politz began.

In justice to Matranza, one of the suspects mentioned by Politz, it is but fair to say that no connection with the Mafia was proven upon the trial.

Another name mentioned by Politz and not included in the above statement was that of a prominent Italian fruit importer who has never been mentioned in connection with the case except as having been seen in company with some of the accused at a place and time not connected with the killing of Hennessey.

OF AVERAGE PROSPERITY.

Thirty-Eighth Annual Report of Massachusetts Board of Agriculture.

The 38th annual report of the secretary of the Massachusetts board of agriculture has been submitted to the Legislature. It contains a number of interesting facts, as well as includes the eighth annual report of the State agricultural experiment station. It says in part:

"The past year has been one of average prosperity to the agricultural interests of the State. The winter of 1889-90 was unusually mild. The mildness of the four months ending Feb. 28, 1890, was unparalleled since 1836.

"This office is in constant receipt of letters of inquiry about abandoned farms in Massachusetts, some of which are in ideal situations for summer residences of the well-to-do, and others adapted to specialties in agriculture. If the Legislature would provide for an official list and descriptions of such property, somewhat after the plan pursued in New Hampshire, it is believed that many of these farms might be sold, and thus become productive property, enhancing the valuation of the State, and adding to its production and population. The amount of premiums paid for farm products during the year 1890 was $10,280 against $3193 in 1860, and for live stock $20,804 against $9114 in 1860.

"Two new agricultural societies, besides the Worcester East, will this year become eligible to the bounty of the State, and have chosen members of the State board of agriculture.

"The Legislature of last year made liberal provision for a campaign of extermination against the gypsy moth, for which an appropriation of $50,000 was made. Much work has been done and much good accomplished by the commission. The habits of the creature have been observed, and millions of them destroyed. It is believed that they have been prevented from spreading over new territory, and thus with the experience of the last season the operations of the coming spring and summer will be much more successful. Scientists all agree that if it is possible to extirpate the pest it should be done, let the expense be what it may. It will be a disgrace to the Commonwealth that 30 years ago stamped out pleuro-pneumonia which had gained a lodgment within her borders, if she fails to eradicate this pest.

"The yield of small fruits was fair, and the prices very good. The tobacco crop in the Connecticut valley was unusually large, of excellent quality and mostly harvested in good condition, but the wet, muggy weather in September caused pole-sweat to make its appearance in the sheds, and considerable damage resulted. Celery, cabbages, onions, turnips, rye and garden truck were generally satisfactory. Oats and beans were greatly injured by unfavorable weather. Grape culture in this State has not increased to any extent in the past five years. Last year's crop was a fair one. The cranberry crop was somewhat less than an average, owing to drought, fire worms, worm in the berry, hail and late frosts.

"On Sept. 1 the potato crop promised to be a fair average, and blight and rot were not very prevalent. The wet, muggy weather the first half of September, however, was very favorable to the development of this fungus, and as a consequence, in many localities potatoes rotted badly in the field and in the cellar.

"The hay crop proved to be nearly an average one. Much of it, however, was damaged by attempting to cure it during unfavorable weather."

The report also contains a number of addresses and lectures by agricultural authorities on various subjects of interest to farmers.

WHAT PEARLS ARE.

All Kinds of Precious Stones Are Injured by Fire.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Pearls are carbonate of lime, the same substance of which the shell of the oyster is composed, and are identical with the "mother of pearl," which forms the interior of the pearl oyster shell. A high temperature will reduce any pearl to common lime, and in the heat of an ordinary fire a pearl will completely lose its identity and become a pinch of white powder.

All precious stones are injured by a high temperature; the diamond, being almost pure carbon, is completely consumed at a temperature somewhat greater than white heat. When the Southern Hotel was burned in this city some years ago, a lady guest left her diamonds in her room. As the gems were large and valuable, careful search was made for them after the ruins had cooled, and they were found, but the intense heat had covered every stone with a white crust where partial combustion had taken place.

Rubies, sapphires and emeralds lose their color on exposure to heat, while the semi-precious stones, such as the amethyst, topaz and garnet, are completely ruined by a comparatively low heat.

ONE BELIEVED IN TRUSTS.

Sixty-Seven Minnesota Legislators Class Them With Tights.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 12.—In the House yesterday the Hompe railroad bill, already passed by the Senate, was considered in committee of the whole and recommended for passage.

Senator Hompe is an Alliance member, but the representatives of that party in the House had, until today, refused to have anything to do with his bill, considering it not sufficiently radical.

The House bill (Currier's) was a decidedly radical measure, and was defeated by the combined Republicans and Democrats of the House. The favorable action on the Hompe bill today was unanimous, and the result will be the present settlement of radical railroad legislation in Minnesota.

Lockwood's bill prohibiting trusts and pools has passed the House by a vote of 67 to 1.

It provides that any corporation or company that shall become a member of any pool or trust to regulate or fix the price of provisions or other commodities, or to fix or limit mining or manufacturing production, shall be deemed guilty of a conspiracy to defraud, and be liable to a fine of from $1000 to $5000.

Woman is Honest, and Why?

"If a man plans a scheme by which he can secure, even by dishonesty, a large sum of money he is patient and wary, though it requires years to carry it out," said a woman to a Sun reporter. "A woman is rarely provident for the future in that way, but is impulsive and hasty. If she wants a thing badly she wants it directly, and once she has helped herself to it dishonestly she reveals in her face and manner the torture of her own conscience over her misdeed and the fear of discovery. She feels that every one knows her guilt, can see it in her face, and in sheer desperation she must confess it.

"Now, since a woman hasn't so many temptations as a man, and doesn't want things so badly when she wants them at all as he does, she prefers to go without them rather than have the misery attendant upon theft."

WHAT PEOPLE THINK,

Judging by Political Preferences, Rumors and Actions.

Resignation of Senator Edmund's of Vermont—Will Sherman Follow Suit?

Western Municipal Elections—Other Matters Briefly Noted.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont has resigned, the resignation to take effect the 1st day of November next.

The following is a copy of the letter tendering his resignation to the governor of Vermont:

UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, April 6, 1891.

SIR—Considerations entirely personal lead me to tender to you, as the Governor of the State of Vermont, my resignation of the office of senator of the United States, the resignation to take effect on the first day of November, A. D. 1891.

This action has been for some time in contemplation and is finally decided on and communicated to you at this time in order that there may be ample time to hear and consider the views of the people in our State in respect to the selection of my successor.

In thus terminating my official relations with the State, I beg to express to her steadfast, intelligent and patriotic citizens my profound gratitude for the long and unwavering confidence and support they have given me (covering an eventful period of a quarter of a century) in my efforts to promote and defend, so far as I have been able, their honor and welfare in common with that of all the people of the United States.

In ceasing to be a senator I am proud that I continue to be a citizen of our beloved Commonwealth, and that I may with my fellow-citizens in private life continue to strive for the maintenance of those principles of liberty, equality and justice in government which have, without the shadow of turning, animated them from the foundation of the republic.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,
GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

His Excellency Carroll S. Page, Hyde Park, Vermont.

Ex-Congressman Stewart to Succeed Edmunds.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., April 8.—The resignation of Senator George F. Edmunds has created a decided breeze among Republicans throughout the State, to the majority of whom it was wholly unexpected.

The selection of the man to fill out his unexpired term devolves upon Gov. Page, as the Legislature is not in session and will not convene before October. The only candidates for the office are ex-Gov. and ex-Congressman John W. Stewart and ex-Gov. J. Gregory Smith of Middlebury. Judging from appearances, Stewart will receive the appointment.

LONG A LEADER IN SENATE.

One Who Played Important Part in Shaping Legislation.

Mr. Edmunds entered the Senate in April, 1866. He was appointed the successor of the venerable Solomon Foote. He began immediately to take part in the discussions of the body in which were then such men as Sumner, Fessenden, Trumbull, Wade and Chandler.

In the following December the Republicans in Congress began the great fight with President Johnson, and to Mr. Edmunds was intrusted the tenure of office act, which he reported to the Senate and advocated till it was passed. As a member of the judiciary committee he has had a leading part in shaping the more important legislation of Congress for many years.

With the reconstruction laws no man has had more to do. In the great contest with Johnson he was a vigorous participant, but, being a young senator, he could not take so prominent a part as some others. In 1868 he stood squarely by the side of Sumner and Wade in sustaining Stanton.

All that he could do to put Johnson out of the White House was done, and when that enterprise failed, it was he who moved a vote of thanks to Stanton, which was carried. In 1869 Grant came into power, and the Senate chamber became the theatre of novel political scenes. Sumner, Schurz and Trumbull quarrelled with the administration, and finally left the party. The San Domingo scheme was the rock on which the party split. On this question Edmunds was entirely agreed as to the unwise course in the matter of Gen. Grant. He was fortunate, however, in having the tact to get on with Grant, and the latter always praised the Vermont senator for his practical good sense.

On financial questions Edmunds was always strongly in favor of the principles securing a sound currency. He believed that resumption of specie payments could not be obtained without the adoption of a definite policy for years before it was adopted. When the reaction from the inflation movement occurred, after the panic of 1873, and the veto by Grant of "the $400,000,000 bill," it was Edmunds and Conkling who forced the Republican senators in caucus to agree upon the resumption act.

Edmunds was also the author of the electoral commission act by which the great controversy of 1876 was settled.

In 1880 Mr. Edmunds' name was mentioned as a candidate for the presidential nomination, and he received some votes in the Chicago convention, but he never expressed himself as desirous of the presidential office, and his friends were never organized to systematically push his candidacy.

In the 47th Congress Mr. Edmunds secured the passage of a bill for the suppression of polygamy, which became known as the Edmunds anti-Mormon bill.

At the close of the session of '82 he was elected president of the Senate to succeed Senator David Davis, whose term then expired, which office he filled with dignity and fairness.

In 1883, as again in 1889, he was reelected by his State without opposition, the number of Democrats who always insisted on voting for him at such times being in his eyes one of the grandest compliments his State paid him.

In 1880 Mr. Edmunds first came before the country as an acknowledged candidate for the presidency, and at the national Republican convention held in Chicago that year he received 34 votes on the first ballot. In 1884 the growth of opposition in the Republican party against Mr. Blaine led Mr. Edmunds to become still more conspicuous in the presidential race, he receiving no less than 93 votes on the first ballot.

Since 1883 Mr. Edmunds has been, with Senator Hoar, the bell wethers of the Republican flock, and has been the champion of a host of important measures, among which was the act of 1886 prescribing the manner in which electoral votes for the president should be counted.

He was also the leader of the famous Republican crusade against President Cleveland, to compel him to furnish the Senate with all documents necessary to show cause for removal from office.

In the last exciting term of Congress Mr. Edmunds was conspicuous for his firm stand against the silver bill, as he was ever known to be a firm defender of honest money.

In the memorable contest over the force bill he occupied a neutral position.

SHERMAN'S LAST TERM, TOO.

Story Revived by the Resignation of Edmunds.

NEW YORK, April 9.—A Times Washington special says:

The resignation of Mr. Edmunds revives again the story, reported as coming from Mr. Sherman himself, that that gentleman will not be again a candidate for the Senate.

According to the account of a personal friend of Mr. Sherman, he has a great aversion to remaining in the Senate one minute longer than he is qualified, in all respects, to discharge the duties of the office. He has told a friend that he is aware that no one is ever so unfit to decide when a public man is waning, as the man himself. If he stays a day longer than his prime his ability to decide when he must go becomes constantly less. Mr. Sherman is determined not a man shall ever be able to say that he is "lagging superfluous, and that he does not know enough to drop off."

THE WESTERN ELECTIONS.

Chicago Surprises Herself With a Republican Mayor—Other Elections.

CHICAGO, April 8.—Hempstead Washburne (Republican) has been elected for mayor by about 1700 plurality. The remainder of the Republican city ticket is also elected.

Wisconsin Municipal Election.

CHICAGO, April 8.—Municipal elections were held yesterday in a number of cities in Wisconsin. In Janesville the Independent candidate for mayor was successful, the council being about evenly divided. In Manitowoc the Republicans elected the mayor, and the Democrats a majority of the city council. In Racine the Republicans elected their city ticket and a majority of the aldermen. Oconomowoc elects a Democratic mayor and assessors, the Republicans capturing the other offices and a majority of the council. Beloit Republicans were successful on a no-license platform. La Crosse Republicans elected their mayor, the Democrats getting everything else. In Eau Claire, the Independent candidate for mayor was elected, the Democrats securing the remainder of the city ticket. Madison Democrats elected their ticket by a majority larger than last year. Oshkosh Democrats elected the entire ticket.

In Illinois.

Municipal elections were also held at many points in Illinois. At several places the issue was license. At Mackinaw the anti-license party triumphed. At Galesburg the license party had a walk-away, electing its ticket complete. El Paso Democrats elected a mayor. Republicans were successful in Princeton, Tuscola, Bloomington, Woodstock, Mattoon, Decatur, and a number of other points. The Democrats carried several cities, including Alton, Kankakee and Springfield (except mayor, who was elected by Republicans.)

Nebraska No Longer Dry.

OMAHA, Neb., April 8.—All over Nebraska yesterday municipal elections were held under the new law, which embraces the Australian plan of voting. Reports from nearly every city and village in the State indicate that the law is one of the best ever devised. General routine work of receiving and counting the ballots has been greatly expedited. Returns so far show general resumption of power by the Republicans where party lines were drawn. In most of the towns the question was license and no-license, and the vote mainly resulted in favor of license.

Won't Have a Colored Postmaster.

NEW YORK, April 11.—A Jackson (Miss.) special says: No negro in the South is more talked about today than James Hill, recently appointed postmaster at Vicksburg by President Harrison. The people of that city are protesting in public meetings against a negro postmaster. Hill was in Jackson today, en route from New Orleans to Vicksburg, and he said: "Yes, I have seen the Vicksburg resolutions, which are not so severe as they might be. The objection to me is simply on account of my color, but I'm going over to see about making my bond. I was appointed postmaster of Vicksburg during the Hayes administration, but the people never kicked then like they do now. I didn't take charge of the office on account of the yellow fever epidemic. These resolutions say I'm not a citizen of the town, but I always vote there and claim it as my home, even though I have a residence in Jackson, which I bought for my invalid mother."

Hill is very much disturbed over the action of the people of Vicksburg. The general impression over the State is that no negro will ever be postmaster in that city.

Notes.

Senator Quay, chairman of the Republican national committee, says that the committee will probably meet in Washington in November next to issue the call for the next Republican national convention, and that to avoid the hot weather the convention will probably be called for late in April or early in May.

John Sherman is once more a presidential candidate. He does not think McKinley can get the Ohio delegation to the next national convention and he thinks he himself can. He loses no opportunity now to keep himself in readiness. Last night, for example, he attended the reception given in honor of Secretary Foster by the Ohio Republican Association, and so monopolized attention and applause as to make Foster's friends quite jealous.

Complete returns from Tuesday's election in Denver, Col., give the following figures for mayor: Rogers (Dem.), 12,698; Milburn (Rep.), 7338.

The statement comes by authority from an official source in Washington that Collector Ehrhardt and Appraiser Cooper of New York are not to be removed from their offices.

The result of the St. Louis, Mo., elections show that the complexion of the next Assembly is Democratic, the Democrats having elected their entire ticket for the city council, which stands seven Democrats to six Republicans, and of the 28 seats in the House of Delegates they secured 18, while the Republicans have 10, the Independents not being successful in a single instance. The average Democratic majority is about 6000,

At Leadville, Col., C. C. Foutz, Republican, was elected mayor by a majority of 652. The remainder of the Republican ticket was elected by small majorities. At Pueblo the largest vote ever polled was cast. On account of the great amount of scratching, the result will not be known until this afternoon. At Albuquerque, N. M., the Republicans elected the mayor and five out of eight aldermen.

In the municipal election at San Diego, Cal., the Republicans elected the whole ticket by a small majority.

A despatch from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, says the city election on Wednesday resulted in the election of the straight Democratic ticket.

WHY NEWFOUNDLAND IS MAD.

Draft of Treaty of Reciprocity That Dominion Defeated.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—A draft of the treaty pending between the United States and Newfoundland when negotiations were suspended at the instance of the Canadian government is published tonight.

Briefly stated, the treaty provides that vessels of the United States shall have the privilege of bait fishes on the same conditions Newfoundland vessels enjoy.

Products of the fisheries of Newfoundland are to be admitted duty free to the United States; "green" codfish are excepted, packages are included.

Newfoundland shall exact not to exceed duties as follows: Flour, 25 cents per barrel; pork, one and one-half cents per pound; bacon and hams, tongues, smoked beef and sausages, two and one-fourth cents per pound, or $2.50 per 112 pounds; beef, pigs' heads, hocks and feet, salted and cured, ½ cent per pound; Indian meal, 25 cents per barrel; peas, 30 cents per barrel; oat meal, 30 cents per barrel of 200 pounds; bran, Indian corn and rice, 12½ per cent. ad valorem; salt in bulk, 20 cents per ton of 2240 pounds; kerosene oil, 6 cents per gallon.

The following articles imported into Newfoundland from the United States shall be admitted free of duty; agricultural implements and machinery imported by agricultural societies for the promotion of agriculture; crushing mills for mining purposes; raw cotton; corn for the manufacture of brooms; gas engines, when protected by patent; ploughs and harrows; reaping, raking, ploughing, potato-digging and seed-sowing machines, to be used in the colony; printing presses and printing types.

Agreement to be for five years from date of going into operation, and for one year after notice of termination is given by either, each being at liberty to give such notice at end of five years or thereafter.

The President's proclamation accompanies the draft.

The Derivation of Foolscap.

[Harper's Young People.]

Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is, but everybody does not know how it came to bear that name. In order to increase his revenues Charles I. granted certain privileges, amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper.

At that time all English paper bore the royal arms in water marks. The Parliament under Cromwell made sport of this law in every possible manner and among other indignities to the memory of Charles it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper and that the fool's cap and bells should be used as a substitute.

When the Rump Parliament was prorogued these were also removed; but paper of the size of the Parliamentary journals, which is usually about 17 by 14 inches, still bears the name of "foolscap."

P. T. BARNUM DEAD.

Record of a Unique and Charming Personality.

Popular All Over the World and Generous Beyond Comparison.

The Story of the Showman's Adventures and Successes.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 7.—Hon. P. T. Barnum, the great showman, died this evening at 6.30 at "Marina," his palatial residence at Seaside Park.

Phineas Taylor Barnum, the father of all showmen, the "prince of showmen," as his advertisements used to crown him, was born in Bethel, Conn., July 5, 1810.

His father was an innkeeper and country merchant, and died in 1825, leaving no property.

The son began his business life at 13 years of age, becoming a clerk in a country store, and extending his knowledge of the world and of matters practical by ventures in Brooklyn and New York, among other enterprises being an oyster saloon, which he found somewhat distasteful.

He had the Yankee shrewdness highly developed. Even as a boy he got the better of his schoolmates and sometimes even of his elders, and his father, with due appreciation of his son's keenness, entrusted to him all the purchases that directly interested himself. And his shrewdness was profitable, for at the age of 18 he returned to his own town and "opened a store."

For a year he had the agency of a lottery, chartered by the State of Connecticut, the profits of which were to go for building the Groton monument, opposite New London. He got a good share of the profits for himself, and when the charter expired he built a larger store.

His business succeeded and grew, and he finally concluded that more money yet and fame was to be got in journalism. So he started a weekly paper, which he called the "Herald of Freedom." There was too much freedom of speech about it, however, for people who had reason to dread an outspoken press, and after being imprisoned 60 days for libel he gave his journalism up and went back to business.

His old luck seemed to have left him, and his fortune was considerably reduced when, in 1834, he removed to New York. He soon afterward visited Philadelphia, and seeing there a colored woman who was advertised as the nurse of Gen. Washington, and vouched for by a bill of sale that made her out 161 years old, he bought her for $1000, and started on his first trip as a showman.

He began at the beginning the policy that brought him fame and wealth afterwards,

Lavish Advertisement.

Right and left he showered his handbills, posters, newspaper scares and other awakeners of public curiosity, and his receipts soon netted him $1500 a week, while "Joyce Heth, the nurse of Washington," was known and talked about all over the land.

She cut short his triumph, however, by dying within a year, and a post-mortem examination showed that the bill of sale, which was dated 1727, had added about 80 years to her actual age.

Mr. Barnum then travelled through the South with various shows, on the whole losing money, till 1841, when he purchased, on his credit, Scudder's American Museum in New York, changed its name to "Barnum's," added novel features and sailed into advertisement in his own whole-souled fashion.

He paid for his investment the first year, made rapidly increasing profits and turned a large share of them into extending his business.

One of his most marvellous successes was the mermaid, which he bought from the Boston Museum for $60. It probably brought him $60,000. When he secured it he advertised it as only Barnum could.

First he had brief articles inserted in the papers discussing marine wonders, and among them the mermaid, which might yet be found a reality. The articles were very interesting, and the subject was much talked over.

When this discussion had fully prepared the public mind another appeared, mentioning that the long-mooted question could now be easily settled, as a gentleman had just come from the Fiji islands with a specimen. He had stopped at the Pacific Hotel, but would soon sail for London, as the specimen was intended for the Royal Society.

Next day the papers stated that "the gentleman" would exhibit the mermaid at a room in Broadway for a few days, in order to afford men of science an opportunity of examination.

Then came the announcement that Barnum, with

His Usual Enterprise,

had secured the wonderful object, which could be seen for a short time at the museum, where, indeed, it had been during all this adroit manipulation of public opinion.

It was a horrid looking, dried up thing, on which all gazed with admiration, for the monkey's head and fish's body were so neatly joined that they really seemed one. While Barnum stood there answering questions on the habits of the animal a man in the crowd exclaimed: "I lived two years at the Fiji Islands and never heard of any such thing as a mermaid."

"There's no accounting for some men's ignorance," was Barnum's cool reply, and he proceeded with his talk.

In 1842 he first heard of Charles Stratton, "Gen. Tom Thumb," then less than 2 feet high and weighing only 16 pounds, and his world-wide fame began. With the marvellous dwarf he travelled all over the United States and Europe, presenting him to Queen Victoria and other "crowned heads," and piling up the proceeds.

Rather an important episode in Barnum's life is thus related in his own words:

"I drank a good deal up to the year 1847. I wouldn't have allowed anybody to tell me so, but when I look back over that time I know now that I did. When I built my magnificent oriental country seat Iranistan, I was proud of the house, but 10 times prouder of my wine cellar than of anything else I had.

"Every day at dinner I took my bottle of champagne, or its equivalent in other wines or malt liquors. I did no business after noon, and my mother-in-law used to say sometimes that I was 'heady' after dinner. I drank only wine, and thought my after-dinner feelings were due to overeating rather than drinking.

"But I got the Rev. Dr. Chapin to come up to Bridgeport and deliver a temperance lecture for the subject of which he took 'The Moderate Drinker,' and I saw myself in quite a new light.

"The next morning I had my coachman knock the necks off all the champagne bottles I had in my cellar, some five or six dozen; the port and other medicinal wines I gave away in case of sickness, and the liquors I returned to the dealers. That was the

End of My Drinking.

"As young bumblebees are biggest when they are first hatched, so I was, in the first heat of my conversion, an enthusiast on the subject of teetotalism. I went all over Connecticut and New York delivering free lectures on the subject, and even went to Wisconsin, stumped the State at my own expense, and at least helped to carry it on a temperance platform."

While abroad Mr. Barnum heard of Jenny Lind, and after a long series of negotiations finally concluded an engagement with her to sing in America for 150 nights at $1000 a night. Only 95 concerts were given, but the profits of her tour were $610,000, of which the singer received $302,000.

The way in which this tour was advertised was a conspicuous instance of another Barnum method.

The proceeds of the first concert were given to the fire department. The next was devoted to another deserving object. New York had never seen such gifts, and all the Christian public went to see and hear the melodious angel.

The excitement increased to such a degree that tickets sold at an unheard-of premium. Genin, the hatter, bid off the first ticket at $625, which proved a capital advertisement; but many were sold at $25 to $30, and at this rate it was easy to take in $10,000 to $12,000 per night.

The "angel of beneficence" artifice was neatly performed, and after the furor had been accomplished the donations stopped. Begging letters by the bushel were sent in, but were destroyed, and the public learned at last that it was only a first-class advertisement.

In 1855, after the most phenomenal even of American careers, Mr. Barnum retired to Iranistan, the oriental villa which he had built at Bridgeport in 1846. He expended large sums in improving the city, made miles of streets,

Planted Thousands of Trees

and started to encourage the establishment of factories.

In 1856 and 1857 the Jerome Clock Company so impressed him with its solvency and wealth, and bright prospects of success that he indorsed their notes for nearly $1,000,000. The company went into bankruptcy, wiping out the mermaid money, the Jenny Lind money and leaving Barnum deeply in debt. He had settled a small fortune, however, upon his wife, and she helped him regain his feet.

He was bitterly annoyed by some of his creditors. They had him arrested and examined under oath "before the judge."

When asked what he did for a living he replied, "I keep a boarding-house."

When the further query was made, "What are your resources?" he replied, "My friends in Bridgeport send me a box of provisions every week."

He started off for England again with his little mascot, Tom Thumb, worked the "crowned heads of Europe" for world-wide advertising purposes, opened the old Barnum's museum at the corner of Broadway and Ann sts., and with his own earnings and

His Wife's Assistance

soon raised his head above the waters. He paid every debt, even the most technical, to the last dollar, and no man can say he lost anything by P. T. Barnum.

This was the transition period. Barnum

PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM.

up to the time the clock company swamped him had been widely known, but his fame was nothing to that which came afterwards. He kept on reforming too.

Here is how he came to quit smoking:

"One day in 1860, on my way down to the museum, I felt a strange choking sensation away down in my throat, and then a throbbing or palpitation of my heart. I had noticed it a little for a year before, but paid no particular attention to it until then.

"I asked my manager, Greenwood, what it was, and he said it was heart disease, and the symptoms I described as mine meant death. That scared me pretty badly.

"I determined to give up business at once, retire to the country and prepare to die, but before doing so consulted Dr. Willard Parker. He examined me, and said: 'You may have a very hard heart, for all I know, but you have as strong a one as there is in New York. Nicotine is all that is the matter with you. Stop smoking.'

"I did so at once. I was so scared I never smoked again. For a year, however, I used to carry bits of calamus in my pocket to chew on when I wanted to smoke."

Well, his old museum was burned down in July, 1865. He opened another, and that burned down. By his own account, more than $1,000,000 of his property, first and last, went up in flame and smoke, and about the only thing that could scare the old showman was a fire.

In the spring of 1871 he established a great travelling museum and menagerie, introducing rare equestrian and athletic performances, which, after the addition of a representation of the ancient Roman hippodrome races, the great elephant Jumbo and other novelties, he christened "P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth."

He issued yearly "proclamations," and from the earliest twitter of spring the fences glowed with

Barnum's War-Cry,

striking failure to the pockets of would-be rivals and charming the juvenile mind with anticipation. Everywhere the traveller could read, in yard-long letters, "Wait for ME! Barnum is Coming! Wait for ME! Greatest Show on Earth!"

They waited and they went. Even the college professors went to seek on the uncushioned "circus" boards a realistic impression of the classic chariot race; naturalists came to see the collections and the animals, and the "talking machine" and other marvels made annual wonder.

For Mr. Barnum's politics we turn again to his own statements for authority:

"I was a Gen. Jackson man. I met the old general in New Haven and visited him at the Hermitage, and was a Democrat from my first vote until and including poor Pierce's administration. When they used the directories of Eastern cities to make lists of voters to carry slavery into Kansas, I said: 'I am still a Democrat, haven't a drop of blood in my veins that is not Democratic, and if I had would open them to let it out, but that is not Democratic and I can't stand it.' And I went over to the Republicans and have been with them, nominally, at least, ever since.

"I am no set politician, however, and when Greeley was nominated I worked for him as enthusiastically as anybody did.

"Although I have been, as a Republican, elected four times to the Legislature and once to the mayoralty of Bridgeport I am rather a passive than an active politician, and have been supported by Democrats as well as Republicans on each occasion of my candidacy.

"I became an Odd Fellow in New York in 1843, and when I came out as a teetotaller joined the Rechabites, Good Templars and Sons of Temperance. These are all I ever was connected with."

In his best days Barnum was a man of remarkably fine presence. He was nearly 6 feet and well proportioned, with a face which combined power and good humor.

He was one of those men who would be selected out of a crowd in any case of emergency, and his faculties were such as to ensure success in any one of the leading specialties of life. He married early, and found his wife an efficient helpmeet through all his early troubles; but her health failed under life's burdens, and she died in 1873. The fruit of this union was three daughters, all of whom are married.

In 1874 he married Miss Fish, daughter of a manufacturer in Lancashire, Eng.

His Second Wife

was fully 40 years his junior, but was most cordially welcomed by the family when she came to brighten "Waldemere."

By the way, that residence has a history. It was christened by Bayard Taylor, the poet of travellers, and its hospitality has warmed such guests Horace Greeley, the Cary sisters, T. De Witt Talmage, Matthew Arnold, Gen. Custer, Kate Field, Mark Twain, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leslie, Archibald Forbes, Joel Benton, Thomas Ball, the sculptor, Baron and Baroness Salvador and the author of "America," Dr. Samuel Francis Smith.

But the new mistress longed for a smaller house of greater convenience and comfort, and it was built after her own plans, occupied over a year ago, and pleased both the great owner and his fair wife more as they grew to know its charms.

"Marina" it is called. It is built on the site of "Waldemere," a high bluff from which there is an unobstructed view, across 18 miles of salt water, of the faint coast line of Long Island. The house is of red brick and stone, over which English ivies grow abundantly, while the broad piazzas are draped and shaded by beautiful vines of honeysuckle. Couchant stone lions guard the entrance. The effect of the exterior of the house is one rather of older than of recent building, and this effect is more than maintained by its interior.

As was said above, Barnum had three daughters, but no sons. One married D. W. Thompson, a custom house officer; they have one child, a girl. Another married S. H. Hurd, a financier, and they have had three children, of whom two daughters are living. The third daughter married Nathan Seeley, and left three children, two sons and a daughter.

The show business is under a contract to go on forever, and in P. T.'s place will be P. T. Barnum Seeley, the grandson, and a typical representative he is of the one and only.

Now She Wears a Belt.

Belts are an important item of the fashionable toilet this season. Soft leather, velvet, canvas, passementerie and gold and silver are employed in the different varieties. There are Swiss belts, with deep points in the front, and Cleopatra girdles falling low down on the hips. There are Russia leather bands, clasped with the owner's monogram in silver; slender, flexible chain belts of gold, and, perhaps daintier than all the others, narrow black velvet belts, accentuating the slenderness of the waist, and clasped with rhinestones, buckles, or renaissance hooks of old silver.

GOOD FOR BOYS.

Boston Merchants Counsel Young Recruits.

Need that Boys and Girls Should Become Self-Supporting Early.

Business Men Not Made in Schools—Hard Work.

What shall be done with the boys and girls?

That is the question.

An article in last week's GLOBE, in answer to this query, which gravely concerns so many fathers and mothers, so many boys and girls, contained the assurances from anonymous but highly competent sources that there are openings in the business world for everybody who has ability; that for a business life a special business training is necessary; that this should be begun at an early age; that a grammar-school education is sufficient preliminary learning for boys and girls who are going to become business men and women; that the great majority of boys and girls need to become self-supporting at as early an age as possible; that, therefore, the boys and girls who are put to work as soon as they have completed the course of study in the grammar schools, are not only not handicapped by these circumstances, but, on the contrary, are under just the training best calculated to make of them superior business men and women.

To see how far general practice sustains these theories, leading business men of Boston, men whose names have long been household words throughout New England, have been asked to tell THE SUNDAY GLOBE readers what their experience with men and women in their employ, and their varied dealings with the people engaged in business, has proved; whether, in short, their employes are most valuable to them who began their business life with a grammar-school education, or those of more advanced schooling, those who have evolved correct theories of business from practice begun at an early age, or those who began with a few years' more book learning, and have, in consequence, a few years' less business experience.

Mr. Eben D. Jordan,

senior member of the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., was the first gentleman seen.

Mr. Jordan talked freely upon the subject, which he considers a most important one. "For a boy or girl to step into business at 19 or 20 years of age," said Mr. Jordan, "is as if they elected to study fractions before learning to add and subtract, or like a sailor's getting through the cabin window in his search for a position, instead of working up to it by learning the ropes. A boy of 19 is too big to begin at the lowest round, with the smallest wages, which is all he is worth; his head is too full of other things for him to find a place for the routine of a business beginning where he should begin. The most successful men in Boston today are those who began at the beginning, and know how everything in their business is done.

I must say, too, that boys going into business nowadays do not have to work as they did when I was a boy. In those days we were expected to build the fire and get the sweeping done before breakfast, and now it is hard work for the clerks to be in their places by 8 o'clock.

"I have

Tried All Kinds,

boys and girls from the grammar schools, the high schools and special schools, old and young, and the most useful people to us, and those who are most useful to themselves, are those who come to us with a grammar school education and grow up with the business. And by grammar school I mean the public school. Public school scholars are what we want, not boys and girls from the private training schools which are so often hospitals for feeble intellects.

"I believe the question that confronts everybody, 'What are you going to do?' should be asked at the age of 14 years. If the boy or girl is going to become a lawyer or a doctor or a minister, then let his or her education from that time on tend in that general direction, which will make necessary a university education. If the boy is to become a mechanic or a landscape painter, then he should lose little time in devoting himself to pursuing the line of study that will best fit him to succeed as a mechanic or as a landscape painter. If the boy or girl is going to become a business man or woman, and attain success, then they should begin, say, at the age of 14, when they come from the grammar schools, to study with that aim in view, and there is no place where the details of a business can be learned as they can be from the business itself.

"The great majority of boys and girls need

To Become Self-Supporting

at a very early age. If they begin at 14 to acquire the training that will fit them to do this, by the time they are 21 they will be independent. Anywhere, then, that they may chance to be they will have a market value, be worth something to the great world, and something to themselves. Keep a boy at school until he is 19, and he is practically unfitted to learn a business. Now and then one catches on, so to speak, but as a rule boys of 21 are too old to begin at the bottom, even if they would, and they are not worth anything any higher up.

"The trouble with so many who apply to us for positions is that they do not know anything. They are old enough to be able to take care of themselves, and have studied enough, but they can't apply what they have learned; it has no market value.

"But this question of what they are going to do is far more

Important for Girls

to ask themselves than it is for boys, now that women are taking such a prominent position in the business world, filling so many places formerly held exclusively by men.

"As a rule," said Mr. Jordan, "girls are smarter than boys. At 18 years of age they are brighter and more intelligent, at least better able to make use of their intelligence than boys of the same age; it is not so hard for girls to adapt themselves to business when they have reached the age of 18 or 19 as it is for boys to do so, but in the great majority of cases both boys and girls—if they are ever going to amount to anything—should set about it when they are young, grounding themselves, if they are going into business, in the principles of that business. The trouble now in the world is that there are too many drones, too many bees who can't gather any honey because they do not know how.

"Keep this question of 'What are you going to do?' going. Everybody should have a calling, and boys and girls who are going into business should set about it when they come out of the grammar schools."

Mr. B. F. Dutton,

of the firm of Houghton & Dutton, in whose large establishment the majority of the sales people are women, testifies on the side of the value of a thorough business training which begins at the foundation. Said Mr Dutton: "Some of the best clerks we have began as cash girls. If young people of either sex who go to work upon finishing the grammar school course have ambition, and are well and strong, there is no reason why they cannot secure every advantage. Ambition is a valuable factor in mercantile life. Integrity, reliability, truthfulness, these qualities and talent are necessary to success, and if a boy or girl has these a grammar school education is foundation enough for any business. Without these qualities no amount of schooling is going to be of much benefit to them.

"It is a good plan to go into business early, I believe, though girls are less likely than boys to be unfitted for a mercantile life by remaining at school a few years longer. The reason is that girls are quicker to learn when they once go to work.

"As for the bookkeepers, we find a practical training better than a theoretical one. Our head bookkeepers have all learned their business step by step with us, and if this can be done it is always preferable. If this cannot be done a commercial college training is certainly desirable."

Mr. James S. Loomis

of the Continental Clothing Company said: "There is something to be urged on both sides of the argument that a business training should begin at an early age.

"Everything depends upon the boy. If he is ambitious and determined to succeed he will be pretty apt to do so at whatever age he begins his business life. But in the case of the average boy, he is mentally better developed, physically stronger, and in every way better equipped to become a successful business man when he comes from the high school than when he gets through the grammar school.

"Some of our brightest men, however, began only with grammar school educations, and it is certainly desirable that a business training should be thorough; but if a boy can have a few years more of school life, a few years more in which to build up his body and brain, he is going to take hold all the better when he once gets to work, because both body and brain are then better equipped. Of two boys of equal intelligence in the beginning, the one who comes to us at 19, if he has made good use of his years in school, is worth more to us by considerable, even for the first year, than a boy who begins at the age of 14, which goes to prove that a fuller education, instead of unfitting him, makes a boy fitter for his work.

"Still, the boy who is forced by circumstances to begin work at the age of 14 can succeed if he will, as the success of so many men who have done that very thing proves.

"As for the value of commercial college training, while a bookkeeper who grows up with the house is the most valuable to us, because he knows every in and out of the business, if we were obliged to put a new bookkeeper at once in charge of the books, and no one was ready to be moved up, we should take a man who had a first-class theoretical commercial training, of course. It is not always possible to wait for some one to grow up to a place."

Mr. Henry Norwell

of the firm of Shepard & Norwell says: "Business men are not made in schools. If a boy or girl is going into business, a grammar school education is all that is needed, and sending them to school for three or four years more only gives them a little more book knowledge and leaves them less fitted to grasp the rudiments of business. We cannot teach a young man 21 years old the silk business, for example. He is too old to learn. For our business we prefer to take boys of 14 rather than boys of 19; they make better salesmen, better men in every way. They grow up with the plant, and know it root and branch. This is what the successful man must know."

Mr. R. H. White,

senior member of the firm of R. H. White & Co., said his opinion in a nutshell was that the answer depended upon the boys and girls in question. "If a boy or girl has ability, it doesn't matter when he or she begins to work, so far as success is concerned. They are bound to get it. If they have no ability, that settles it; more schooling or less does not make any difference."

Mr. W. S. Butler

favors giving boys and girls who are going into business a business education, adding it to a grammar-school education. Said Mr. Butler: "All our present buyers come in as boys, with common school educations. In every instance I believe it gives better results for both boys and girls to begin on the lower round of the business ladder, before they reach the age of maturity, than for them to begin half-way up.

"You often hear of a business going to pieces in the hands of a man who inherits it, simply because he has not had the experience his father, perhaps, had before him, and cannot hold what is put ready-made into his hands.

"With the advantages that are open today to every boy and girl, there is nothing to prevent any one getting a liberal education outside of schools. But no one can get a liberal business education outside of business, and in order to get it at all he needs to begin young."

Mr. Asa P. Potter,

president of the Maverick National Bank, and speaking from a banker's standpoint, said: "Advise every boy and girl to get a liberal education as a foundation for life in whatever department. Even in the case of families in straitened means, where it is an effort to keep the children in school, it is wiser to do this. An English-school education is the best start in life a boy can have, no matter what he is going to do. He is certainly far better prepared to take care of himself and assist his parents, who have, perhaps, been making sacrifices to keep him at school, than boys can be who go to work at the age of 14."

The experience of

Mr. B. A. Atkinson

is common to many employers.

"It matters little," says Mr. Atkinson, "whether a boy has a grammar-school or a high-school education to begin business with, if he is a smart boy. The use he has made of his time at school, the thoroughness with which he has learned what he has studied, are what count. Any grammar-school education should fit a boy for a mercantile life, but the truth is that the common branches of reading, writing and arithmetic and correct speech are so imperfectly learned by most children they have not the knowledge at their fingers and tongues' ends, as they should have, when they go out into the world and go into business.

"If the common English branches are thoroughly instilled, the boy from the grammar school can get on and make good headway. Lots of our smartest men have done it. But it is a question in my mind whether, if these same smart men had started with a high-school education, they would not have got on faster and better. An able, ambitious boy from the grammar school has much in his favor, but I am not prepared to say that he would not do better if he got a high-school education.

"There cannot be two opinions, however, as to the desirability of beginning a business life early and learning it from the root up, but the average age of a high-school graduate is still young. What we do need is thoroughness in education, whether it be of one school or another, ability at will, promptly and correctly, to put one's knowledge to use.

"There is room for all to succeed, boys and girls, and if they are ambitious they can work their way up.

"I believe the more they know, and know thoroughly, the more valuable they are to themselves and to others, and the ambitious boy and girl will do well to supplement their grammar-school learning by going to the night schools."

"LITTLE WOMAN."

Lieut. Greely's Humor During a Most Harrowing Hour.

A story of the Greely expedition, which may have been in print at the time, but is worth repeating, was told at a dinner one evening lately by a naval officer, to whom the occurrence was a personal reminiscence, says the Times. He accompanied the Bear in its mission of rescue, and happened to be one of the party that actually found the small band.

It is history that the moment was a desperate one for the Greely men. The last drop of liquor had been poured down the throat of one of them, who seemed to be dying, and about at the end of hope and resources, and weak with hunger and suffering, the little company was settling into the stupefaction of overwhelming misery when the rescuers suddenly appeared.

Once more they were in the world. At such a time a man is apt to conceal his emotions, and the tragic meeting was accomplished with a simplicity that in itself was tragic. A cheerful "Halloo, old man," from the rescuers and a grunt or two from such of the survivors as were able to grunt, even, and it was over.

Then followed the attempt to get the poor fellows in condition to be moved to the ship. Nourishing food and drink was given to them, and they were cheered by talk of home and friends and the latest news. But the process was slow at first. Chief Engineer John Low seated himself by Lieut. Greely, who, gaunt with starvation and wild-eyed with late despair, seemed to take little heed of him.

"Well, Colonel," he said, finally, after several apparently ineffectual efforts to arouse the still dazed officer, "there's one little woman will be glad of this day's work."

Greely raised his eyes, then dropped them again half sullenly. "Little woman," he repeated with a sort of a growl, "she weighs a hundred and sixty if she weighs a pound." And then Mr. Low knew he would come around all right.

England's Future Queen.

The future Queen of England is a talented woman in various ways. Her statue in her full robes of Doctor of Music, which title she bears, is being now chiselled by a princely relative, and her success as an amateur photographer is most pronounced. Her latest achievement is the taking of photographs, very small, but exquisitely soft and distinct, for the decoration of a tea service in china. Members of the royal household appear in nearly every picture. This opens a new field for amateur photographers, for though this is the first time the attempt has been made to print negatives on pottery, it is successful.

Easily Broken.

[London Exchange.]

A little girl was punished for doing wrong, when she said:

"Oh, those commandments do break awful easy!"

THE BUNNIES PLAY BASE BALL.

How the Queer Little Folk Amuse Themselves at Runwild Terrace.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

[Author of "The Bunny Stories" in St. Nicholas, contributor to the Youth's Companion, Harper's Young People, etc.]

NOTHER spring had come and May day was near at hand.

Runwild Terrace, the sunny, hillside home of the Bunny family, grew lovelier every year, "setting a good example to the Bunnies," as Deacon Bunny used to remark when his neighbors wondered why he spent so much of his own and Gardener Gaffer's time in caring for the lawn and shrubbery.

Weeks before the shy arbutus had caught a glimpse of the warmer skies, and had heard the pussy-willows whispering to their gentle neighbors, the white birches, their wonderful message: "The spring is here; summer is coming; awake, live, grow and be glad."

The bunnies, too, had heard the message and were happy.

There was no good reason why the bunnies should not be happy the whole year round, for their own dear home circle was still unbroken; they had a village full of kind friends and playmates, and were blest with good health, watchful care and fairly amiable dispositions.

This year the real, springlike weather came earlier than usual, and very soon after the frost was out of the ground Bunnyboy had reorganized his military company under the new name of "The Runwild Rangers," and Browny had been chosen captain of the "Terrace Base Ball Nine."

One morning, when Bunnyboy came in late to breakfast, he explained his tardiness by saying that he had been trying to find the best place for a parade ground, and looking over at his mother he added that he never knew how glad he was to be alive until he had heard the robins and bluebirds singing in the orchard at sunrise.

Bunnyboy knew that his mother Bunny

THE "TERRORS" AT PRACTICE.

had never outgrown her love and sympathy for all the gentle influences of out-of-door life, and he said this partly because he really felt it, and partly to see the smile of approval, which always followed any such reference, by her bunnies to her lifelong friends and companions, the birds and flowers.

The deacon's face wore a different kind of a smile as he looked up from his newspaper and remarked: "Ahem! Better make a note of that sentiment, Bunnyboy; it may be a trifle threadbare, but you will find it handy when you begin to patch up a spring poem."

The deacon was as much a lover of nature as any member of the family, but the faintest trace of humbug made him shiver. He may have thought Bunnyboy was shamming sentiment for a purpose, and the good deacon's hatred of shams of any kind made him seem a little unsympathetic at times.

After a moment's pause he looked straight at Browny and added: "The initials of those robins and bluebirds remind me of 'Rangers' and 'Baseball,' and I wish you both distinctly to understand that pasture land is good enough for playgrounds this year. That 'diamond field' is coming out of my best mowing patch today!"

"That settles the question, Browny," said Cousin Jack, "call your nine together this afternoon and we will move the ball plates and lay out a new diamond in the south pasture before the haying season is upon us, if your father does not object."

"Take the south pasture and welcome,"

BUNNIES MAKING FLOWERBEDS.

replied the deacon, good-naturedly; "it comes as near being worthless as anything I own in this neighborhood. You may, however, be able to raise there a crop of blistered hands and broken fingers, if you let Browny's nine use those cobble-stone 'league balls' they were practising with the other day."

"Well, well," replied Cousin Jack, "I will admit that the regulation ball is a trifle rocky, and a bit dangerous in unskilful hands, but when you bar out the elements of risk or danger from a game you spoil half the fun. Practice sharpens the players' wits, and the hard ball teaches nerve and pluck, and puts a premium on skill and self-reliance. Base ball as well as 'times' have changed since you were a harum-scarum bunny yourself, deacon."

Cousin Jack kindly cautioned both captains, and advised ball games for Saturdays only, leaving Wednesday afternoons open for the military parades and drilling.

Early in the season the Terrace nine had challenged the North Village nine to play a series of three games for the local championship.

Brindle Bear was the captain and pitcher of the rival team, which was made up of rugged material, and known as "The Hustlers."

Tuffy Bear, Brindle's eldest brother, had worked steadily in the machine shop ever since Cousin Jack had secured the chance for Tuffy to learn the trade.

CHAPTER II.

Browny was naturally a base ball enthusiast, and felt as much interest in the success of the ball team as Bunnyboy did in his military company.

When Browny became the captain of the "Terrace nine," or "The Terrors," as they were sometimes nicknamed by the villagers, Cousin Jack foresaw a likelihood of trouble ahead, for nearly all of the ball nine were also members of Bunnyboy's "Rangers."

Company drills and base ball practice were more than likely to conflict, unless both organizations and their captains were good-natured and reasonable in dividing the time between the two sports on the school half holidays of Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Tuffy was noted as an all-round ball player and was a favorite umpire. During his years of idleness he had given a good deal

"TAKE THAT BACK!"

of time and enthusiasm to the science of pitching, catching and batting, and since his apprenticeship he had managed by working overtime, and by skill on piecework, to get an occasional holiday and a chance to umpire the local games.

His judgment and firmness made his decisions respected by the players, and his reputation for both courage and muscle kept the lookers on from finding too much fault with the players or his rulings.

Cousin Jack had encouraged Tuffy in taking these well-earned hours for the recreation he liked best, because he knew how hard Tuffy had struggled with his inclination to quit work and join a professional nine every spring when the ball season opened.

One game of the series had been played and won by Brindle's nine, and the second game was planned for the first Saturday in May.

Tuffy had coached the "Hustlers" for the first game, which they had won, and to be fair he had promised to do the same by a squad from Browny's nine on Wednesday afternoon, if they would come out for a little field practice.

Bunnyboy had agreed to put off the Rangers' street parade until 4 o'clock that afternoon, and with this understanding Bunny took his best batsmen and fielders over the river to the North Village, near the place where Tuffy worked, in order to save him the loss of time and the trouble of coming over to the ball grounds in the south pasture.

Once engaged in their practice, the players forgot how quickly time flies when heart, head and hands are all given to work or play, and it was past 4 o'clock before any one remembered the agreement about the Rangers' parade.

When Browny noticed how late they were playing he called a halt, and thanking Tuffy, took the squad on the double quick back to the parade grounds, where they found Bunnyboy and the other members of the company in line, waiting very impatiently for the tardy ball players.

While Browny was waiting to catch his breath, before apologizing to his brother for the delay, Bunnyboy came to his side and said in a low but unpleasant tone: "You are responsible for this, and I think you planned it on purpose to break up my parade."

Browny was sensitive to blame of any kind, and as hot tempered as he was quick to apologize for a fault or to forgive.

The fierce manner and the unjust charge changed his readiness to explain into a spirit of defiance, and with flashing eyes he faced his brother with the quick retort:

"Take it back, or I'll—"

Bunnyboy scornfully turned his back and gave the order "Fall in!" to his companions, while Browny, still flushed with resentment, silently left the pasture and returned to the Terrace, where he found Gaffer Hare, the gardener, at work alone, repairing the grape arbor.

CHAPTER III.

Browny tried to seem careless and unconcerned when he joined Gaffer in the garden, but his face and manner betrayed him.

The happy, mischief-loving twinkle had gone from his eyes, and the harder he tried to assume an easy, natural manner, the more unlike the real Browny he appeared.

Gaffer noticed the change at once and asked, "Why are you not parading with the Rangers?"

Browny tried to evade answering by asking questions about the work.

Gaffer made no reply, but watched his face so closely that Browny, after some hesitation, bluntly replied:

"I have quit the company for good."

"Honorably discharged, I suppose?" said Gaffer."

This was a poser, for Browny had played soldier long enough to learn that a soldier's first duty is to obey his commander.

The last command given before he left the grounds was his captain's orders to "fall in!" Istead of obeying, he had fallen out, laying himself liable to discipline for disobedience, absence without leave, and possibly to the still more dishonorable charge of desertion.

Gaffer's words "honorably discharged," struck home, and to justify himself Bunny again evaded a direct answer by saying "Bunnyboy insulted me."

Gaffer soon drew from Browny the whole story of the quarrel and its cause, and when he had finished Gaffer said very seriously:

"It is all wrong, Browny. Don't quarrel with your brother. Try to bear and forbear while you are young, or that quick temper of yours will haunt you with awful shadows all your life long, as I know to my sorrow."

Browny remained silent until Gaffer quietly asked, "Did I ever tell you of my brother Sandy?"

"I think not," replied Browny, "did you quarrel with him?"

"Yes," replied Gaffer, "and it hurts me, even now, to think of it, though it is many years since I saw the first shadow on the walls of our little cabin. I can see it still, Browny, though the cabin is gone, and only old Gaffer is left to remember—to remember!"

Gaffer's earnestness and the silence which followed these sadly-spoken words touched Browny's heart, and in a softened tone he asked:

"What was the shadow on the wall, Gaffer? Please tell me what you mean."

"It's not much of a story," replied Gaffer; "but you shall hear it, though it is only a blotted page from my book of life. It may help to keep you from spoiling yours.

"I was only a few years older than you are now," continued Gaffer, "when my two brothers and I were left to care for ourselves and each other. We had grown up together, and to keep together after our home was broken up we united our earnings and built a small cabin in a clearing, on the other side of the river, where the factories have since been built.

"My brother Sandy was the eldest, Dingy was a year or two younger, and I was 'the baby,' as they used to call me in sport.

"We worked, and lived, and shared together, making the cabin our home, until the first harvest season was over, and then we began to make plans for keeping on in the same way during the winter.

"Each of us had a bunk, alongside the cabin wall, where we slept at night and kept the few things each called his own.

"One morning Sandy proposed a new scheme for the winter's work. Dingy objected to the plan and proposed another. Then they argued, each his own side, until both became angry and stubborn.

"Dingy offered to leave it to me to decide between them. Sandy did not like this, and said I was not old enough to set up my judgment against his. This was true, but it made me angry, and joining with Dingy I foolishly taunted Sandy with trying to rule us by treating us as children.

"Hot words followed, quick and fast, until both Sandy and Dingy declared they would not live under the same roof another day. Hastily packing up their kits both left the cabin in anger, saying I was welcome to the cabin and clearing.

"I could not believe they really meant to stay away, and so I kept on alone, every day expecting one or both would return, until near Christmas time.

"Oh, those lonely days and nights, Browny, in that old cabin, where I seemed to see only the dark shadows of the wrathful faces of my brothers on the bare walls above their empty bunks, and to hear the echoes still repeating the harsh, unbrotherly words.

"At last the loneliness and the haunting shadows became unbearable, and I began a search for my brothers. I found Dingy at work in the village, and begged of him to come back to the clearing, and proposed that together we should try to find Sandy.

"Dingy returned with me, and we did our best to find some trace of our brother, but Sandy never came back.

"Though Dingy and I often talked of him, and praised him for all his generous ways and hard work for us in the old days, though we longed for him, and sought for him, and tried to hide the shadows over his empty bunk with kind thoughts and words, we both knew the shadows were there and Sandy was gone.

"We were not sorry when the time came for us to sell the clearing and to see a factory built upon the spot where our cabin stood."

Gaffer paused for a moment, and then putting his hands kindly upon Browny's shoulders, he added: "Sandy died among strangers, because his own brothers quarrelled with him, and his younger brother knows now that a few kind, reasonable words would have kept us together, and blotted out all the dark shadows on that old cabin wall.

"Never quarrel with your brother, Browny. See the Rangers are coming in from their parade; go and make it up with Bunnyboy before the sun goes down, and try to keep such gathering shadows from darkening your life as they have mine."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN AS STORYMAKERS.

The Little Italian Girl Who "Showed" the Graves of Keats and Shelley.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

THE guide book only mentions her father, but we did not see her father, we only saw her, and I was glad it was so. I dare say her father is a very nice old Roman peasant, but she performed his duties in a much more interesting way than he could have done, I am sure, and she was such a pretty, sweet-voiced, friendly, smiling little thing that it was a pleasure to walk round the old Roman cemetery guided by her, and listening to her soft Italian chatter.

It was chatter, and bright, childish chatter, too, and one certainly never saw a brighter pair of dark eyes or a happier little face, and yet she lives under the shadow of the dark cypresses in an old deserted graveyard.

It is in the old Protestant cemetery outside Rome that she lives, in the small house just near the big iron gates, which are always kept locked until some visitor rings the queerly tinkling little bell which hangs outside, and either the child, or her father, the custodian, goes to open it and show the strangers the graves they have come to see.

It is quite an old cemetery. It was laid out at the beginning of the century, but is now no longer used to bury people in, but strangers who are in Rome—particularly English and Americans—nearly all go there just to stand and look at two graves.

They are the graves of two great English poets, both of whom had sad lives, both of whom died sad deaths, and both of whom all the world knows and all the world remembers.

They are the poets Shelley and Keats. It was these graves I went to see, and which the custodian's little daughter guided me to with my English lady friend and my Italian companion.

It was a lovely day in the very early spring when we drove to the cemetery, but in spite of the sunshine it looked rather dark under the tall cypresses as our carriage stopped before the gate.

"The gate seems to be locked," I said. "Perhaps we have not come at the right hour."

"I suppose one must ring the bell," said my companion. "Evidently one must. You see the chain hangs outside."

So she got out of the carriage and pulled the chain, the bell gave its queer cracked tinkle, and, almost immediately, the little girl came out of the house and ran toward us with a big key.

She opened the gates and stood smiling up at us as we entered, as if we had been guests she had been expecting and was very pleased to see. It was evident that her father was away, and that she had been left to perform his duties.

"Buon giorno, signoras," she said sweetly, and we all three smiled back at her and said "Buon giorno" in return.

She was not more than 8 or 9 years old at the most, and at first I thought that as she was so young she perhaps might not know the name of Shelley, or might not remember it, as it was English, and she was only used to hearing Italian words.

But I need not have had any doubts. The moment my companion spoke of the "Poeta Inglese" her pretty little face lighted up and her bright dark eyes smiled more brightly than ever.

"Si, si, signora!" she exclaimed. "Shelli-shelli."

She led the way, running lightly before us up a rather steep path between the graves, until she turned a corner, and presently stopped triumphantly before a deserted-looking nook, near a dark-gray moss and lichen-covered wall.

"Shelli," she said, waving her little hand and smiling brilliantly, "Shelli."

And before us, among the graves and under the cypresses, there was a slab of dark granite fitted into the earth, and all that I remember now of the inscription (which I think was in Latin) is the name, "Percy Bysshe Shelley." Those of the children who know of this poet will remember how he was overtaken by a squall while in a boat with his friend at sea, and how his body was afterwards washed ashore in the bay of Spezia, and burned there on a funeral pyre on the sand, his friend, Lord Byron, looking on as mourner.

But his heart would not burn, and it is his heart only which lies under the stone slab in that shady corner outside Rome—this strange, wild, ardent, often troubled poet's heart. It prompted him to do many things which were against the world's laws and which the world blames, but I have always thought that in the depths of his heart, which would not burn when his body fell to ashes, he truly believed—whether he was mistaken or not—that he was right, and that mightier laws not of this world would understand him and blame him less.

A great many forestieri came to see this grave, she told us. "Oh, a great many!" And it was only a heart that was buried there. Her father had told her. It was the heart of a great English milord who had written books which everybody read. He had been drowned and his body had been burned at Spezia, by the sea which drowned him, but his heart had not been burned and was brought here.

"Ask her if there is any other grave here that the forestieri wish to see," I said to my companion.

She looked as animated as she had done when we asked her about Shelley. She looked up as if she were quite delighted at having something else to show us which we should be sure to be interested in.

"Keatsi," she said in her droll little Italian way, "Keatsi."

"She means Keats," I exclaimed. "I did

"A LITTLE GIRL CAME TO THE DOOR."

not know that his grave was in this particular cemetery."

It was not in this particular cemetery it seemed. This was the "Old Cemetery," but there was the other cemetery only a few yards away, and the grave of "Keatsi," as she called him, was there.

We said goodby to the slab of granite and followed her down the steep path again and through the iron gateway, across the road and over some grass until we came to a curious narrow entrance which led us into the "altro cimitaro." Quite near the entrance were two graves with white headstones, side by side and very close together.

"Keatsi," said the custodian's little daughter, pointing to the nearest, and her pretty, exultant smiles showed that she at least did not know anything of the sad story of the poet's broken heart that had long ago changed to dust beneath.

There was no name written on this headstone. Only these sorrowful words;

This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart, desired these words to be engraved on his tombstone:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

His was such a cruel story! He was so young, so sensitive, so full of dreams and ambitions. He himself must have known surely that immortal genius burned in his heart and brain, and that from glowing genius all his dreaming sprang. He poured forth his whole life and strength into his work, and then, as the sole return, suffered the mortal anguish of seeing it scorned, derided and condemned by the inhospitable, uncomprehending world.

Then a fatal disease, consumption, that most cruel and hopeless disease of all, slowly drained his life and courage to the dregs. At first he struggled against it; perhaps he could not believe that this last blow had really come. It must have seemed too hard, but when he died in Rome alone, save for his one true, generous friend, his spirit was broken. his poet wings hung shattered, he could hope and dream no more.

"Let it be graven on my tombstone," he said in weary bitterness. "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

It seemed to him that his life, his labor, his genius, had all gone for nothing; they would not even leave a ripple on the great sweeping river of time. And yet he had suffered and so fiercely aspired! If he had only known what fame would give to him too late, that pilgrim feet would stand by his grave without a name, that the name not written on the plain headstone would blaze in letters of golden fire on the page where only the names of the immortals burn!

And by his side—close by his side—lies that one generous, faithful friend who was true to him and tried to comfort him through all his anguish and loneliness when he was poor, despised and desolate, when he went down into the valley of the shadow of death in a foreign land, helpless and otherwise, as it seemed, utterly alone.

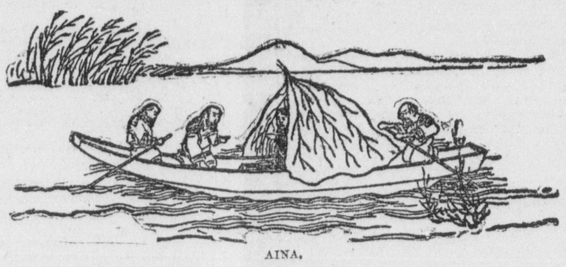
It seemed so fitting that he should be there—so beautiful. It is such a great and noble thing to be a faithful friend. Surely there can be nothing greater and sweeter than to be this one lovable thing. To be faithful and a comfort through failure, grief, misfortune, discouragement, illness, even to the gates of death. All this Joseph Severn was to John Keats, and because of this his name, too, is written in gold upon the pages of the immortal ones. One cannot remember the one without the other; one cannot lay flowers upon the grave of one without scattering them upon the turf growing above the kind, true heart of the other. The kind, faithful heart is as great as the marvellous genius which so burned and glowed that it can never be forgotten.

And on this second headstone are written words which touch one's heart as deeply as those on the grave without a name, but they move one in a happier way.

"To the memory of Joseph Severn, devoted friend and death-bed companion of John Keats, by whom he lived to see numbered among the immortal poets of England."

It seemed like a happy ending to a sad story. Through the long anxious days of growing illness and pain, made heavier by blighted hopes and ambitions, Joseph Severn kept watch and ward over his friend. It was with him when he saw the blood upon the handkerchief he had held to his lips, and said, "I know the color of that blood. It is arterial blood. It is my death warrant." It was he who, watching him through the dreadful exhausted nights when his hair was damp with cold, heavy sweat, sketched, while he lay in one of his deep, deathlike sleeps, the face lying upon the pillow, which is reproduced as the frontispiece of his poems. It was he who heard his weariest plaints and watched him until the very end, then he died, believing that his life had been a broken bubble, gone for naught. But Severn lived many years afterwards. He saw the ripening of the harvest his poor friend never gathered, and he rejoiced while he mourned for him, and felt his own life more complete and worth the living. It must have seemed to him that it was almost his harvest, too.

"An artist eminent for his representations



AINA.

of Italian life and nature," his headstone tells us, "British consul at Rome and officer of the crown of Italy, in recognition of his services to freedom and humanity."

He lived a fine and useful life of his own, he had an art and a career, he lived to be an old man, but I think that perhaps in the depths of the generous heart he liked best to think of himself as the faithful friend whom poor John Keats clung to and looked last on when he died.

His headstone was erected by a number of people who loved and revered the memory of the friend who was so gentle and so true.

And it touched and pleased me so much to see that the list engraved upon the back of the stone was headed with names all Americans know and are proud of.

As I passed round to read these I laid my hand softly on the stone without a name, when my companions were not looking.

"You are immortal now," I said. And afterward I touched even more softly the headstone placed so near.

"Constant friend," I thought, "true heart; who does not love you and is not grateful. You will not be forgotten, either."

While I was standing by the first grave I felt something touch me gently, even caressingly. The child had drawn quite near me, and it was her small hand. Bright as the day was, it was rather cold while driving, and I wore a long, black plush mantle, bordered with soft, black fox fur, and which had very long sleeves of a rich, heavy brocade, which fell from my shoulders to the bottom of the cloak. It was this which had attracted her attention, and she had put her little hand out and was stroking the plush and fur.

"Molto—molto bella (very—very beautiful)," I heard her whisper quite reverently to herself.

The little hand felt so gentle and caressing, and she seemed so pleased that I leaned a little nearer to her, and then looked down into her pretty childish face and smiled so that she would know I did not mind her caressing what she thought so nice. She understood what the little movement and smile meant, and she looked simply delighted. She gave herself up to examining me, touching the plush and fur admiringly, and lifting the long, falling sleeves to look at the heavy brocade, talking softly to herself in Italian all the time.

"But what a beautiful mantle," she whispered. "I have never seen such a beautiful thing. This that it is made of is far more splendid than velvet. It is so soft and thick. And what long, soft fur. And so much. The signora must be a very grand lady. And what beautiful soft feathers all round her hat!"

I did not hear her say all this herself. I only heard the "Molto—molto bella," and noticed that she continued whispering as she stroked my cloak. It was my Italian companion who heard her and told me afterward.

She turned to this lady next, I heard, and found a great deal to admire in her attire. She wore a black cloth dress which was trimmed with black and gold, and it was this trimming our small guide found so splendid.

"You—you are dressed in gold," she said. "In real gold. And you have a bonnet like your dress. The blonde signora is dressed in soft fur and something that is much more beautiful than velvet. And you are in gold. How rich you must be!"

Then my companion told me she looked from one to the other of us curiously and rather pityingly.

"But you have no earrings," she said. "Why have you no earrings?"

"We do not wear them," answered the young lady.

"I have earrings," the child said, "I wear them always." And she touched the large gold hoops in her ears. "How strange that the signoras who are so rich and have such beautiful clothes do not wear any."

I do not know whether she thought that we might be a little mad, as the forestieri sometimes were—or whether the idea suggested itself to her that we had spent all our money on real gold frocks and stuffs that were more splendid than velvet, but it is certain that she felt sorry for us. Quite a gleam of light relieved her expression as she looked at my English friend and pointed to her ears.

"But the other signora," she exclaimed, "she has earrings."

One of us at least had earrings, and that somewhat lightened her innocent anxiety, bright as her smiling dark-eyed face was, and lightly as she tripped before us to lead the way, she did not look very strong, and I could not help noticing that she had rather a troublesome cough.

"Have you any brothers and sisters?" we asked.

"Not now," she answered. "There were seven of us, but all have died but me. One baby died only a month ago."

"You have a bad cough," my companion had said as we were crossing from one cemetery to the other.

"Un tosse nervosa (a nervous cough)," she said quite cheerfully.

"But you must take care of it and not let it get worse."

Before I returned to the carriage I put some pieces of silver in her little hand. One always gives money to a custodian, and it pleased me to put more in the small hand than I should have placed in the larger one.

"Grazie tanto, signora, Grazie tanto," she said, looking up at me with the prettiest possible of brilliant smiles. "Buon giorno."

She ran away in the sunshine, turning to smile again and nod her little dark head to us gayly and gracefully. Her mother was waiting for her and we saw the child showing her the money with delightful gestures. They were standing away from the cypresses, outside of the gray walls, in the bright warm Italian sunshine. And I was glad as I drove away that it was in the brightness and not in the shadow that I saw the last of the childish figure of the custodian's little daughter.

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UMBRELLAS AND RAIN COATS.

Queer Devices of Several Nations to Keep Themselves Dry.

BY WALTER HOUGH.

Most people "Know enough to come in out of the rain." It is the class that are compelled to be out in the pelting, driving, storm, or hot sun that we are going to take a peep at.

As for indoor folks, they are merely under an umbrella of a larger growth, like the Samoan house, which is not so much for living in as for shelter. African houses are even more like huge umbrellas, often clustered together like a lot of haystacks. Our Indian wigwams are temporary umbrellas, ready to be struck and carried away on short notice.

Savages are not afraid of pneumonia. Rain and wet do not incommode them, or, at least, they have a faculty of being able to "grin and bear it," so that no one knows what they think about the weather. When it rains all the animal and insect world find some place to hide or hold on till it is over. The martins and swallows, though, seem to delight in the aerial bath of a thunderstorm, and soar and contest with the elements. Ducks, frogs and small boys also enjoy the rain.

There is a dispute between the sun and rain as to which made umbrellas necessary. It is difficult to decide, but it seems probable that the first umbrellas were sun shades, while all rain coats, oiled and rubber coats are to the credit of the storm. In countries where very little clothing is worn rain does not make much difference, but the sun is a power.

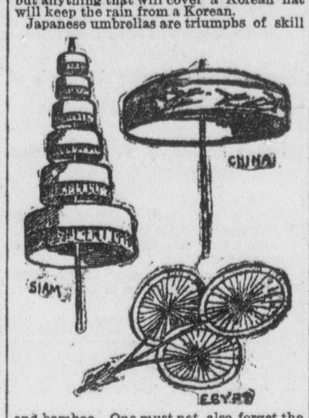
Why shouldn't the palm leaf be the first sunshade, with its ribs and handles to order? It hints at the umbrella as well as the fan. Travellers among the Ainos of Japan often make temporary sunshades of gigantic dock leaves, which are sometimes six feet in diameter and eight feet high; large enough for an account of Gulliver.

The umbrella has a very great antiquity. The word itself means a "little shadow," showing that it was named for its protection from the sun in this case. Horace says: "Among the military standards the sun beholds an Egyptian canopy." On coins and in the rock carvings of the ancients the umbrella often shows its familiar form, but it comes down to us by its connection with royalty, and is not the barrel-ribbed gingham of the masses, nor can we tell whether the people with umbrellas furnished the same amusement for the comic papers as they do nowadays. The Anglo-Saxons used umbrellas. One would think if there is a climate in the world that would compel the invention it is found in the "right tight little isle."

All this goes to prove that Jonas Hanway did not invent the umbrella. This great traveller is said to have laid himself under the displeasure of certain Londoners by the effeminate use of an umbrella to keep off the sun. This was perhaps an affectation in a country where the sun is so rarely seen. Jonas Hanway, at least, saw the value of the Eastern sunshade, and soon it became the fashion to carry this article of apparel. There must be a great difference between the umbrella of the 18th century and the modern, steel-ribbed, silk-covered, slender article which it is regarded as a misfortune to get wet.

The desideratum at present is a portable umbrella. There is a fortune for the man who invents a really good umbrella which can be stowed in a valise or trunk. There is an unpatented Korean umbrella that may fill the bill. When it begins to rain the picturesque and stately Korean swell reaches into his sleeve and produces a folded, oiled-paper affair, resembling a fan. This is spread and set over the hat like an extinguisher, and is kept in place by two strings held under the chin. It is not very large, but anything that will cover a Korean hat will keep the rain from a Korean.

Japanese umbrellas are triumphs of skill



and bamboo. One must not also forget the artist who lays on the impossible decorations in gaudy colors.

The Siamese Emperor is not in good form with an umbrella of less than six or seven stories, covered with tinsel. The Chinese Emperor sets the fashion in multiple sunshades, and he would be a reckless Celestial who would copy the Imperial umbrella.

Rain cloaks are of many different kinds. The Mexicans, Japanese and Chinese have hit upon thatched coats, made of palms, oat straw, grass or rushes, neatly fastened on a network so as to turn rain. These coats are light and will do what is expected of them, though a man clothed in one of them looks like a walking hay-stack and might be pursued by a hungry cow.

Oiled paper rain coats are also popular, as well as rain-proof; so think our almond-eyed antipodes. The Mongol of the steppes folds a large sheet of felt around his person if he has occasion to venture from his blackened and smoky, mound-like tent.

The Eskimo makes a waterproof coat out of transparent fish-skins neatly sewed together and decorated with edgings of feathers and fur. This coat is not made especially for rain, but to keep the Kayacker dry in his venturesome out-to-sea journeys in his skin boat. The thick reindeer and sealskin clothing made by the Eskimo woman turns rain for a time. When the fur gets filled with snow the garments are beaten with an ivory knife, used as a whisp-broom.

MATCHED COPPERS.

A Romantic Story of the Love of Three Des Moines Youths.

[Des Moines Leader.]

A wedding is announced for this spring between two well-known young people of Des Moines. There is an interesting story connected with the event, and it would be unfair to call names.

Four years ago the prospective bride, then quite young, was receiving the attention of three gentlemen. They, too, were young, little more than boys, and just entering upon the different lines of work which they had adopted for life.

Two of them, indeed, were still students. Matters ran along without much change with the four for some time. They each understood the situation. Nothing in the girl's manner indicated any preference. The three boys were the best of friends, although the situation was such as to strain their relations a little.

Finally the three met one day by accident. In some way the young lady's name was brought up, and after consideration it was decided to match pennies to see who should withdraw from the contest. It was stipulated that the winner should be in honor bound to devote himself exclusively to the young lady in the future, and to win her hand if possible. The losers from that moment were to withdraw from the race completely. The losers were further pledged to act as guardian brothers to the young lady and see that the winner carried on no flirtations with other girls.

The contracts were carried out to the letter, and the girl was never told why two of her admirers so suddenly retired.

And so, after these years, she is at last to become the wife of him whom luck favored in a game of chance. Both are still young, and the gentleman is prospering in his business.

Of the losers in the contest, one adopted a trade and is married. The other entered upon a professional career. He is unmarried and his name would be recognized, were it mentioned, all over the Western city.

TO SUMMER IN DEATH VALLEY.

Signal Men Will Stay Where the Winter Temperature is 100°.

[Kansas City Evening Times.]

J. H. Clery, a mild-mannered, blond-moustached young man who has been on United States Signal Officer Connor's staff in the Rialto building, left the city this morning to become a desert-dwelling hermit. Mr. Clery goes to California—to Death valley—and in Death valley he will dwell six months in solitude absolute.

Death valley is in the southwestern portion of the Californian desert. A more utterly desolate spot there is not on earth. It is the bed of a dried sand lake 40 miles long and 20 wide and surrounded by steep hills. There is absolutely nothing there except sand and alkali and blistering heat; for Death valley is said to be the hottest place in the land. Shade there is none, the sky never clouds, and the mercury seldom or never goes below 100°.

Even the breezes come like furnace blasts, laden with scorching bits of sand. If there is any water to be found in the valley where once was a great lake far below the ocean level, it is strongly impregnated with alkali, and there is not a living creature in the district save rattlesnakes and scorpions.

Sixty miles from the railway terminus at Keeler the signal service hermit will journey into this blistering desolation and set up his tent. Here for six months or more he will observe the phenomena of the desert now unknown to man. He will study the sand blasts, keep record of the temperature, ascertain the exact level of the valley below the sea, watch for rainfall—not a drop has fallen, they say, in 12 years—and tabulate all these things for the benefit of scientists.

In the same desert, but practically as far removed from one another as if in the Sahara, will be three other solitary investigators. The signal service has long desired to collect facts concerning this region unknown and unpeopled, but has not wished to order any one to undergo the dismal task of exploring it. The present investigators are volunteers.

Mr. Clery goes about his task as cheerfully as if he were going on a summer outing. He knows nothing of the details of the arrangement except that food will be brought him from Keeler.

"And what will you do for water?" asked a reporter, as Mr. Clery prepared to set out for the depot.

"Indeed, I haven't the slightest idea," was the reply. "I suppose they will see to that for me."

Not Rest, But Change.

[Harper's Bazar.]

As for the feeling that we need rest, rest, rest, it is often a fallacious one. It is action that makes muscle. The spirit of life enters into us when we take a vital part in today. Often we suffer from rest. A change of occupation is what we most need, as a rule, and the relief hours of an active person turn out to be very intelligent. We must rest, but we need not lose our electricity, which the will, the thought can command at all times, and which ought to be on guard, like an orderly, to summon us when we should become alert. Headaches evaporate if we must exert ourselves for those we love, or we almost forget the pain, which is the same thing; and ill temper cannot flourish unless we have idleness in which to reflect upon the motes belonging to some one else. With energy leading the way, ennui lifts from the horizon and we see color and distance again. There are women who labor day by day in hunger and despair. It seems as if others might labor in comfort and health, instead of sitting down to lassitude and sighs.

Secrets.

[Sam S. Stinson in Munsey's Weekly.]

My flowers she wears at the dance tonight—
A cluster of roses red.
They nestle so close to her bosom white
That my heart is filled with a strange delight,
A mixture of hope and dread.

I cannot help wishing that I might be
A rose on her bosom white,
To feel her heart throbbing, and know that she
Would whisper her secrets, fair rose, to me
Instead of to you, tonight.

EDMUNDS TALKS.

Freely Chats on Present Political Affairs.

Sees in Farmers' Alliance Movement a New But Natural Experiment.

No One Can Foresee Its Effect Upon the Next National Election.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—The Star this afternoon prints an interesting interview with Senator Edmunds, on the present state of political affairs. A reporter found him in the judiciary committee room of the Senate, where he was occupied in disposing of various odds and ends of work before retiring to his home in Vermont for the summer.

"Is not the present political situation one of extraordinary interest and importance?" the reporter asked, by way of an introduction to a broad and general discussion.

"Yes," replied the senator after a moment's thought, "I think it is in one sense as applied to one aspect of affairs, namely, the Farmers' Alliance subject. In other respects I do not see that it is essentially different to what it has been for several years. The attitude of the two great parties in respect to each other and public affairs is apparently the same. In respect to the Farmers' Alliance matter, it is in its present form a new experiment in this country, but not an unnatural one.

"There have been analogous foments in former times, but the present condition makes the political situation in this respect interesting and important, for what its effect will be upon the next national election, I take it, no one can foresee with precision."

"What gives rise to the feeling of unrest which appears to be abroad in the land?" the reporter asked.

"I think," Mr. Edmunds replied, "a large part of it arises from intrinsic qualities of the human mind, which has its periods of rest and then of excitement, just as nature has in respect to storms and diseases, and the time happens to come when one of these periods of fevers is at hand. Some people are trying to persuade farmers of the country, who always have been and always will be the most useful and important fraction of the community, that laws have been made which operate unjustly upon them, and that laws have not been made which would, or should, furnish them a more rapid and steady prosperity.

"In both these cases, I think, they are in a large degree mistaken, and in due time

They Will Discover It.

Indeed, I presume that the largest part of the reflecting ones perfectly understand that crops cannot be increased by legislation, or debts honestly paid by cheapening the value of what is called 'money.'

"The most of them, I think, understand that money, to be of value and serve its truly true purpose, must be stable, just as every other measure must be, as of weight and quantity, in dealing with commodities or lands, and that if a farmer agrees to sell his next year's crop for so many dollars he must be able to know w' hat that number of dollars will be good for when he gets it.

"What dangers to both parties and to the country are there in the situation?"

"I don't think there is any danger to the Democratic party, for in the next presidential election, if the Farmers' Alliance should carry many States without having a majority of the whole electoral college, the simple result would be that there would be no election by the people, and the present House of Representatives, having a very large Democratic majority of States as well as members, would elect the Democratic candidate in a constitutional and regular way, although he may have carried the smallest number of States. As to the danger of the Republican party, it is that the Farmers' Alliance may carry in the next presidential election some States that would otherwise vote for the Republican candidate and thus, in effect, if there should be no election by the people, give the election to the Democratic candidate by the House of Representatives."

"Do you think that silver will be an issue in the next election?"

"I don't think it will be an issue between the Republican and Democratic parties, for I think that the Democratic party will hardly wish to make the silver question an issue to the extent of running any considerable risk of separating gold and silver as the coin money of the country, and certainly the great body of the Republican party I am sure will not.

Up to the Point of Safety

I have no doubt the Republican party will be in favor of using silver as money as it always has been. What the Farmers' Alliance platform, if it should nominate a candidate for president, will be on that topic I am quite unable to say.

"How is the feeling of unrest among certain classes to be met?"

"I think it is best to be met as every other disturbance in society ought to be by candid consideration, by correct information, just reasoning and the enactment of such laws as may fairly appear to be promotive of the general public good. It is upon such considerations that every government of the people must be carried on."

"Is a third party movement likely, and if so, what might it lead to? Is communism at the bottom of it?"

"A third party movement," replied the senator, "does now exist in the Farmers' Alliance enterprise. If successful to the extent of having the President and both houses of Congress it would doubtless lead to the enactment of the measures they have already indicated, and then in a very short time whether those measures were good for the farmers or extremely bad for them would immediately appear. I do not think that communism is at the bottom of the Farmers' Alliance movement.

"The percentage of communists in this country is, I believe, at present almost infinitesimally small. The great body of laboring people of the country which, taking all the departments of human activity, embraces probably ninety-five one-hundredths of the whole number of grown-up people, are altogether too intelligent and too honest to think that communism will be of any benefit to them or their families, but they believe that it is destructive of private rights, of personal prosperity and personal happiness, and if carried into practice would effect the maintenance of the vicious and the lazy and the ignorant out of the toil of the intelligent and industrious people."

"How might the finances of the country be affected by this movement?"

"The finances of the country always depend very largely upon the confidence that people engaged in business and people having capital have in the administration of its government. If any of the movements of which we have been speaking should appear so formidable as to make unsound legislation at all probable the finances of the country would be very greatly disturbed, and that, of course, would disturb every branch of labor and business. This everybody perfectly understands."

Maurice Explains a Shot.

To make this shot, writes Maurice Daly in the New York Herald, strike the cue ball on the left-hand side, near the top. The cue ball strikes the upper cushion first, then the side cushion. The reverse English given will carry the cue ball direct across and make the carrom, remaining with the second

WHAT LOVE WILL DO;

—OR,—

A Woman's Cross and a Man's Honor.

—BY—

SCOTT CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED BY DEATH," "GREEN GOODS," "THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC.,

[Copyright, 1891.]

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Augusta Mayne is found dead in room 76, apparently asphyxiated with gas, which had not been turned off. There is great excitement in the hotel. Mr. Boxe, a detective, after examining the premises and making a cursory investigation, prepares to make a startling announcement.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"The theory of murder."

"Murder!" echoed Mr. Barnes, in horrified tones, his face blanching. It was a distressful thought—that of the most heinous of crimes having been committed within the walls of his palatial and aristocratic house. It must noise itself abroad with significant effect. He shrank from the idea even.

But the direful word went further. It was caught up by those in the hall and about the door, and given to the air in countless ejaculations, murmurs and whispers.

And it forced itself, with all its frightful significance, into the ears of a man who was pushing his way toward the death chamber—a man pale to the very lips, and who seemed intent only on reaching the bedside of the deceased.

CHAPTER III.

A MAN IN THE CASE.

We must make use of an author's privilege, and intrude upon this new arrival a brief time prior to his excited approach. Among the many pedestrians upon the street that bright October morning, he might have been seen moving with light and springy step in the direction of the great hotel, which was at that moment the scene of the recorded discovery.

He was a young man, that is, if 30 may be so denominated, his figure erect and as solid as that of an athlete, his face full of character and intelligence. He was tastily dressed in a dark suiting, his outer coat thrown open, as if, finding pleasure in the bracing air, he wore it rather from custom than necessity. He was good looking, indeed would have passed for handsome at that moment. Eagerness and pleasurable anticipation declared themselves throughout him; evinced themselves in his brisk, jubilant step; shone forth from his dark, sparkling eyes, and cheeks, glowing with healthful color.

He had no eye for the many passers; it was fixed on vacancy as he walked. He seemed to view a picture which brought him a wealth of happiness, and sent many and many a smile chasing one another about the regular lips beneath his sweeping brown mustache.

And once the lips quivered, trembling as if from a rising ecstacy within, and seemed to give vent to words no longer capable of being contained.

"Stella! my Stella! Star of my life! Is the night then passed and day dawned? Oh, my—my loved one! my star! Thou shalt ever shine!"

How he dwelt on the words! With what supernal ecstacy!

Anyone who chanced to observe him even casually at that moment, must have wondered at the heavenly rapture pictured in the fine, expressive face of this man, striding so unconsciously along the busy, noisy street.

As he entered the hotel he unbuttoned his gloves, tearing them from his hands in a nervous sort of way; and, with a sudden assumption of quiet dignity, approached the register near the clerk's desk.

Mr. Curtis was not in the inclosure. He had gone to wake the night clerk, who had been on duty at the time of Augusta Mayne's arrival at the house. Had he been there then, and observed this gentleman now so eagerly running his eyes over the names upon the register, he might have asked himself in some surprise, what business could have brought Mr. May back to that earnest study, so marked was the resemblance between the two men. But Mr. Curtis was not there, and the gentleman continued his examination unobserved.

Suddenly his eyes and countenance brightened. He had discovered a recognized name, and a familiar writing. Well, indeed, he knew that bold decisive hand, so free and flowing; few women wrote like that.

He looked up in search of the clerk; then about the office for a bell boy; both were noticeable by their absence. Only a little stripling, barely 10 years of age, and who from his dress seemed to be a sort of errand boy about the place, was standing near.

The gentleman approached him, deciding that he would answer the purpose.

"Show me to No. 76, my boy, will you?" he said pleasantly, and laying a gentle hand on the little follow's shoulder.

The latter came out of a sort of awed absorption, and drew away with a slight shudder, his face paling; yet when he looked into the pleasing countenance of the stranger bending so earnestly above him, he seemed partially reassured.

"Y—yes, sir; this way, sir," he stammered in piping tone, and led the way from the office into an adjoining corridor.

The gentleman noticed that the slender legs of the little fellow, as he went on ahead, shook tremulously. Was it from cold or fear, or what? thought he. Whatever it was it became more and more marked as they proceeded, till finally, when they had reached the landing of the second floor, the lad turned suddenly, and, with blue eyes distended wide and cheeks pale from terror, gasped pleadingly:

"I—I don't think I can go no farther, sir!"

They sounded oddly enough, those words gasped out with such an effort in the silence of the dim, deserted corridor. They were alone there, man and boy, standing near the head of the stairs. The entry from which No. 76 opened joined this main hall at a further end of the long building.

"Not go?" queried the gentleman in much surprise; then kindly: "What's the matter, little fellow, are you sick?"

"No—no, sir, not sick; but I—I'm scared o' dead folks, sir."

"Dead folks!" cried the other, with an irrepressible laugh, and the boy answered tremulously:

"You said 76, sir; that's where the lady was found."

"Found—found!"

The words came only in a swift gasping breath from the man's lips, whereon the laugh had so suddenly died. He reeled backward, like one stricken a fearful blow, a blow reaching the very life itself, his face blanching to deathly whiteness, his both hands pressed hard above his heart.

"Don't look like that, sir!" cried the boy, his fear redoubled. "It's round that way they found her—dead in bed—the gas turned on! Don't ask me to go, sir; I can't!" And in a frenzy no longer to be endured the lad uttered a faint cry, and fled precipitately down the stairs, and away from what to him was such a nearness to horror.

The man heard what was said, saw the boy depart, yet made no effort to stay him, nor moved from his position. He had reeled against the richly papered wall, where, in the hush about him, he stood like one transmuted to stone, the bright flush gone from his cheek, the eager love-light dead in his staring eyes.

Innocent lips to have dealt so telling a stroke!

What a sweeping translation in so brief a time. From the acme of happiness to the depths of agony, if not despair.

"Dead! dead!" he muttered brokenly at length, like one unable to realize the fearful import of the words. "My God! it can't be! it can't—it can't!"

Then he braced himself erect, swaying as if drunk, tottering like one suddenly enfeebled, and made his way towards the further end of the long corridor.

When he reached the passage, out of which opened the fatal room, his distressful eyes took in the people gathered about the open door, and the murmur of their voices reached his ears. The sight and sound seemed to bring him back to the world without him.

He nerved himself to calmness by an effort, ground his nails into the palms of his hands, and with lips compressed and features marble-like in their set pallor, he strode down the side entry towards the gathered people. Then it was, when pushing his way among them to reach the door, that the word, "murder," came from the lips of Mr. Boxe, was caught up by the many tongues without, and forced into the ears of this man already so fearfully moved.

He heard it and seemed to comprehend its awful significance, for the icy calmness of his face became more fixed; a light, as of the sudden birth of the spirit of vengeance within him, sprang to his eyes; and with a sharp—

"Let me pass!" He pushed rudely aside the interposing people and strode boldly into the room.

In the thought of possibly finding the lady's name stencilled upon it, Mr. Boxe had applied himself to an external examination of the trunk near by; but he turned quickly, now, and in time to catch the changing expressions on the face of this newcomer, when his eyes fell upon the objects in the room.

At the sight of the dress, a rich garment, lying across a chair by the window, the first article to come naturally within his vision, he reeled slightly, seeming to suppress a cry of anguish which sprang to his lips; then he turned with fearful eagerness to the bed whereon the body of the dead lady was lying.

If the detective was surprised by his observation of this emotion, he was doubly so by that which followed.

For the man's countenance changed completely. Amazement baffling description, wonderment beggaring words, took the place of the anguish that had been depictured there; and he drew himself suddenly erect, to stand dumfoundered, staring with bewildered eyes at the lifeless form before him.

The detective quickly approached him.

"Who are you, sir? and why here?" he demanded bluntly.

The stranger came out from his amazement, glanced swiftly at the interested faces in the doorway, and colored hotly at finding himself the centre of observation, then bent a haughty look upon his questioner, the detective, in his cheap, ready-made suit of gray.

"I—I am a physician," he faltered at length, speaking with an effort, though considerable calmness. "I heard below of the—the accident. Can I be of any service?"

He hesitated on the word "accident." That word "murder" was now resounding in his ears. He shrank from it. He was rapidly regaining his composure, and dignity and hauteur were speedily displacing emotion, excitement and surprise.

"The medical examiner will render all necessary professional service," replied the detective, eying him closely. "Do you know the deceased?"

"I do not," was the cool reply, and the stranger glanced again at the form upon the bed. "I never saw her before to my knowledge."

Mr. Boxe, whose eyes never left the speaker's face, decided that he was controlling himself by a superhuman effort only. Mr. Boxe was right.

"You entered so very hastily—so very"—he drawled out the words in so queer a way that the other broke in sharply:

"Such emergencies demand haste, sir! If I can be of no assistance, I will depart."

And he started to suit the action to the word, when the detective gently stayed him by laying a hand upon his arm.

"Might I ask your name, sir, before you go?" he said politely; and when the other hesitated, he added, as if in explanation of the request, "I am an official, sir."

The admission was not without effect upon the gentleman. He paled slightly and for a moment fumbled nervously in one of his pockets. A man might have done this were he seeking time to mature a determination.

"I am sorry I haven't a card with me," he said at length, and his lip curled scornfully. "You can find me at—"

And he mentioned a street and number.

"Quite as well," said Mr. Boxe quietly.

"My office hours are before 9 and after 3," added the gentleman, now apparently thoroughly at ease. "I can be of no service, then?"

He took another swift glance at the form upon the bed.

"Not at present," answered the detective dryly.

Again the stranger's lip curled superciliously. He seemed almost inclined to retort to the other's remark, but changing his mind he turned quickly, and without so much as a glance into the faces of those about the door, he pushed his way from the room.

He visited the register once more on his way out, and, with troubled countenance, again viewed the name thereon—Augusta Mayne, in that familiar, flowing chirography. Then he hurriedly left the hotel and disappeared in the direction whence he had come.

Mr. Curtis, the clerk, saw him this time, and asked himself a question very similar to that which has already been recorded as framing itself in his mind under such circumstances.

Scarcely had the stranger departed from No. 76, than the boy who had been sent for the medical examiner arrived in his company, having brought him in by a side entrance of the hotel.

Mr. Boxe greeted him as an acquaintance, and after a brief and subdued conversation with him, he left the room, closing the door behind him, and descended to the office in company with Mr. Barnes.

A short time after the body of the dead lady was removed from the hotel and placed temporarily in charge of an undertaker.

Before leaving the house Dr. Fay, who was the medical examiner in that district where the death had occurred, sought out the detective, whom he found busily engaged, and taking him to one side said softly:

"I have done as you requested. I find the lady in the condition you suggested possible, and she has been so, I should judge, about four months."

"Thanks," said Mr. Boxe, dryly. "I will make it known to the inspector and advise you later. There is something underneath all this."

CHAPTER IV.

QUERIES.

It has been intimated that Mr. Boxe was busily engaged. And so, indeed, he was, for the circumstances surrounding this untimely death in room No. 76, into the investigation of which he had been led in a purely accidental manner, were assuming proportions which seemed likely to surpass the infinite of his imagination even. Upon what had at first seemed like little or no foundation for those suspicions which so habitually arise in a detective's mind, a mystery was beginning to rear itself into a massive and well-built structure, to batter down the doors of which and disclose its hidden truth to the light of day, gave evidence of no ordinary task.

"Who is this woman? Do you know her by sight?" he asked of Mr. Barnes as they descended the stairs together.

"I do not; the register will probably tell," was the rather cool reply.

"I didn't know but you might have seen her here before—an occasional guest, perhaps."

"Never to my knowledge, though one is liable to be mistaken when regarding the faces of the dead."

"Yes—and of the living," said the detective, thoughtfully; he had in mind that changing countenance seen in the death chamber a brief time before. He turned again to his companion, and asked:

"Do you know the man who came in there?"

"I do not; I never saw him."

"Well, I guess I can find him if necessary," smiled the detective complacently.

Mr. Barnes turned quite shortly, and demanded sharply, almost with a spirit of indignation:

"Say, sir! do you mean to let me infer that you think a crime has been committed here? Is this affair to be noised all over the city? Do you realize, sir, what a horrid notoriety must attach itself to this, a first-class house?"

Mr. Boxe stopped short in some surprise, to look the speaker in the face.

"I am not much given to disclosing my inferences," he said quietly, yet with a manner peculiarly forceful. "Not less than you, sir, do I desire the actual facts of this affair to be kept from public mouthing. You ask what you are to infer. You may infer this: That my observation, which is more than casual, has resulted in discoveries which force upon me the immediate exercise of my official duties. Do not repeat that, sir; and since we both desire to silence rumor so far as is practical, instead of the public, take me into your private office and let me see your register."

They had already reached the public office, and Mr. Barnes, about equally disgusted and surprised by the decisive turn of the affair, subdued his ill-feeling and led the way into a small room adjoining the inclosure where the clerical work of the establishment was conducted.

The register was brought in by Mr. Curtis and laid upon a table by which the detective had taken a seat, and the name of the inmate of No. 76 pointed out to him.

"Augusta Mayne—" he stopped suddenly, his brow knitting in a thoughtful frown; then, after making a memorandum in a notebook taken from his pocket, he added: "That is very brief. Were you on duty, Mr Curtis, when this lady arrived and registered?"

"I was not. Mr. Daniels, the night clerk, had just gone on. He is in the office, if you wish to see him."

"I do wish it," was the reply; and when Mr. Daniels had entered the detective prefaced his further inquiry by saying politely:

"You gentlemen will please express no opinions outside regarding this business. I am not sure as yet what it may amount to."

The young men readily promised and Mr. Boxe continued:

"At what time did this lady arrive here, Mr. Daniels? I take it for granted you have heard of the discovery of the morning."

"Yes, I have; Mr. Curtis has told me. She arrived just before dark; I should say shortly after six."

"Did she come in a carriage?"

"She did not; she was walking. I saw her when she passed the windows and entered the office."

"She was alone?"

"So far as I could judge."

"Did she appear like a stranger, or in any way doubtful what to do?"

"Not in the least," said Daniels, decidedly. "I was not busy at that moment, and she, being a lady and alone, took my immediate attention. She walked at once to the register, took the pen I tendered, and made the entry you see there."

"I thought so," murmured Mr. Boxe, complacently.

"Thought so!" exclaimed Mr. Barnes, rather interested now. "May I ask why?"

"Merely from the lady's writing," smiled the detective. "Its decisiveness is indicative of character, and that flourish at the end at once suggestive of determination, if not a spirit of subdued anger even. Notice that heavy downward stroke at the termination; it declares that she was eager, almost before the name was wholly written, to throw down the pen. Did you observe at the time, Mr. Daniels, that she had written her name only?"

"I did not till after she had gone to her room. I was called aside for an instant, and then, finding her waiting, I assigned her an apartment from the plan upon my desk. I imagined that she had come to remain several days, at least, and thought to insert her residence later rather than trouble her just then."

"You imagined she had come to remain—why?"

"Because she described her trunk, for which she said she had no check, and desired it sent at once to her room on its arrival. It was brought shortly after by an expressman, and I had it taken upstairs. It is in the room now."

"Do you know what express?"

"I do not. It was dark outside at that time, and I did not see his team."

"Did you observe anything remarkable about the lady? Did she seem excited? or was she pale—or red—or—"

"Oh, I did not see her face; she was too much veiled."

"Veiled, eh?"

"Yes; too thickly to be recognized. I thought nothing of that, though; it is a common occurrence in a public house."

"Have you been to her room this morning?"

"I have; I stopped a moment on my way down stairs."

"Did you observe anything which struck you as being possibly connected with her sudden death?"

"One thing only," replied Mr. Daniels, after a moment. "When she took the pen from my hand I noticed that she wore a valuable diamond ring. That is missing from the hand of the body upstairs, and I thought of robbery, but I dismissed the idea immediately, for the ring might naturally have been locked in her trunk later, and the death seemed to me so apparently accidental."

"Very true," assented the detective. "I shall investigate the trunk by and by. Did she, while at your desk or afterwards, make any inquiry for mail, which may possibly have been expected and lead to a discovery of whence she came?"

"Not any inquiry," declared Mr. Daniels with sudden animation; "but now you bring to my mind the fact that a letter was brought here to her. I wonder that it escaped me."

"Brought here, eh? At what time, and by whom?"

"By a boy, eight or nine years old I should say, and in the neighborhood of half-past seven."

"I am sorry it was a boy; they are hard to trace. Did you see the letter?—the superscription I mean, of course."

"I did. The lad was a stranger to me, but brought the letter to the office. It was addressed to Miss Augusta Mayne, at this house, and, as I remember, in a man's hand."

"And the envelope?"

"Was plain and unstamped. I asked the boy if there was any answer expected, but he replied in the negative and departed. The letter was sent to the lady's room."

"It establishes the fact that her presence and whereabouts were known to at least one acquaintance in the city. Unless it be in her trunk, that letter has been destroyed or removed. It was addressed to Miss Augusta Mayne, you say?"

"Yes—Miss; I can swear to that."

"Signifying that the lady was not married," murmured the detective, a peculiar smile hovering about his dreamy eyes. "Who took this letter to the lady's room?"

"Little Ned, a lad about here. Do you want him?"

"If you please," said Mr. Boxe gravely. "This is becoming a rather interesting, if not complicated, affair."

Mr. Daniels withdrew to bring the lad, and the detective sat silent for several minutes, thoughtfully consulting an extensive memoranda, which, during the recorded inquiry, not so rapidly conducted as one might reasonably infer, he had made in his note book. Though Mr. Barnes eyed him closely he could, from that placid, unrevealing face, divine little or naught of what stirred the mind beyond. Yet the acuteness of Mr. Boxe was a quality not to be doubted.

They had not long to wait. Mr. Daniels soon returned, bringing with him the blue-eyed, pale-faced lad, who had that morning so emphatically declared himself "scared o' dead folks."

The detective received him with a fatherly sort of smile, and taking him by the hand drew him near.

"I want to ask you one or two questions, my little man," he said kindly.

"Yes, sir," replied the child, his great blue eyes, full of awe, raised to the benevolent face, so reassuring.

"Do you remember of taking a letter up to one of the rooms last evening?"

"Yes, sir; to the same one where—where—"

"Yes, I understand, where the accident occurred, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"To whom did you give it?"

"To the lady in the room, sir; what come to the door when I knocked."

"Of course," smiled Mr. Boxe, seeking to put the lad, who was evidently very timid, entirely at ease. "Did she ask you in?"

"No, sir," and the boy laughed as if amused at the idea. "She just took it."

"I should almost think that she'd have asked a pretty little chap like you to come in."

"She didn't," was the ludicrously sober reply. "She just put her head round the edge of the door and took it."

"Perhaps she already had company," laughed the detective. "Did you hear her talking to any one, just before you rapped?"

"No, sir; and I don't think she was, 'cause I know all about those rooms, sir, and she stood to one side of the door when she opened it, and I could see in."

"Did she open it wide?"

"No, sir; only 'bout so much—" indicating perhaps a foot or so; "but I could see all the chairs."

"And they were empty?"

"Yes, sir. If there was anybody there, he was on the bed," declared the boy, with an unconscious selection of the pronoun.

"Very good," laughed Mr. Boxe. "Did she seem real glad to get the letter?" he added, shaping his inquiry to the child's understanding.

"Well, I don't know, sir."

"Didn't she say anything at all?"

"Oh, yes, sir. She said—'Ah, yes, thanks; thanks!' Then I came away."

"She seemed kind of as though she had been expecting it, didn't she?" smiled the detective.

"I guess so," assented the lad.

Mr. Boxe laughed, as if he had really enjoyed this talk with so intelligent a little fellow, and, patting him on the head, dismissed him from the office.

The child was too diffident to have volunteered any information concerning the gentleman whom he had directed to No 76 that morning; the detective, of course, surmised nothing of what had occurred.

"Well," said Mr. Barnes, whose sub-surface reading did not reach a very great depth, "I fail to see anything very remarkable as yet."

"No?" smiled Mr. Boxe, complacently. "Did you not see the stranger who entered the room while we were there?—the finely built fellow with the brown mustache."

Before the man addressed could answer, Mr. Curtis was suddenly struck by an idea. He sprang down from the edge of the table, on which he had been sitting, and cried excitedly:

"By Jove! that must have been the fellow who came back!"

"Came back?" demanded the detective. "Whom do you mean?"

"Why, this man here," eagerly explained the clerk, reaching over to the register to point with his finger. "There's his name, R. O. May, Philadelphia. He paid his bill an hour or so before the death in No. 76 was discovered and left the house. I did not see him return, but just before you came down I saw him again, studying the register—studying that very name, Augusta Mayne, or else his own, which you see is on the next line. I know, for I imagined he thought himself overcharged, he seemed so exercised about something; but all of a sudden he wheeled about and went out."

The detective's eyes, beneath their knit brows, were beginning to glow intensely.

"Was he a sturdily built fellow, say just short of six feet, dressed in a dark suit and silk hat—a man of about 30, with dark hair and eyes, and rather a long, wavy mustache?" he demanded rapidly.

"The same; it must be the same," declared Curtis, confidently. "There has been none other about here who resembled him in the least, and I've been here all the time. Why, he loitered about the office all of two hours this morning."

"You say that he paid his bill an hour before this death was discovered?"

"Yes; I remember clearly," replied the clerk; "for Mrs. Granger had just come to inform me that she could not rouse 76, and, as it was only 10 o'clock, I told her to wait awhile."

"Was this man loitering near your desk at the time, and did he overhear your talk with Mrs. Granger?"

"I think he must have; he stood scarcely six feet away."

"Did he pay his bill at once?"

"Immediately, sir."

"Did you have any talk with him?"

"Hardly a word; nothing of consequence, surely."

"He did not refer to what Mrs. Granger had said?"

"He did not."

"Mr. Daniels, do you remember at what hour this man arrived and registered?"

"He came into the office directly after Miss Mayne went up to her room."

"Where is this room, No. 74, to which he was assigned?"

"The second from 76, on the same side of the same hall," replied Mr. Daniels.

"Then, Mr. Barnes," said the detective rather satirically; "if this man had followed this lady here, and, in the hope of possibly securing a room in her immediate locality, had entered and registered directly after her, he succeeded admirably, did he not?"

"Yes," was the grim admission; "but I think you are making a mountain of assumption out of a molehill of evidence."

Mr. Barnes had no desire to have this death proved the result of a crime committed beneath his roof.

"One thing more," said the detective, coolly. "Can you tell me who occupied No. 76 night before last?"

"Yes," said Mr. Daniels; "my brother did; and has all summer, till my father returned from the country yesterday and reopened our home in the city."

"Can you summon this brother readily?"

"Inside of 10 minutes; his business is near by."

"Send for him at once, then," requested Mr. Boxe; and with an additional word of caution to all in regard to maintaining strict silence upon the subject as far as was possible considering the nature of the death, he arose abruptly and walked out into the main office.

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DEAD LADY.

They were again standing in room No. 76, Mr. Boxe, the proprietor of the hotel, and his two clerks, and the brother of Mr. Daniels, a man some years the latter's elder.

The body of the dead unfortunate had been removed by an undertaker; but her personal effects still remained, a touching reminder of the departed, a being, young and beautiful, rudely snatched from what seemed must have been the lap of luxury, and launched all unprepared into the unknown.

The draperies before the windows had been partly drawn; the sun, beyond the meridian now, no longer entered the apartment; the room was in semi-darkness.

Mr. Boxe, gravely viewing the pale faces of his companions, was the first to break the silence. His gravity went beyond his expressive countenance, so remarkably so when he willed; it spoke in his slow and earnest utterance, his voice, so respectfully subdued.

"Mr. Barnes and gentlemen," he said, "I see that it has seemed to you that I have been a little hasty in forming a decided opinion regarding the causes of the death of the unfortunate person who last night occupied this apartment. In extenuation, I might perhaps say this, that it is my duty, when brought in contact with such an occurrence, and especially so when I accidentally discover a fact which at once arouses my suspicions, to try and sift the matter to the bottom. I have discovered such a fact, and as I deemed it necessary to make some inquiry, I did so at once, while the circumstances surrounding the affair were fresh in all your minds. And, gentlemen, it is your duty, in the furtherance of justice and as citizens aiding the action of the law, to carefully abstain from betraying the confidence I have reposed in you, and avoid giving publicity to any of your or my suspicions."

"I think you may rely on our discretion," said Mr. Barnes, a little haughtily, and the others bowed in concurrence.

"When a crime has been committed," continued the detective, his placidity unruffled, "it is a reasonable supposition that the criminal, if his act has been a premeditated one, has taken all the precaution of which he is capable to avoid detection; and, therefore, much which seems like truth in the case will in reality prove to be false. On the other hand a criminal, in his eagerness to avoid suspicion, frequently goes to that extent which oversteps the boundary of natural conduct. This has been done here, as a single fact, with a little reasoning, will doubtless convince you."

"And what is this fact?" came the earnest query.

The detective turned to Mr. Daniels, the elder, and said inquiringly:

"You occupied this room night before last?"

"I did," was the reply; "and have nightly, for several weeks."

"Of the two burners on the chandelier, can you tell which you have been in the habit of using?"

"Easily," affirmed Mr. Daniels: "the one nearer the mirror. I frequently have had occasion to shave in the evening; and, besides choosing that, the other is very difficult to turn."

"Just so," assented the detective. "Well, perhaps the lady experienced the same difficulty, for that nearer the mirror is the one from which the gas was escaping."

While speaking, he had drawn a match from his pocket and lit the burner referred to; then turning to the gentleman, he said quietly:

"Mr. Daniels, will you please extinguish that."

The other reached up and did as requested. The action was immediately followed by the sharp hiss of escaping gas.

"Why!" he exclaimed, checking it only by the exercise of some care; "the stop is broken, it revolves completely."

"You would swear that it was not out of order night before last, would you not?" smiled the detective.

"Most certainly," was the declaration. "I should have been extremely nervous to have had it in that condition. One can hardly tell if the gas is completely closed off or not."

"So I think," said Mr. Boxe, dryly.

"But," exclaimed Mr. Barnes, "this would surely substantiate the theory of accident."

"Not so," replied the detective, "for here I have the small brass rivet which was a part of the fixture and which held the stop at the proper place. I found it upon the floor this morning. If you care to examine it you will see that it bears the indubitable evidence of having been forcefully broken off with a pair of pincers."

There was a murmur of surprise, and Mr. Barnes cried, half angrily:

"But an assassin would surely not have left it lying there upon the floor."

"If carelessly dropped, circumstances might have been such that he was unable to find it," answered the detective calmly; "and in nine cases out of ten it is so small as to have escaped subsequent observation."

Then placing the bit of brass in his pocket he added, decisively:

"An attempt has been made, Mr. Barnes, to give this death the semblance of accident or wilful suicide. Let us reason a little. That it is not the former is proved by the fact alone that the fixture has been tampered with. That it is not the latter is reasonable to suppose from this: A suicide about to leave the world and its troubles would not have gone to this extent; or, if she had, in order to have her death appear the result of a damaged gas-fixture, been so cunning, she would also have been shrewd enough and had ample time to have searched about the carpet for this bit of brass and have thrown it from the window. Mr. Barnes, but one other theory remains; this lady died from the effect of another's evil designing, and that other has been over-eager to have her death appear an accidental one. His mistake, if a man it was, was in tampering at all with the fixture; he should have turned on the gas and let all else take care of itself."

"But, man alive!" cried Mr. Barnes, rather confusedly, "that door was locked from the inside and the key left inserted; that transom was securely bolted from within; the windows were tightly closed! Do solid human bodies dematerialize and disappear through plastered walls? Nonsense! How could such effects be accomplished and the assassin make his escape?"

"That," said Mr. Boxe, bowing profoundly, "it is my humble province to discover. Come, gentlemen, let us go down stairs; I shall shortly be obliged to bid you good morning. Lock the door behind you."

And they left the ill-fated room together.

A week passed—10 days—a fortnight; yet the mystery of the dead lady seemed farther than ever from solution.

And that she was a lady, using the word, as Mr. Boxe has said, in the popular sense, her personal effects upon examination went far to show. Her trunk, removed with her loose clothing by the proper authorities the day following her death, contained a number of dresses, some valuable and richly made, a large assortment of underwear of finest texture and design, besides several outside garments of style and corresponding worth.

But her trunk contained no diamond ring, as was declared by Mr. Daniels to have been worn by her on her arrival at the hotel, nor any other jewelry. The letter, which she was known to have received, was missing; nor was there any evidence in her room of its destruction, though, after most searching inquiry, it could not be established that she had left the apartment after her arrival.

Though her purse, containing a goodly sum of money, had been carelessly tossed with her gloves upon the mantel, one fact which struck Mr. Boxe as peculiar, was that the key to her trunk was missing from the pocket of the dress which she had worn, nor could it be found. He decided that it was not improbable that she had lost it.

After closest examination of all her effects—an examination made, perhaps, by the two keenest and most discerning men in the city, Mr. Boxe and the chief inspector of the detective service—there was found absolutely nothing which would of itself lead to an establishment of her identity. Not an article of clothing bore either a name or initial; neither a card, letter nor paper were among her property.

About what Mr. Boxe had been busying himself during that time, as well as the result of his labor, may be easily imagined from a conversation which took place between him and the inspector in the latter's office, two weeks subsequent to the death of Augusta Mayne.

"Yes," the detective was saying, in reply to a question, "I found the expressman who brought the trunk; but it availed little. He remembered the circumstance. A lady had handed him the check at the depot, and paid him to bring the trunk to the hotel. He could not remember the number of the check, nor could I trace the trunk from a description. In faith, I was completely baffled in that direction," he added, rather dubiously.

"The best of us suffer that, Philip," laughed the inspector. "You don't often show discouragement."

"I'm not discouraged now," declared Mr. Boxe, emphatically; "but I'm free to confess that this is the most extraordinary tangle I ever tried to clear. Why!" he continued, forcefully, "here this party arrives in the city just at the dusk of evening, alone, the expressman declares, and everything goes to show. For some reason, and contrary to all precedent in a lady going to a first-class hotel under such circumstances, she does not take a carriage, but walks, sending her trunk by a local express. She was no country girl, sir! She knew this city and whither she was going; went directly to the hotel, for she arrived there before the expressman; entered the office and registered like a thoroughbred traveller and went up to her room. At 7.30 she received a letter, brought by a boy who has since evaporated, I guess, for I am absolutely unable to trace him—a letter which I am sure she was expecting and glad to receive, yet which, like her ring, is now missing. Don't think of robbery, sir; I know better! Though she received a caller—for there was talking heard from her room—yet so far as I can learn—and though I say it who shouldn't—I am not superficial in my investigations—"

"I should say not, Phil."

"She did not leave her room till she was brought out a corpse. Found dead the next morning, and I upon the spot!" exclaimed the detective, in a tone of self-disgust. "Why, I thought I had evidence enough to nail this thing in a day!"

"You say you cannot locate this man May, who entered the room while you were there?"

"Not to speak of," replied Mr. Boxe, drily. "There is no such man in Philadelphia, and the address he gave me was a lie. I'd have known it was, if I had known what I learned an hour later."

"You might have pulled him on the spot," suggested the inspector.

"You might have! Why, I didn't anticipate any trouble in establishing this woman's identity; and that done, what would it have been to me to have probed to the bottom of the whole affair? Why, who ever heard before of a lady of her stamp being swept out of the community like a speck of dust, and never missed by a disinterested person who would render the necessary information to place her. I've advertised her in all directions, and her description has been in the papers for days; yet not a sign from any quarter. I tell you, sir, it's a beautifully-arranged affair."

"Have you inserted in the press an inventory of her clothing? Perhaps some modiste may see it and—"

"I did that last night. It's all in today's leading journals."

"Well," said the inspector, reverting to the desk by which he was seated; "I wouldn't give it up."

"Give it up!"

That alone was the detective's reply, but it was uttered in a way that spoke volumes, and brought a laugh to the inspector's lips; and Mr. Boxe, rising abruptly, left the office and walked out into the morning sunlight.

Though requiring considerable space, and making perhaps a serious encroachment on the reader's patience, to have developed these details, and that, too, without so much as even an introduction to those characters soon to become of cardinal interest; yet, in order to best appreciate the difficulties under which Mr. Boxe labored, as well as what seemed the harassing confliction of evidence subsequently discovered, it has been deemed advisable to first present the bare facts of the case, just as they presented themselves to the mind of this astute detective.

As he sauntered down the street, his head bowed in thought, he asked himself these questions:

"Did this man, May, towards whom his suspicion had been directed, really have anything to do with the case? Was he a lover of the lady, who had betrayed her, and then, for potent reasons, by some means accomplished her death? Had he indeed loitered about the hotel office that morning to make sure that she was not about as usual, and then departed? If so, why had he returned to her room, to stare astounded at his fiendish work? Was it to make assurance doubly sure, and had he then become horrified by the actual sight of her dead form? Was he lying when he said she was a stranger; that he had never seen her before? Most assuredly, since he had lied the moment after.

"Was he the person to whom she had been talking the previous evening, and the sender of the letter? Was the boy who had brought the letter in the service of this man and bribed to secrecy?

"Or had this woman, contrary to his invincible belief, indeed committed suicide, after a painful interview with some one, and left this array of conflicting evidence behind her? If this, why was it so difficult to establish her identity?"

Mr. Boxe knit his brows till they met, in his intensity of thought. He felt that he must, by some means, secure a reliable clue to start from.

And that clue came, tremendous in its significance, far sooner than he dared even to hope.

CHAPTER VI.

A MEETING AND A PARTING.

It was on the 11th day of October that Augusta Mayne was discovered dead in her bed.

It was on the 25th of the same month that occurred the scene recorded in the present chapter.

The city clocks had struck five by twenty odd minutes. Twilight was at a discount this lowering day, and no sooner had the sun sunk—according to schedule time and not from observation—below the horizon, than the darkness of early evening seemed to fairly pounce upon the land. Far above that lower atmosphere faintly illumined by street lamps and electrics, ominous leaden clouds were scudding across a gloomy sky, driven with wild weirdness by a chilling wind whose lower currents swept with selfish cheerfulness through the city streets and flared the available gaslights till their tremulous flames pictured to imaginative eyes grim and uncouth phantoms in the loftier gloom upon the rising buildings.

It was no occasion to stand in casual conversation out of doors. Nearly all who met and paused to speak upon the street that early evening had business of grave importance and instinctively availed themselves of the shelter of the building or stepped into an opportune doorway.

Yet two there were who did neither—a man and a woman.

They met by chance near a street corner, the juncture of two broad thoroughfares, lined in either direction by sightly dwellings, the abodes of aristocracy and wealth. It was away from the throb of busy life. Passers were comparatively few. The woman had been hurrying up town alone and seemingly intent only on reaching her destination.

The man, with top-coat thrown open despite the sweep of the wind and the chill of the night air, had been striding along the intersecting thoroughfare. To have looked at him, one might well have inferred that mental excitement warmed him, to say nothing of his nervous, rapid walk.

He reached the junction of the two streets, paused not to take the crossing, but strode diagonally towards the opposite corner, his heels descending on the hard asphalt with ringing blows which declared the spirit within him.

The woman must have heard him, for, as she stepped from sidewalk to crossing, she looked up.

Above them an electric light burned brightly, shedding downward a broad and brilliant circle, in the very glare of which they stood.

For both had stopped abruptly, their eyes meeting at the same instant in a look which seemed to transmute them for a moment into stone.

"You!—You!"

The woman broke the momentary silence, the words springing to her lips with a sudden vehemence which seemed to have snapped the spell surprise had cast upon her. She fell back a step, both her hands pressed hard upon her breast, her splendid figure drawn to its full height.

The man sprang towards her; he had stopped fully six feet away. The wildest of translating joy cried out in his eager movement, in both his hands so impetuously extended, in his handsome face so transfigured at that moment by the light within him, in his glad voice which gave utterance to a cry whose inherent love should have thrilled her.

"Stella! Stella! My—"

"Stop!"

Her hand went out from her breast in a sweeping gesture that would have become a queen. Indeed, she looked a queen at that moment, when, erect, erect as an arrow, her head thrown back with majestic hauteur, her face pale in the white light above her, filled with mingled scorn and anger, she forbade, with extended hand and voice afire with passion, this man's approach.

"How dare you! How dare you, Richard Vaughn," she continued intensely; "to even breathe my name!"

He fell back a step, his limbs shaken beneath him, his countenance suddenly changing, turning paler even than her own, his palms seeking his brow as if to still the mad riot of thought within.

"Your—your name?" he faltered, aghast, the words barely articulate, his voice hoarse and choked in his throat.

She cast a swift look about her. The streets were dark beyond that broad circle of light; save this man she saw no one near. She took a step toward him, fairly trembling in her surcharge of passion, her peerless eyes blazing like twin stars from her grandly beautiful face.

"Is not my ruin enough?"

"Ruin? ruin?" he reiterated, staring helplessly at her. He was like a man lost to himself, so stricken seemed he by the astounding revelation of this meeting; like one unable to concentrate his thoughts or give them words.

To her, it was the final meeting of a lifetime with this man. She had nursed in mind a sense of wrong till the arrival of this moment, and now pride and passion alone held sway.

"Yes—ruin!" she continued, in tones of subdued intensity defying verbal description. "Must I fling back into your coward's face the love vows breathed from a heart more false than falsehood's self? Is it not enough that I blindly forsook a home and loved ones, to cast my lot with you?—a home whose doors are closed upon me now! Would you ruin beyond that? Did you deem my love a woman's idle whim, to be toyed with and encouraged, then trampled under foot? Would you betray still further? Dare you to assail my honor, even? God knows I was dishonored full enough when I could sink to loving you! Do not speak! Words can avail you naught at this late hour, and your deeds are frightful beyond contemplation. Never think of me, nor speak my name again! We part now, forever! Though you have betrayed—"

"Betrayed!"

Richard Vaughn, in a resistless frenzy of feeling, fairly caught the word from the woman's trembling lips. Throughout her scathing denunciation, poured upon him with a scornful vehemence which precluded interruption, he had stood like one helpless before her, his livid face filled with horror and amazement, his strained eyes held by hers as by a spell.

"I—I—betrayed!" he cried, in the very agony of reproachful despair. "Can such love as you professed—"

"Love!" she interrupted, her voice driven to harshness by the uttermost of contempt. "I love no longer! and if I hate not, think it because you are unworthy even that. Love! Do you think that divinest of emotions dies not easily, when trampled in the dust by man's deceit? Know me no more! You are unworthy the contempt and scorn I now bestow, and that alone that you may feel yourself unmasked to eyes that have been blinded by your infamy."

She was resistless in her tempest of feeling. She was more than that, she was grand; standing there, unconscious now of her surroundings, her heavy cloak held round her from the occasional sweep of the wind, her superb figure intensified to royal attitude by the supreme sense within of a rendered wrong.

He reeled back from before her, his face turned haggard from the agonizing pangs her repeated execrations had given; they were knife-thrusts cutting to his very heart. Something like a great, choking sob burst from him, from the breast on which he pressed his hands so hard.

"My God! this—this from you to me!" he gasped hoarsely.

"To you!" she cried, scornfully, but trembled for an instant at the awful picture he presented; then, as if unable longer to contain herself to a rational degree, she turned abruptly from him to move away.

The action seemed to inspire the man. It was as if he saw before him, after this parting, after she had passed this time from his sight, a blank which encompassed life itself. He sprang before her to stay her going, his hands extended in a plea which might have moved a heart of stone, his face ghastly in his awful sufferance of the moment.

"Stella! Stella!" he cried, with all the pathetic earnestness of ungovernable despair. "One word! Don't go thus! Hear me—"

"Let me pass!" she interrupted wildly, drawing back as if in horror from his anticipated touch; yet she trembled in every limb, and her quivering lips, her eyes filled with anguish now, her face so deathly pale, betrayed the swift uprising of a new emotion within her, an emotion born from the sight of this man's pain. Love dies not so easily after all, though scornful pride had so easily declared it.

"Not thus; not thus," he pleaded, rapidly. "Give me a chance to explain, to hear your—"

"Explain! Let me pass, I say!"

"No, no! Stella—Miss Temple! there's a terrible mistake, a—"

"Yes! my love was the mistake!"

She made an effort to pass him, as if determined to hear him no further; but Richard Vaughn's frenzy constrained him to the use of force. He seized her by the wrist, crying with sudden sternness:

"You shall not! You shall not go thus!"

"Unhand me! this is like you!"

"You shall hear me—"

"What's the trouble here?"

It was the harsh voice of a patrolman, who had approached unnoticed, and who strode between them, thrusting Richard Vaughn aside.

"I think, sir, I shall have to take you in for assault."

"Assault!" repeated Vaughn scornfully, suddenly regaining his self-possession.

"No, no, sir," put in Stella Temple quickly, anxiously laying her hand upon the officer's arm. "It's only a—a misunderstanding. He is an acquaintance, a—a friend."

"Strange kind of a friendship," said the officer, dryly.

She seemed not to hear him. She had turned to Richard Vaughn, her dark, expressive eyes piteous in their grief and reproach, for to her it was a final parting from this man; and was saying slowly, with grave significance, her voice wavering despite her:

"Though you have, I will not, betray; but do my penance, bear my cross of sufferance, in silence and alone!"

Then she turned quickly, as if no longer able to contain her emotion, and hurried off up the street.

For a moment Richard Vaughn gazed after her, then moved as if to follow, when the officer detained him.

"Hold up!" he said sharply. "You don't look like a man that would do harm to a woman, but I'm taking no chances. You can't go that way, sir."

Vaughn bent upon him a momentary look of contempt, then suddenly said heartily:

"You're right, sir; I'd not harm a woman. I forgot myself just now. You do your duty, sir, however. Good night."

He turned abruptly, never hearing the surprised officer's response, and walked rapidly down the street.

The patrolman did not follow, but continued round the corner on his beat. He had decided in his mind that the affair was, after all, only a lovers' quarrel.

But Richard Vaughn had not moved so quickly away without a motive. He had seen approaching a little way off a boy with a bundle of evening papers beneath his arm. He was beside him in a moment, and had him by the shoulder.

"Do you want to make $10?" he said, quickly.

"Do I want to?" came the surprised reply, but in a manner admitting no doubt of the fact.

"Do you see that lady," continued Vaughn rapidly, and pointing at the same time, "just passing the second light on this side?"

"Sure! ther ain't but one," replied the lad, loosing the strap upon his shoulder.

"Follow her, and let me know where she lodges. Report tomorrow, I am Richard Vaughn," and he added his street and number.

"This goes, does it?" demanded the lad half doubtful for an instant; but the man's quick and fervent reply carried conviction with it.

"On my honor! Go! You've no time to waste!"

The lad tossed his papers into the gutter, and without more ado sped like a deer up the street. The conversation had taken barely half a minute; at the end of the other half the lad was at Stella Temple's heels.

There was little like exultation in Richard Vaughn's dark eyes when he moved on down the street and turned his steps homeward. His face was much clouded by trouble within, and he muttered faintly:

"Great heavens! to have met her at last, and only to have suffered that. She will never give me a hearing if it can be avoided; that was plainly to be seen. What shall I do? Well, I will first get where I may think in quietude."

A half hour later he entered his bachelor apartments.

The whole scene had been observed by an outside party, a man unnoticed by any of the participants, and who had been following Stella Temple up the street, and drew into an obscure doorway when that strange meeting occurred. Though out of hearing of what was said, he waited patiently till the interview was over; when, for a time, he seemed doubtful what course to pursue. He ended by following—not Stella Temple, but Richard Vaughn, to his door, unperceived.

When the latter had entered the house, a modest, brick lodging in a side street, this man walked on till he stood before it.

Even while he waited, apparently in grave thought, a lamp was lighted in the front room, first floor. A narrow strip of lettered glass, placed within upon the window frame, informed the public of the name and avocation of the occupant. It read:

RICHARD VAUGHN, M. D.

"Good God!" the man outside cried hoarsely, through his teeth, his face grown suddenly pale. "I can guess it now!"

Then he strode hurriedly away.

CHAPTER VII.

ROGER TEMPLE RECEIVES A SHOCK.

It was no easy matter to shock Roger Temple to any very observable degree. No ordinary event would do it; indeed, many extraordinary ones, during his 50 years of busy life, had been received and sustained with a sort of knightly stoicism. An unexpected corner in grain, which he handled largely, had absolutely no observable effect upon him; and the sudden failure of Pellis & Sons, by which he sunk $50,000, was suffered with no perceptible emotion.

Even the death of his wife some time ago, when his two daughters, Belle and Stella Temple, had barely blossomed into that period of life termed young ladyhood, had been sustained with remarkable fortitude, considering the actual sufferance of his bereavement. And when, very recently, it was discovered that his elder daughter had secretly departed from home, with the expressed determination of marrying an obscure doctor in New York city, a man deemed by him to be socially, if in no other way, unworthy the honor of such an alliance; though he was somewhat shocked by the information contained in her brief letter of explanation left behind, yet the blow was accepted and endured with stoical calmness, however deeply he may have been affected.

And that he was affected deeply was made most apparent by the fact that he refused positively to talk of the matter, a thing quite unusual in him, and repulsed, with a sternness very alien to his generally mild though decided manner, any attempt to broach the painful topic. In fact, so explicit had been his instructions, so respected his commands by his remaining daughter and the servants in the house, that, though it was generally known to friends that Miss Stella was away, the actual fact of her elopement was unknown outside the boundaries of his fine place up the Hudson.

No, indeed; it was no easy matter to shock Roger Temple to any very observable degree.

Yet, on that day when Mr. Boxe and the inspector had their talk in the latter's office, on that day when the leading journals set forth in their columns an inventory of the clothing contained in the trunk of the dead lady, on that day when Dr. Richard Vaughn and Stella Temple met so unexpectedly and parted so strangely in the falling of the night, on that day when an inquiring individual dogged the doctor to his modest lodgings and office—on that day it was, that Roger Temple was destined to receive a shock which should shake to its foundation his seeming imperturbation.

The shock came thus.

Dinner was over by an hour, and this wealthy dealer in grain was seated in his tasty library, engaged in grave contemplation of a sheet of stock quotations. So grave, indeed, was his rather carewern face, that one might well imagine after all that his gray eyes did not really see the numerals on which they were so steadfastly bent.

He was not alone. At the opposite side of the centre table, sat what to him was all that remained of his never large family—his daughter, a girl of 19 years. She was very pretty, having his regularity of features, with a blond complexion and large blue eyes.

But the eyes were downcast now, to her sober dress; and her bowed head, and cheeks damp from silent weeping, betrayed the great blight which had fallen on the young and tender heart.

A copy of a New York morning paper lay in her lap. They never had the evening editions on the date of their issue; Crompton Park, as Roger Temple's broad estate had been christened, was located in a busy town too many miles up the river for them to arrive in time for evening perusal. But the paper lying in Belle Temple's lap had not been read; had been taken from the table only unconsciously. She could not read, now; had not for many days. What, to the heart grief-stricken within, was the outside current of affairs?

Several times she had glanced furtively by the delicately shaded lamp upon the table to briefly study her father's face. To her, used to seeing him so interested in home affairs, in his daughters' social events, both past and prospective, so genially talkative when his day's business was ended, he seemed like one suddenly broken—so silent he sat, his head, long since turned gray, bowed slightly, his smoothly shaven face grown pale and drawn.

The silence of the richly furnished room had long been unbroken, when she quietly arose and, passing round back of his chair, tenderly embraced him, holding her cheek against his brow.

"You are unhappy, father," she said softly, keeping back her tears by an effort only.

"No—no; I—I was thinking," he replied, half absently, laying down his paper.

"Of her?" she murmured, chokingly.

"Don't! don't, dear! Do not speak of her."

His gentleness, so mingled with sadness and painful repulse, severed her self-imposed restraint. She dropped to her knees beside him, and bowing her head upon his arm gave way to her tears and sobbed convulsively. How many, many hours this had been contained in his presence!

He gazed down upon her for several moments in silence, his own eyes swimming, his lip quivering in an anguish he would not farther yield to.

"Alas, alas!" he murmured faintly; "that a daughter and a sister should have imposed this!"

"Oh, father,"—and Belle Temple raised her streaming eyes imploringly; "let, oh, let me plead for her!"

"No, no," he said with gentle firmness, his face hardening slightly.

"Just a few words," she sobbed beseechingly. "Just a few; they may ease me. I am dying—dying by inches, now; I can bear this silence no longer."

Something like an upwelling sob choked him, but only briefly. He slipped his arm about her neck, and quickly brushing a tear from his cheek, said tenderly—he was always tender to her:

"Speak then, dear. What can you say for her?"

For a moment she did not speak; she realized how little she could say in extenuation of that sister's grievous conduct.

"Only—only this," she pleaded, earnestly. "She has erred, but who may not? Ere this, perhaps, she, too, is grieving, suffering, as I am suffering now. She is not the first whom love has blinded to filial duty. As yet, the truth is unknown at large; it may be kept from the world. If she has married Richard Vaughn—humble, it is true, but I think him not entirely unworthy—"

"No, not unworthy now."

"It may yet be adjusted and slander silenced, if—if—"

"What, dear?"

"You will forgive, and take them here, where there is so much and to spare. Oh, think! never a word from her in those two weeks! my sister! almost a mother to me these last years. Oh, dear, dear father, there's enough here for all."

He stayed her generous plea by laying his hand gently on her head. Though much moved—far more than he betrayed, his voice was kindly firm and decisive when he spoke.

"More than her frailty, it gives me pain to refuse you," he said. "To forgive, would be to encourage like conduct in others; there is no question of room and means here. She has disgraced me, dishonored you, and our heads must be bowed in shame when the truth is known. To forgive would be to forestall just recompense for sin. She has made her bed; she must lie in it."

Think not from this that Roger Temple was a harsh, unfeeling father. Never had he been that, even though he had opposed his daughter's love for Richard Vaughn, a man with whom she had become infatuated during an extended stay of his in the vicinity of Crompton Park some months before. His opposition had been kindly rendered, but with a decisiveness admitting no doubt of its stability, for he acted from what he truly believed to be that daughter's best interests. Had he realized the depth and nature of Stella Temple's love he might have paused longer than he did to consider.

The child at his knee, so generous and loving in her consideration, would have pleaded further, but he forbade her with that same gentle firmness.

"She has done this deed with open eyes," he said slowly. "She has denied obedience, and severed love ties which should have been more sacred. She has brought disgrace and misery to us; let us see what magnitude of happiness it will bring to her. If she has violated duty in the anticipation of forgiveness—"

"Oh, father! I do not think that," Belle interposed impetuously; and added, almost proudly, "That was not like her."

And spontaneously to both their eyes arose the picture of a woman, superb in her individuality, intense in her emotions, and if wilful in the assertion of her prerogative, at least grandly so.

"Perhaps not," said Roger Temple, gravely. "She may find happiness in what she has taken up. She has placed the cup to her lips; it is but just that she should taste the contents."

"It will ease me much to know that she is happy," said Belle, earnestly. "May I not try and reach her by letter?"

Roger Temple shook his head.

"Not at present with my consent," he said, firmly. "I believe that proper punishment will be the result of such wilful disobedience; I cannot consent to let you thwart that and countenance such conduct."

"Not at present," she repeated, faintly hopeful. "Will you some day? Think how—"

"Some day this wrong may right itself," he interposed gravely; and bending to kiss her, he added: "Remember you are all the dutiful one left me."

"I will never be other than that," she responded feelingly, new impulse given to her tears. "But you will think of this?"

"I will think of it," he replied gravely, and aided her to rise.

Belle Temple returned to her chair at the opposite side of the table. Her generous endeavor had not been without its reward; the bereft girl found consolation in the belief that some day the outraged father would pardon the erring one.

She dried her tears and again drew the morning paper into her lap. Not with any fixed intention of reading it, however, though she gazed thoughtfully down upon its page. Yet, after a time, an article caught her eyes, and as its words and phrases took definite shape, held her chilled by horror.

It was well the father was not regarding her when that frightful change crept gradually over her fair face. The first insinuation that he had of her awful discovery was the terrible moan that broke the silence of the room—a moan which brought him like a flash to his feet and to her side, his voice ringing through the house in a cry for aid.

For Belle Temple had fainted dead away in her chair.

It may well be asked what had affected her so profoundly. It is easily answered by quoting, as it appeared in the daily press, the article which she had seen.

THE DEAD WOMAN.

As yet, the identity of the woman who was found suffocated by escaping gas at her room at the —— Hotel, on the morning of the 11th inst., has not been established. Subjoined is a list of clothing found on examination of her trunk. Will any person, recognizing the same from the description, please communicate at once with PHILIP BOXE, —— Street, New York City.

Then followed the list, describing the dresses chiefly, and which it is unnecessary to here insert.

It will be observed that it contained nothing significant of crime; that theory had been carefully concealed by the detective, both from press and public. So careful had he been that the facts of the case were unknown to his brother officers even; and in this exercise of secrecy, so essential to detective work, he had requested communication to his home address, rather than at headquarters.

What wonder that Belle Temple had been affected? As her eyes drank in, one after another, a description of those familiar dresses, as familiar to her sight as were her own, what wonder that a gradual change crept over her face, as the frightful discovery became more and more confirmed; and that, overcome completely, she had fainted dead away in her chair.

As well as being unessential to the story, it would be vain to try to picture the scene which followed—the excitement of the household, the agitation attending her recovery, and the shock administered to Roger Temple, by her revelation, subsequently made to him alone.

They could draw but one inference from the meagre facts before them. It was on the 10th of October that Stella Temple had fled from home; on the morning following she had been found dead in her strange apartment.

How soon, indeed, she had paid the price of her folly!

So thought Roger Temple—but the effect of his shock may best be seen in his subsequent conduct, recorded in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. BOXE GETS HIS CLEW.

Though Mr. Boxe was acknowledged, as regards capacity, second to none in his profession, he had by no means arrived at affluence. Naturally benevolent, he had always managed to get rid of his money about as fast as he made it—to the mass of humanity, no difficult task. Besides this, he had married late in life, and a wife and eight growing children will make serious inroads on an ordinary income.

Mr. Boxe had finished his breakfast of ham and eggs, and seen five-eighths of his progeny troop off to school; then loitered musingly about his little sitting-room, to await the first delivery of the mail. He had faint hope that it might bring some communication in regard to the seemingly insoluble mystery, which had for two weeks been uppermost in his mind. He was doomed to disappointment, however. The carrier went rapidly by the door.

But his disappointment was not of long duration. He had scarcely donned his coat above his ready-made suit of gray, preparatory to a visit to headquarters, than the sharp ringing of his bell took him to the door.

If he was surprised at sight of the portly, fine-dressed gentleman and the young lady standing on the steps, he did not betray it. He never did that; to suppress betrayal of surprise had been a part of his education.

They were Roger Temple and his daughter. The latter's pale face showed the suffering of the past night; but to remain at home, under the circumstances, she had found it impossible.

"Mr. Philip Boxe?" said Mr. Temple inquiringly.

"I am he," replied the detective, with a quiet gravity which gave his face a very winning expression. "Come in."

He ushered them into his sitting room, and placed a chair for the lady.

"My business is of a rather distressing nature," said Mr. Temple, taking a seat.

"Yes? In reference to what?" asked Mr. Boxe, and though he divined it already, and with an irrepressible thrill of professional exultation sympathy stood out all over him.

"It is in reference to your card in the daily press of yesterday."

The detective bowed, and taking a chair, said gravely:

"Yes, yes; a very sad, and, if I may be permitted, mysterious affair."

"Mysterious!" said Roger Temple, his face darkening. "May I ask in what way?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGEND OF DON JUAN.

Beginnings and Endings of Various Characters of That Name in Various Times.

[St. James Gazette.]

Accounts have recently been published of the legend of Don Juan which throw light on only one portion of it, to the darkening of the rest. There have been several Don Juans, including in particular Don Juan de Tenorio and Don Juan de Marana, one of whom came to a bad end, the other to a good. Both, too, have figured as leading personage in the drama—Don Juan de Tenorio in numberless pieces—from the original play of the Monk Gabriel Tellez, otherwise Tirso de Molina, to the immortal opera of Mozart, in which the old legend seems to have found its final dramatic form; Don Juan de Marana in a drama, or "mystery," by Dumas the elder, entitled specifically "Don Juan de Marana" in order to distinguish it from the various works of which the other Don Juan is the hero.

The most striking scene in Dumas' "Don Juan de Marana" is one in which the profligate hero—for both the Don Juans are terribly bad characters—meets, as he is returning from an orgy, a funeral procession in which the part of the dead man is somehow being played by himself. The corpse seems to be his own. He recognizes his own features in the lifeless face, and much terrified by the apparent warning becomes penitent and ends his life in the practice of devotion.

If there are points of difference, there are also points of resemblance between the two Don Juans. To the confusion, however, of investigators, the authors of the "Don Juans" presented on the stage in different countries and at different times, from the beginning of the 17th to the end of the 18th century, have now added to, now taken away from the original play by Tirso de Molina. The catalogo delle belle first appeared in Giliberti's Italian version of the Spanish play, and more than half a century earlier Ben Jonson had introduced in one of his pieces a character of the Don Juan type, who boasts of having been successful in love with "three hundred fifty and five women," adding that he has their names "in catalogue." Probably both Ben Jonson and Giliberti were indebted for this idea to some old Italian or Spanish author. Don Juan de Marana is himself said to have kept such a catalogue, which more than anything else points to the possibility of this Don Juan and Don Juan de Tenorio having sprung from a common ancestor.

Like Don Juan de Tenorio, Don Juan de Marana tampered with the supernatural, and it is related of him that, walking one evening on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and wanting a light for his cigar, he called out mockingly to a strange-looking figure on the other side of the river, who thereupon extended his arm from the opposite bank and furnished the light required. This obliging personage was the devil himself.

In Tirso de Molina's "El Burlador di Sevilla" (of which a French translation has been published by M. Alphonse Royer), Don Juan's ability to commit crimes with impunity, until at last Divine vengeance falls upon him, is explained by his being the son of an all-powerful official named Don Tenorio. The Spaniards of the present day seem to entertain no doubt as to the traditional Don Juan of innumerable dramas, comedies, farces, ballets, and burlesques having belonged to the Tenorio family, and M. Castil-Blaze, in his commentary on Moliere's Don Juan (in "Moliere Musicien"), declares that only a few years before the publication of that work a young Spanish nobleman, calling himself Don Juan de Tenorio, presented himself at the National Library of Paris, with the view of consulting documents on the history of the not altogether fabulous personage whom he claimed as his ancestor.

"Handsome and singularly pleasing in appearance," says M. Castil-Blaze, "tall, graceful and equally distinguished in gesture and speech, the attendants had already addressed him, sotto voce, as Don Juan when he declared himself to be a descendant of the hero of Tirso de Molina of Moliere and of Mozart. This was Don Juan de Tenorio, who came in person to seek in our literary archives historical notes in his family." . . . The Don Juan of 1850 was not preceded by any statue, and he had, perhaps, left Catalino, Arlequin, Phillippin, Carrille, Sganarelle, Camacho, or Leporello in his cab at the door of some Parisian Donna Anna. The National library of Paris contains four copies of a work on the nobility of Andalusia, published in 1588 by Conzalo de Molina—possibly a relative of the dramatist of the same name; and in this ancient chronicle a brief mention is made of Alfonso Jufre Tenorio, admiral of Castello, described as "one of the great men of his time." But though a longer account of this personage and of the Tenorio family generally is promised in a continuation of the work, the continuation was never published. The Don Juan de Tenorio of 1850 had failed to find it in the libraries of Spain, nor was he more fortunate at Paris.

An account, however, of Don Juan de Tenorio is contained in the "Chronicle of Andalusia," the province to which Admiral Tenorio belonged, and the story given in the chronicle furnishes an origin for the Don Juan legend which is at least probable. "I came to pass one day," says the chronicle, "that a hare-brained young fellow, Don Juan de Tenorio, the scion of one of the Twenty-four of Seville, killed with a sword thrust the venerable Commander Ulloa, whose daughter he had carried off. The illustrious warrior was buried in the convent of St. Francis, where his family had a chapel. A statue was erected to him. The Franciscan brothers, seeing that the murderer found in the privileges of his birth a protection against justice, resolved to remedy the powerlessness of the laws, and accordingly enticed him at night into their convent and put him to death. Then they spread the report that Don Juan had dared to insult the commander in his tomb, and that his statue, becoming suddenly animated, had precipitated the impious young man into the flames of hell."

Le Mescure Galant of 1677, quoted by Castil-Blaze, speaks of a gentleman just returned from Spain who declared that Don Juan's adventure really happened, and that the remains of the statue of the commander were still to be seen. "But that," adds the writer, "does not prove that the statue bowed its head and came to take its seat at table with the Don Juan of the comedy."

GETTING MOONSTRUCK.

In Australia a Sleeper's Face Will Always Turn to the Pretty Orb.

[Dr. Wilson in Illustrated News.]

Conversing lately with a friend who had spent some years in Australia, he remarked that certain headaches from which he had suffered were due to his having been "moonstruck" while sleeping out at night in the bush. He further added that it was his belief that, no matter in what position one went to sleep under such circumstances, on awaking, the face of the sleeper was turned toward the moon.

By the way, I have heard it also argued that meat exposed to the rays of the moon or fish so exposed acquired poisonous properties. This is, perchance, a belief which owes its origin to the general opinion of the moon's baneful action on life at large.

A Silly Question.

[Texas Siftings.]

"May I have the honor to conduct your daughter to the supper table?" asked a society gentleman of a lady from the country, who is staying with some friends whom she is visiting.

"May you take her to supper?" was the response. "Why, of course, and you may take me, too. That's what we came here for."

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1891.

Globe Pocket Calendar.

APRIL 1891

Su.	M.	T.	W.	Th.	F.	S.	Moon's Phases
			1	2	3	4	2 A.M. 1.30
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	8 P.M. 3.57
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	15 P.M. 8.40
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	24 A.M. 0.05
26	27	28	29	30			

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Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second class matter.

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"How shall we rest in God? By giving ourselves wholly to Him. If you give yourself by halves, you cannot find full rest. There will ever be a lurking disquiet in that half which is withheld."—[Jean Nicolas Grou.

THE DEMOCRACY AND FREE SUGAR.

The Republican press is just now striving to represent the Democratic party as hostile to free sugar. This is a perversion of the facts. The Democratic party has never shown the slightest hostility to free sugar in itself, and the only ground on which the party has ever opposed it—aside from the complications growing out of the existence of the Sugar Trust—is that the same sacrifice of revenue might have been made to do the people much more good in some other way.

The sugar duties, burdensome as they were, were far from being the most objectionable of the tariff taxes. They brought a great amount of revenue to the government—some $50,000,000 or $60,000,000 a year—which has now been sacrificed. Unlike most of the so-called protective duties, this tax yielded to the people's treasury almost as much money as it took out of the people's pockets. Very little of it could be diverted to private pockets, and there was very little waste of any kind aside from the expense of collection. Some few planters in Louisiana were able to get more for their sugar on account of it, but as no part of this country is very well adapted for raising sugar cane the amount so diverted to private uses was small. In short, there was very little "protection" in it; and that is, of course, the very reason why the Republican Congress was willing to sacrifice it.

The Democrats, on the other hand, while generally favoring the reduction or abolition of tariff taxes, pointed out that the abolition of the tax on wool, for instance, would have given the people much greater relief without depriving the treasury of so much revenue. In other words, the wool duty was a far more wasteful tax than the sugar duty. The sugar tax cost the people perhaps $1.25 for every dollar it put into the treasury; but the wool tax costs nearer $5 for every dollar it puts into the treasury. Hence it would have been much better economy to abolish the wool tax, and some others like it, and let the sugar tax stay.

Still, now that the sugar tax has been abolished, the Democratic party can and does point to the beneficial effects of free sugar as an example of the still greater benefits which would result from taking off other tariff taxes. MCKINLEY builded better than he knew. In giving the country a chance to see the practical effects of free trade in sugar he has inadvertently struck another and a crushing blow at the robber policy which he intended to strengthen.

PEDAGOGUE HARRISON'S BIG PUPIL.

We have all read of the young lady who married a troublesome suitor in order to get rid of him. President HARRISON is reported as having recently said that he appointed BLAINE to his cabinet because he thought he could manage him better there than anywhere else. He wedded him to the administration in order to get rid of him.

But it is always harder to manage a man after marriage than before, and HARRISON is finding BLAINE a much harder problem to handle than he would have been if he had been left outside. A sliver [on a board is much more easily dealt with than in a boy's toe; and a cinder in the air is much more comfortable than in a man's eye. But HARRISON has voluntarily stuck this sliver in his own flesh so that he may know where it is; of his own free will he has tucked away this cinder in his own eye, in order that he may keep it in safety. He is welcome to the comforting consciousness that the cinder is in his eye and scrapes over his retina in safety; that the sliver is in his toe and cannot escape.

In the New Hampshire country school districts there frequently used to be two applicants for the position of school teacher. And it frequently happened that the unsuccessful candidate would turn pupil and attend, as a scholar, the school of his successful rival. The case of BLAINE and HARRISON is analagous to the case of the rival school applicants. The President and his cabinet is coming more and more to be like a teacher with his scholars. In 1888 both BLAINE and HARRISON were candidates for this teacher's position, and although BLAINE was considered about the cutest and smartest applicant who had ever presented himself, and HARRISON was practically unknown to the national school committee, yet HARRISON was chosen and BLAINE was set aside. Since then BLAINE has become the biggest pupil in pedagogue HARRISON's school, and naturally there have been lively times in the schoolroom.

Of course the big pupil knows that he is better fitted to teach the school than the teacher, and the teacher knows that he knows it, and the school committee know it, and so does the whole district. Frequently when the teacher is engaged in working out some difficult "sum" on the national blackboard, he fancies he hears his biggest pupil whispering to the other scholars, "He's doing that wrong. He can't do it, but I can." He fancies the big pupil is watching for all the slips he makes in his grammar and for all his mispronunciations. He imagines his big pupil scans every line of his writing for misspelled words, for uncrossed t's and undotted i's. Whenever the teacher hesitates at any troublesome question which may be propounded to him, he thinks he hears, while he scratches his own head in uncertain dubitation, the big pupil whispering triumphantly, "I know, I know."

The teacher is very jealous of his big pupil, but he tries to maintain his authority over him by excessive discipline. He makes him toe the track in the floor, go to his seat on a chalk line, set up straight and fold his arms. For the slightest infraction of discipline he makes the pupil sit on a very peaked stick. He frequently sends his biggest pupil out to cut a switch with which to punish himself. Recently, when Mr. TUPPER and a few other visitors from a neighboring district called at the school, right before all the other pupils and the company, he made his big pupil go and sit on the dunce stool. The big pupil sat on the stool like a little man, but some of the smaller pupils heard him mutter great horrid "swear words" under his breath.

The whole school is waiting for the big pupil to get mad. Some day when the teacher sends him out for a switch to whip himself with, it is confidently expected that he will return with a big club and thrash the teacher. When that day comes no one will look on with more sympathy and satisfaction than their

UNCLE DUDLEY.

HOW THEY DIVIDED.

"Where did all that billion dollars go?" is a common question regarding the appropriations of the Billion Dollar Congress.

A good deal of it went in appropriations to promote the re-election of the Republican leaders of Congress. The New York World drags a few of these little grabs to light. Mr. CANNON obtained $100,000 for a post office in his own little town of Danville. Mr. QUAY got $50,000 for a building in his village of Beaver Falls. Senator INGALLS secured $100,000 of the plunder for Atchison. The California members of the appropriation committees obtained $700,000 for their State. Wisconsin's share was $250,000. Mr. MCKINLEY secured $100,000 for his town of Canton.

These little sums will not account for a billion dollars, by a good deal, but they are enough to show that the spirit of grab was rampant, and that the Republican statesmen were in it for all they could get. Luckily it will be some years before they have another chance to loot the treasury.

SENATOR EDMUNDS.

The resignation of Senator EDMUNDS of Vermont will remove from active public life one of its most familiar figures, and, we may add, one of its ablest leaders.

The reasons which have led the senator to take this step are declared to be purely personal; but so unusual is it for a United States senator to resign his office that they are the theme of much curious gossip.

The Burlington Free Press, which is the home organ of Senator EDMUNDS, understands that the chief motive is the fact that the climate of Washington is injurious to the healthy of the senator's family, particularly his only daughter, and he desires neither to be separated from his family during a large part of the year nor to have them remain where their health is in danger.

Be this as it may, Senator EDMUNDS was in many ways the ablest Republican in the Senate, and his resignation will preceptibly weaken his party in that body.

Unless an extra session is called his voice has been heard there for the last time. His resignation does not take effect for seven months yet—long enough to enable him to draw his salary all through the long vacation—but Congress does not meet again till December; hence he will probably not appear in the national councils again.

It is doubtful if Vermont can find another man who will so ably represent the State. But it should try not to drop too low. The least of the New England States has long enjoyed a totally disproportionate influence in the United States Senate because of the ability and character of the men it has sent there. In this Vermont sets a good example to Massachusetts, which is deprived of its just influence in the upper house because it makes the mistake of sending such a man as Uncle HOAR.

WHAT AILS AGRICULTURE?

During the last week or two there has appeared to be something like a concerted movement on the part of our Republican contemporaries to explain away the abandoned farms by saying in substance that the farms are abandoned simply because they have "ceased to be available and are no longer profitable."

Well, there needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that. Beyond question if they were still available and profitable they would not be abandoned. But that is the whole question: What is it that has made them unavailable and unprofitable?

It is sometimes claimed that farming is as attractive and profitable as it ever was, but that other occupations have surpassed it in these respects, so that people no longer wish to follow the pursuits of agriculture, though they could make a good living at it as they ever did if they had no better resources. If there were no unemployed people, in city or country, who vainly seek work; if there were an insatiable demand for labor in more attractive callings, this might be accepted as a true explanation. But this is not the case. In almost every department of human effort there is an apparent glut of laborers, and this is seen in the least desirable occupations as well as in the most attractive. When, not long ago, an electric light lineman was killed on the wire and a crowd collected to watch his sizzling body as it hung in mid-air, nearly a hundred men rushed at once to the company's office to beg for the dead man's perilous place. That illustrates the general fact that there is hardly any occupation so dangerous, so unhealthy, so laborious, so unpleasant or so ill-paid that plenty of men cannot be found to fill any vacancy that may occur.

Yet, in this primitive occupation of tilling the soil, an occupation by which in all ages even savages have been able to earn some kind of a living, farms right here in the populous State of Massachusetts, and in every other New England State, are growing up to weeds and brush because nobody can be found to till them! All the while, in city and country, there are plenty of men who would be glad of honorable work on almost any terms, and who, if they could have the independence and homely comforts of old-time farm life, would gladly exchange for it all the alleged advantages which they get from "modern conditions."

Clearly, in this state of things, it cannot be true that farming yields as good a living as it ever did, and the only change is that other occupations have grown more attractive. Farm products are as essential as they ever were to the daily existence of every human being; population has greatly increased, and the percentage of population engaged in producing food from the soil was never so small as now. These general conditions naturally imply great activity on the part of farmers, and a strong tendency of population towards agricultural pursuits. That the reverse is the case proves conclusively that there is some other influence at work; something that keeps the population off its natural resting place, the land; something that prevents the unemployed from employing themselves in the primitive industry; something that robs the farmer of his just and natural rewards.

DISPLAY AT FUNERALS.

In this age of reforms it is encouraging to know that the conventional funeral is being frowned upon by the more intelligent portion of the community. Formerly a private funeral was something almost wholly unknown. Not only were the relatives and friends expected to convene for the purpose of taking their final farewell of the dead, but the invitation was broadened until it included whoever might wish to come. With the door thus thrown conveniently open, it is not strange that the gatherings were sometimes motley in their character. Idle curiosity as well as friendly interest helped to fill the house. Strangers came to look upon the face of one dead with whom they had never exchanged a word while living. Filling every available space in close and often limited apartments, improving every opportunity to examine the house and its appointments, and peering unmercifully into the faces of the mourners, they not only, by their presence, detracted from the sanctity of the occasion, but became to the sensitive a decided offence.

Except in remote country places, the conviction is growing that funerals must be strictly private. A general invitation is no longer extended. Thoughtful people are beginning to realize that it is a custom more honored in the breach than the observance.

A brief service at funerals is another reform to which public attention is directed. What was formerly designated the "funeral sermon" is now no longer expected or desired. A formal address, even, is out of place, unless the deceased has held some important position in the community, or has attracted unusual attention through his words or works. For all ordinary occasions the simpler service is more fitting. The friends who have come together to mourn their dead are in no condition of thought to listen to the finished oration. A few words of fervent prayer, preceded or followed by an appropriate scriptural or poetic selection, will better accord with the occasion than the most elaborate programme. The occasion is always a trying one for those to whom the bereavement comes. They are usually bearing up under some nervous strain that soon must give way. What they want is to be left to themselves.

Another cheering sign is the increasing unpopularity of mourning emblems. With more advanced views of death comes a protest against the custom of displaying crape on the door-knob and on the person of the relatives of the deceased. HENRY WARD BEECHER's wish for a wreath of flowers instead of the conventional band of black has become contagious. We are beginning to understand that death is as much a part of God's plan as life. Instead of being something to be dreaded and protested against, it is something to be graciously accepted and acquiesced in. Formerly a funeral without crape would have created scandal. Today the custom of wearing mourning and half-mourning for a prescribed season is not exactingly followed. To many it has become as obnoxious as the still more ancient custom of hired mourners. The present tendency is to make the funeral less conventional and less ostentatious. A profuse display of flowers is in decidedly poor taste. The money spent in elaborate floral designs for the dead had better be employed in bringing comfort to the living. People of cultivated taste will always revolt at the thought of a horticultural display at the obsequies of a friend. Use just flowers enough to make the rooms cheerful, but never seek to attract attention by elaborate decorations. It is wiser to send our flowers into the sick-room to cheer our friend while he is living, than to use them in adorning his coffin after he is dead.

The burial should be strictly private. People in moderate circumstances are not called upon to provide carriages in which distant relatives and neighbors may ride to the place of interment. There is a custom fast growing in popular favor which detaches the burial from its usual place immediately following the service, and assigns it to some later and unadvertised hour. At the time agreed upon only the family participate. By this arrangement, unnecessary expense is spared, and a much-desired privacy secured. Nowhere is a curious throng more out of place than at the interment of the dead. It is a solemn moment. All that is earthly of our friend is about to be lowered into the grave. To stand there with clasped hands and streaming eyes is a privilege that belongs only to those who were nearest and dearest to the one deceased. Upon such a scene none other should venture to intrude. Intelligent people in every community are urged to consider the claims of funeral reform. The belief that we are nothing unless we are conventional should never become lodged in the thoughtful mind. The innovation is better if more reasonable. Not prejudice, but sound judgment should decide.

EDWARD FOSTER TEMPLE.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS BY THE PEOPLE.

GEN. PALMER's recent brilliant canvass and final success as a candidate for the United States senatorship in Illinois, have opened a wide field for discussion as to senatorial elections in general, and there are not wanting signs that this discussion may lead on to certain much-needed reforms. The present method of choice, through the cumbrous and uncertain agency of State Legislatures, is open to criticism upon many grounds. It is extremely likely to result, it has in fact repeatedly resulted, in the defeat and defiance of the undoubted will of the people as to the character of the individual selected. This has been brought about for the most part through inequitable legislative apportionments and gerrymandering of legislative districts, through deadlocks and through bribery or corporate influence. For all these evils a possible solution seems to be offered in the substitution of a direct election by the people of their United States Senators.

In such a direct appeal the bribe-giver would doubtless be as ready to purchase and the bribe-taker as eager to deliver the goods as now, but a very material check to the industry would be produced by the widening of the market from a single legislator to the scattered units of his constituency, from a small and compact body to the entire citizenship of a State. Moreover, however numerous the blocks of five available for purchase in popular elections, the resultant debauchery is not so common nor so harmful as the corruption of the law-making power of a commonwealth, and in those States in which the Australian ballot system prevails, much betterment from even the present condition of fairly respectable purity at elections is a reasonable expectation. On a direct appeal even such pocket boroughs as Nevada might, by an occasional spasm of public virtue or State pride, prefer brains to boodle: corporation-collared Legislatures never—they have their sole *raison d'etre* in the sale to the millionaire who will bid the highest for a seat in the millionaires' national club.

The protracted deadlock, expensive to the State, discreditable to its reputation, inimical to the legitimate business of a law-making body, is another not infrequent spectacle. Political cranks, creatures without a party, without a following, without any fitness for the high office to which machinations and accident have lifted them, have often profited by such conditions to secure a senatorship. It is humiliating that a State should ever be liable to such misrepresentation; unbearable that it has repeatedly occurred.

Recognizing these and other infelicities of the present system, many observers have suggested as a reform that candidates for senator be in future nominated by State conventions, the Legislature to be in honor bound to confine itself in balloting to such nominees. Such a modification would, however, work only a partial cure of the evil, if it brought about any at all. It would not prevent the possibility of a tie on joint ballot and a long deadlock as the result. It did not in Gen. PALMER's case prevent the candidate who received 30,000 plurality at the polls from barely pulling through in the Legislature after a wearisome and doubtful contest, in which it repeatedly seemed certain that the will of the people was to be nullified. It could not change the condition of the numerous Commonwealths whose legislative districts have for years been so gerrymandered that only a tidal wave can give a majority on joint ballot in accordance with the vote of the State.

No fair analogy exists, as has been claimed, between such a method as this proposed modification and the choice of president and vice-president through an electoral college. The electoral college properly and wisely recognizes and perpetuates the sovereignty and integrity of the States, and hence has good reason for existence. No similar reason can be adduced for the perpetuation of the present vexatious and antiquated method of choosing United States senators.

Reform it altogether!

ALBERT E. HOYT.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

BLAINE will not accompany HARRISON in his trip through the West, simply because the President is making the trip for the express purpose of showing himself. If HARRISON were accompanied by BLAINE, nobody would see HARRISON.

And now Senator SHERMAN is said to be thinking of resigning. Perhaps the whole Senate had better resign and thus happily abolish itself.

Brother BLAINE appears to be solid with the Republicans of Massachusetts. The reason? Well, his admirers will not admit the true reason, which is that he was the only prominent Republican who had sense enough not to get caught in the McKinley trap.

A gas trust has been formed in Chicago. With gas a monopoly, what will the Windy city do for world's fair assets?

A writer in the Rural New Yorker says that the farmer of the future will farm by electric power and his crops will grow by electric light. And we suppose he will raise electrical "plants."

If the Democratic organs are so delighted with the "object lesson" of the drop in sugar prices, why did their party so persistently oppose the removal of the tax from sugar?—[Springfield Union.

Simply because the same sacrifice of revenue would have done still more good in other directions. Free sugar was good, but free wool, free coal and free iron would have been better.

P. T. BARNUM's ruling passion of money-getting was generously tempered with philanthropy. And he gave the people their money's worth. It is a better obituary than CÆSAR's or NAPOLEON's.

The McKinley tariff has no more to do with the price of eggs than it has with the price of corn.—[Lowell Courier.

Then may we humbly inquire why the McKinley bill put a duty on eggs, and how it can benefit the farmer?

Despite all pretensions to the contrary, we have no reciprocity treaty with Brazil, for none has been ratified, Brazil not having yet adopted her constitution, and the mercantile classes being bitterly opposed to it. Yet the Republican papers keep on lauding Mr. BLAINE's wonderful achievement in Brazil as a convenient means of fighting shy of Canada.

WALL PAPER GIVEN AWAY.

The Globe Protects Its Subscribers from Another Trust, and Helps Them to Beautify Their Homes.

It is not necessary to buy costly stuffs with laboriously worked designs, or to fresco, or to paint the bare walls of a room in order to make them pleasing to yourself and your friends. Art has expended so much thought and skill upon wall paper, and secured such rich effects, that you can cover bare walls with paper and make them vie with the most expensively decorated ones of your neighbor in artistic value and attractiveness.

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With each order will be sent complete and explicit instructions, enabling any one to prepare the wall, make the paste and hang the paper as well as any workman can do it.

No orders will be received unless the subscriber has sent for samples and selected a pattern, or patterns. To receive samples every subscriber must send 5 cents to prepay postage on samples.

Address THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

Glycerine and Carbolic Acid.

To the Editor of The Globe:

For cracked and raw fingers use glycerine, 1 ounce, carbolic acid, 10 drops; wash the hands and apply. The best time to use is just before going to bed. C. S. D.

It Depends on the Fowl.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Will some of your numerous readers tell me the best fence, wire or otherwise, to use to keep hens in yard; also what height it should be to keep them from flying over. HENRY.

It depends on the hen. A fence two feet in height would keep in brahmas, whereas for Plymouth Rocks the height should be six feet. In the case of white leghorns there would be no "keeping in" unless wings were clipped or the top of the yard covered by wire. A bar or scantling only serves as a roost for ambitious fowl.—[Ed.

The Lost Papers.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Is there any way for a claimant to draw his dues in the French spoliation claim, he having lost his papers? AN HEIR.

Unless his claim was filed before April, 1886, in the Court of Claims at Washington he would have no case. If papers have been lost and he cannot prove their existence and contents by witnesses, it would be a waste of time to ask for a hearing in court.—[Ed.

More Graham Bread.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Here is a rule for C. S. Dissolve one-half a Vienna yeast cake in a pint of water, add five tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, a little salt and a large pint of sifted bread flour, in which a teaspoonful of lard has been rubbed. Let the mixture rise over night. In the morning add two cups of graham and one cup of flour (part of the flour to be used in the kneading); allow it to rise again, then mould into loaves, and let it rise in the pan. Bake one hour. This rule is used for a small family; it is easily doubled.

M. L. B.

About Sizes of Shot.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Can you inform me if gun shot is run in moulds, and how are the different sizes produced? E. F.

All sizes of shot, from swan shot to dust shot, are "dropped" from a shot tower. Larger sizes are cast or run in moulds.—[Ed.

Ignorentia Leges Nemana Excusat.

What could be done supposing a minister who performs a marriage ceremony should fail to return the certificate to the city clerk, or by some way should they get lost or miscarried by mail and by that means not be recorded?

A party sues for a divorce and gets it. Supposing that party should marry before the "six months" expires, "say in five months," is the marriage lawful, both parties being ignorant of the laws?

M. T. L.

1. It would not affect the marriage; it would only make the proof of it a little more difficult.
2. The marriage would be illegal and void.

License for Hens.

In your answer to "M. E. A." on the 23d ult., you say that a license must be had of the board of health for keeping hens. Is that so in all cities of the State or only in Boston? P. R.

The answer applied only to city of Boston. It is a matter that is governed by rules of board of health of various cities and I think permits must be had in Somerville.

Heartless Conduct.

Will you kindly inform me if the overseers of the poor in a town have power to refuse food to a family of starving children on the simple ground that the town has already helped the family to a vast extent, and that the children must wait until after election before the susceptible heart of the overseers can be touched by an appeal for necessaries of life? R.

This would seem on the face of it to be very cruel, but it may be that the appropriation for support of the poor is exhausted and that they have no money, but in a case of this kind it would seem as though the credit of the town might be pledged for a few of the necessaries of life. The statute says (Pub. Stat. chap. 84, sec. 1), "Every city and town shall relieve and support all poor and indigent persons lawfully settled therein, whenever they stand in need thereof."

That would seem to be mandatory enough, so that there is no need to "wait until after an election."

The Will.

A man makes a will and the same is witnessed by three persons, must he have the will recorded to have it legal? Also is there a limit as to the amount a man can leave his wife if he has no children.

H. G.

Will is not to be recorded until after death of maker. There is no limit as to the amount husband can give wife.

He Should Do His Own Ordering.

If I sell house occupied by two or more tenants and party who buys the house wants one to occupy himself, is it my place to order them out and see that they go? But should they not go, then what steps would I take and how long time would I have to give them, also who pays expenses attached to same? J. R.

An Older Bible.

To the Editor of The Globe:

I can say to A that I can beat his Bible by seven years. Mine was printed by Charles Bill and the executrix of Thomas Newcomb, deceased, printers to the queen's most excellent majesty, 1705, making the book 185 years old. B.

Something for Perplexed.

To the Editor of The Globe:

To Perplexed I would say take five cents worth of cinnamon bark, place the bark on hot coals on a shovel and fumigate every room. It is a most thorough disinfectant, and will not injure plants or furniture as sulphur does. I have tried both. Also try arbor vitæ for fleas. M. B.

Now Hunt Up Old Bibles.

To the Editor of the Globe:

I have in my possession a Bible printed in Edinburgh, by the heirs of Andrew Anderson, "Printers to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty" in 1713, making the book 177 years old. Can any of the readers of THE GLOBE beat it? A.

Guess It Has Many a Time.

To the Editor of the Globe:

Will some reader please inform me whether the German government ever furnished beer to the children attending the public schools?

INQUISITIVE.

Saw Good Service.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Will you please inform me in what important battles of the late civil war was the 33d Massachusetts Regiment was engaged?

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Beverly Ford, Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and the battles of Gen. Sherman's grand army.

Sulphur Does No Harm.

To the Editor of The Globe:

In answer to "Perplexed," I would state that having had actual experience in fumigating with sulphur (use roll) I have found that it caused no harm to pianos, gilt edged books, or picture frames. Use four pounds to a room 10x12. Will take about four hours to properly fumigate

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Registered Letters.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Have postmasters a right to prevent the delivery of registered letters if, owing to sickness, or other causes, the letter carrier cannot see the party to whom the letter is addressed. It looks to me like autocratic audacity on the part of the post office, and yet it was done in Melrose. The letter carrier had often delivered letters addressed to the same party into the hands of the lady who came to the door and offered to receipt for the registered letter, and therefore could entertain no reasonable doubt as to her being a proper person to receive the registered letter; but he said the rules prevented his giving it up and he carried it away. Today he brought it again and although two members of the family offered to receipt for it he refused to give it up; the arrival of the party to whom it was addressed prevented his carrying away again. It looks as though registering letters might indefinitely postpone the delivery of them. P.

Put on Your Mitten Sleeves.

"Mitten" sleeves are the newest of all new sleeves. They fit the arm closely and descend over the hand as far as the knuckles. New sleeves of all kinds are very long, entirely covering the wrist and falling on the hand, and their primary essential is an excrescence, as unexpected as it is unnecessary, somewhere between the wrist and the shoulder. The more fantastic their outline the more approved is their design by fashion votaries.

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COMMANDED THE SHANNON

When Brave Lawrence of the Chesapeake Fell.

Sir Provo Wallis the Oldest Ranking Officer in the Queen's Navy.

The Famous Fight in Boston Harbor Vividly Recalled.

On Sunday, April 12, Sir Provo Wallis, G. C. B., the oldest admiral in the British navy, who enjoys the rare distinction of being placed at the head of the active list of officers, and bears the title of admiral of the fleet, reached his 100th year.

To American, and particularly Boston readers, this brave old officer's name is of special significance, for he commanded the Shannon in her desperate and successful fight with the Chesapeake in Boston harbor on June 1, 1813, being then second lieutenant of the former ship, and succeeding to the command on the wounding of Capt. Broke and the death of First Lieut. Watt.

Under his direction the Chesapeake was taken to Halifax, where the victors were received with great honor, and a generous attention paid to the brave Capt. Lawrence of the Chesapeake, who died as the vessels entered Halifax harbor.

To the young lieutenant the occasion was one of more than ordinary pride. In a war in which the spell of British invincibility had been shattered by the exploits of the young American navy he figured as a victorious leader, and had the additional honor of bringing the trophies of one of the most gallant of naval actions to his native city.

Haligonians are particularly proud of their famous citizen. He was the son of a dockyard official at that port, and was gazetted, according to a custom which prevailed in the British navy at that time, as an officer at the age of 4 years. He has thus been on the roll of the British navy for 96 years.

He was sent to sea in 1804, when 13 years of age, and he was midshipman of the frigate Cleopatra when she was captured by the French ship Ville de Milan in the English channel in 1804. The French triumph was of short duration, however, for the British frigate Leander fell in with the badly crippled Ville de Milan, and her almost helpless prize, and took them both into a British port.

But the interest in Admiral Wallis is centred on the gallant fight in Boston harbor.

The story has been often told, and is too well-known to need careful repetition.

Peter Lynch, Esq., Q. C., of Halifax, N. S., a gentleman of rare historical attainment, member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, in a communication to the writer of this article a few months ago, gave some interesting reminiscences of the arrival of the ships, and incidentally of the fight itself. In using his interesting story in part, it may be premised that it conflicts in no material point with our own historical notices of the event, and it seems fitting that the British side of the story might find place here in connection with the old admiral's centennial, in spite of discrepancies, if they exist.

Mr. Lynch, in a paper of "Reminiscences," read at a meeting of the Nova Scotia Historical Society last November, tells of the departure of the Tenedos and Shannon from Halifax for the Massachusetts coast amid the enthusiastic cheers of the townspeople.

Continuing Mr. Lynch says: "Perhaps in the two nations no two more gallant men were to be found than Capt. Broke and Capt. Lawrence, and the former, eager to grapple with the latter while a victor, and if possible to snatch the laurels from his brow, learning that the Chesapeake was at Boston on the 21st of March, 1813, left Halifax in pursuit of her. Each felt the other to be worthy of his steel, and it was said that Capt. Lawrence was as ardent for the fray as his adversary."

The result of the battle is well known. The Chesapeake was boarded, Capt. Broke leading the Shannon's men. Capt. Lawrence, who had been mortally wounded by the first broadside of the Shannon, had been taken below, and in 16 minutes from the firing of the first gun the Chesapeake was the Shannon's prize.

In that brief period Capt. Lawrence had been mortally wounded. As he was carried below he uttered what has now become the watchword of the American navy, "Don't give up the ship!" Two of his lieutenants were killed and about 140 of his crew wounded, 14 of whom died. The victor's losses were scarcely less severe.

Capt. Broke was desperately wounded, First Lieut. Watt killed and nearly 100 other men and officers killed and wounded. The command thus devolved upon Lieut. Wallis, who placed Third Lieut. Felker in charge of the captured Chesapeake.

As the neighborhood was a dangerous one, with a wounded captain, a partially disabled ship and a prize, no time was lost in turning the prows of both ships toward Halifax.

The passage was a tedious one, the ships having been wrapped for two days in a fog, during which Capt. Lawrence breathed his last. On Sunday, the 6th of April, the fog enveloping the coast and the harbor, a fisherman brought to Halifax tidings of his having espied in the fog two square-rigs in the offing. At once the whole community was in a state of commotion, and but little benefit was derived from the morning services in the several churches.

About 3 o'clock the vessels moved slowly up the harbor amid the ringing cheers of the townsfolk. At every wharf the cheers were repeated, as the ships moved slowly to the dockyard, off which they anchored.

It was observed with great surprise that no counter cheers broke from the ships, but that was soon explained when the death of one captain and the dangerous wounds of the other became known.

As the citizens reached the side of the Chesapeake they, with gleeful faces, sprung upon the deck, but all sound of merriment was at once hushed as they looked upon the terrible scene presented to their eyes, the deck being bespattered with the blood and brains of the dead.

It was an awful sight, and more like a charnel house than the deck of a ship of war. Strange to say, although a week had elapsed since the engagement, and most of the time they had been enveloped in fog with ample time and leisure to have the revolting spectacle removed, no effort appeared to have been made to do so.

Capt. Lawrence was buried with all the honors due to a brave enemy by his chivalrous foe, and his body was afterward disinterred and removed to New York. Capt. Broke was made a baronet, and Lieuts. Wallis and Felkner won promotion to the rank of commander.

It is interesting here to note that Capt. Broke visited the United States in 1846, and was received at Boston with great distinction. A public dinner was given him, during which the bells of the city rang out a merry peal, bonfires were lighted on the neighboring hills and the band played the national airs of both countries—a banquet which reflected as much honor upon the hosts as upon the guests.

Mr. Lynch concludes his interesting sketch of his distinguished townsman by saying: "As upon the memorable occasion of the battle the two ships were lashed together for the fell purpose of war and bloodshed, so may those two great nations for all time to come be bound together with the silken tie of love, their only rivalry being which can do the most work for the amelioration and happiness of the human family throughout the world."

In the subsequent career of Lieut. Wallis, the distinction of his early success was well maintained. He rose rapidly in his profession, and was admiral and commander of the British fleet during the Portugal troubles with Dom Miguel. He has held commission of admiral for over half a century, and has been admiral of the fleet for over a score of years, and since the death of Sir George Rose Sartorius (a Trafalgar officer), has been the senior admiral, the "father of the British Navy."

To show the changes that have taken place in recent years, it may be pointed out that Admiral Wallis has not served at sea on any war vessel propelled by steam, has not served on board of an ironclad or on any of the ships provided with the great modern weapons of offence and defence.

For many years Admiral Wallis, though in the possession of his faculties, has been bed-ridden. He still takes a lively interest in affairs, and may live for years yet. A few years ago he wrote to this city, thanking a gentleman who had forwarded a photograph of a survivor of the Chesapeake's crew, and extending a hearty, sailor-like greeting to his old-time antagonist.

This veteran, whose name has escaped the writer's memory, is or was until recently a resident of this vicinity. Perhaps some reader of THE GLOBE may be able to supply the information.

Mr. Lynch, whose interesting notes of the arrival of the Chesapeake in Halifax has been quoted from, received the following letter from Sir Provo Wallis last year:

HUNTINGTON, NEAR CHICHESTER, }
Aug. 12, 1890. }

P. Lynch, Esq., Halifax, N. S.:

DEAR SIR—It was on Sunday, the 6th of June, that the Shannon, with her prize, the Chesapeake, arrived at Halifax, at about 4 p. m., but had been off the mouth of the harbor for 40 hours enveloped in fog, which prevented our getting into port. It was at this period that Capt. Lawrence died. However, on Sunday the fog lifted sufficiently for us to see the mouth of the harbor, but not enough for us to be seen from the shore, but as we got near to York Redoubt a bright sunshine broke out and we passed close to the wharves, cheered by the people who had filled them to welcome us.

We anchored off the dockyard and sent our poor wounded shipmates to the hospital. Capt. Broke was taken to his friend's house, Commissioner Woodhouse's. I would gladly write you more fully, but I am in very feeble health and unable to write much, or indeed to do anything, being bedridden. Please give my kind regards to our mutual friend, Shannon, and believe me, truly yours,

PROVO WALLIS.

The New Queen of Hawaii.

Advices from Hawaii confirm the previous reports that the new Queen is pursuing an independent course, and that she has surprised all adversaries by her promptitude and energy in dealing with political business. After her success in overcoming the obstructive ministers who were in office at her accession, and securing a cabinet of her own selection, she proceeded to make such other official appointments as indicated her determination to exercise her full constitutional authority. By her diplomatic tact she has put an end to various intrigues, and by her decision of character she has overcome obstacles that endangered her reign.

New Boston Music.

The White-Smith Company have just published for pianists "The Edith Gavotte," by E. B. Felton. It is original and showy in style, and is charming in melody; 60 cents. "The Columbian Exposition March," G. R. Lampard, is brilliant and not difficult; illustrated title page; 50 cents. "Ariel," Mrs. H. B. Hudson, is a pretty study, easy and tuneful, that teachers will value; 40 cents.

The White-Smith Co.'s vocal music includes C. A. White's latest home song, "Thinking," with waltz movement in chorus, and colored title page. It is arranged for soprano or tenor in F, mezzo-soprano or barytone in E flat, contralto or bass in D; 65 cents. Another one of C. A. White's famous songs is "O Tell Us Merry Birds." It is arranged for soprano or tenor in A flat, or as a vocal duet for soprano and tenor, and soprano and alto; 40 cents. A collection of some very choice songs by Edward Baxter Felton, includes "The Kiss, Dear Maid," tenor or soprano, 60 cents, and "The Meeting," mezzo-soprano or tenor, 50 cents. They are valuable works, issued in beautiful style, with portrait. A collection of C. A. White's sacred quartets are being published in cheap octavo form. "Give Us Shelter," for male or mixed voices, in D, and "Life's Eternal," for same, in same, are ready.

Oliver Ditson Company have ready for players a select work by G. Lange—"Cradle Song," requiring fine taste and skill, 40c. "Kojoka Dance, or The Village Delight," J. R. Clemons, Jr., is light and easy, but it is original and stirring; 50c. The very popular comic song, "Then You Wink the Other Eye," is arranged as a schottische by the composer, W. T. Lytton; 40c. Oliver Ditson Company's vocal music includes a superior arrangement of "A Bandit's Life is the Life for Me," by E. B. Harper. It is for barytone or bass in G; 50 cents.

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Where Every Man Is a Fire Alarm.

[Courier-Journal.]

An original mode of sounding a fire alarm is adopted in a town in Colorado. In that region the revolver is considered an indispensable article of daily wear, and is often used in announcing the impending danger. Whenever a fire is discovered the finder fires all six charges of his revolver in quick succession throughout the town.

This method, though crude, is found to work fairly well. It has, however, one drawback in that the fire department, as well as the citizens, is unable to tell whether a fire or a fight is in progress, and what is [illegible].

Taking No Risks.

[Puck.]

Mrs. Gaddsby—Is it true, as I've been told, that your husband proposed to you by telephone?

Mrs. de Schriet—Why, no, that's a silly story—he only asked papa's consent that way.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Startling Rumors About the Italian Diplomatic Rupture.

Artemus Ward's "Widow" Turns Up—Anna Dickinson's Trouble.

Selling "Green Goods" to Farmers—Crops in Dakota—Notes.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—A report which caused some sensation Saturday, that Italy would order Minister Porter to leave the country, and recall all her entire legation until Mr. Blaine's reply to Rudini's last letter was received, is characterized by Mr. Blaine as probably utterly false. As a matter of fact, it is understood Mr. Blaine's reply to Rudini has already been forwarded.

Many well-informed people here declare that the Fava recall incident was precipitated on account of the New Orleans affair, in order to afford the Italian ministry reasons for its failure to effect the promised reductions in the army, navy and other national expenditures.

The Italia today expresses the opinion that Americans have but one god—their strong box. It says further: "In this strong box we must strike them, demanding the largest possible indemnity. On their tongue there is but one word, 'dollars;' let us take advantage of it."

"Manly Self-Reliance" in New Orleans Lynching.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 11.—Ex-Minister Edward J. Phelps, in speaking of the Italian incident yesterday, said in part: "I do not care to express any opinion about the diplomatic acts of our government. I think that Italy's course has shown undue precipitancy. The killing of those men in New Orleans was justified, in my view of it, by the circumstances leading up to it. The ordinary machinery of justice is the people's instrument, and when it fails to do its work the right still rests with the people to see to it that justice is meted out."

I think that the effect on the whole may be a good one. It may serve as a rebuke to inefficient courts and juries.

After all the recourse to the might of the people, deplorable as are its incidents and consequences at times, is a penalty which we pay for our greater freedom of government. Ours, on the whole, is the best political system in the world. Our people are happier than any other, and the manly self-reliance which is one of the characteristics of freedom is worth the payment of a very dear price.

The American Colony in Italy.

LONDON, April 11.—The Italian agitation over the New Orleans affair which has created such a pother in diplomatic circles and has led to the withdrawal of an ambassador has, by the sensational rumor that Americans were hardly safe in the Eternal City, called attention to the fact that in addition to the large number of tourists who are attracted by the artistic surroundings and the historical associations which congregate about it, many quondam citizens of the United States live there. Rome alone numbers among her residents the Princess Colona, who was Miss Eva Julia Bryant, the stepdaughter of Mr. John W. Mackay. Then there is the Princess Alexandro Ruspoli, who was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Capel Broadwood of New York and whose husband is a brother of the head of the celebrated house of Ruspoli. His brother, by the way, also married an American lady, viz., Miss Josephine Mary Curtis, but they live in Paris. Among the others the best known are, perhaps, the Princess Bolognetti, the Duchess Lante, the Marchesa Gavotti and the Princess Triggiano.

DID NOT CONNECT.

Mr. Blaine Will Not Discuss Reciprocity with Canada Till Next October.

Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian high commissioner to England, sailed for England by the steamship Teutonic last Wednesday. Sir Charles showed much willingness to discuss Canadian matters, and the reporter asked:

"Will England sustain Canada in the policy outlined by Sir John Macdonald in dealing with the reciprocity question?"

"Yes, sir, warmly, heartily."

"Is complete reciprocity with the United States regarded by you as unfair to England's material interests?"

"The only terms upon which any person in the United States could entertain the question of free trade with Canada would be, of course, protection in Canada against England and the rest of the world. Mr. Hitt's resolution puts the ground clearly. Canada must be prepared to adopt the American tariff if there is to be free trade. Tell me one man, one paper, in the United States that will agree to give us free trade with you, and allow us to keep as low a tariff as we please while you continue high tariff. The Tribune had the thing exactly right when, after the Canadian opposition proposed such a thing, it said that nobody was fool enough, so great an idiot, as to discuss such a policy as that."

Merely a Blind.

OTTAWA, Ont., April 8.—Discussing the visit of the delegates to Washington the Free Press (opposition) says, "The flying trips back and forth between Ottawa and Washington are merely a part of the scheme to humbug the electorate. That is a pretty story of Tupper's, that President Harrison wants to be present; and perhaps it is true, though Blaine's version has yet to be heard. It is hinted, however, that the general revolt with Canadian combinesters against any sort of reciprocity negotiations had a good deal to do with the hasty return of Foster and Sir John Thompson from Washington. Meanwhile, it must be admitted that our finance minister's trip to Washington has been about as fruitless as his cruise among the West Indian colonies."

Mr. Blaine has intimated his willingness to meet the commissioners on Oct. 12 next.

Was "Artemus Ward" Married When One Year Old?

NEW YORK, April 9.—J. A. Browne of Bloomington, Ill., has come to New York to prove his venerable mother's claim, as the widow, to the estate of the late Charles F. Browne, or "Artemus Ward."

Mr. Browne has retained the law firm of Ten Eyck & Remington, 271 Broadway, but no papers will be filed pending an investigation.

So firmly convinced are the widow and her children, the children all grown men, that the great humorist was the husband and father who left them in Kentucky 36 years ago, that they regard with disdain even the biographical record of the birth of Mr. Browne in Maine in 1834, only a year before the claimant was married.

The widow's claim is supported by large numbers of affidavits sworn to by persons who knew Charles F. Browne in Kentucky and Ohio at the time and subsequent to her marriage, and who afterwards identified him as "Artemus Ward.

The Charles F. Browne, who married her, the widow declares, afterwards became known as "Artemus Ward," who left her to go on a lecturing tour in 1856, and whom she never saw again.

Other affidavits identify the "Artemus Ward" who was identified with the Cleveland Plain Dealer as the Charles F. Browne who had raised a large family in Kentucky.

It is a remarkable story to support a remarkable claim that is told by this family, and they are confident of success.

Lynchers Routed by One Man.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 9.—Last night a crowd of 500 negroes attacked the county jail, with the intention of lynching William McCoy, who brutally murdered his mistress, Nellie McGruder, last Sunday night by beating her head to a jelly with stones.

Shortly after midnight the negroes gathered quietly about the building, and 20 of their number, masked and otherwise disguised, broke in the outer door and immediately proceeded to that part of the building which is partitioned off for a jail. This is separated from the rest of the building by a stout iron door.

Only one guard was on duty, and he drew his revolver and threatened to shoot the first man who approached the door. The committee of 20, after some parleying, withdrew and joined their comrades outside. After a further parley the entire mob dispersed.

The guards have been doubled, in anticipation of a further attack.

Anna Dickinson's Strange Story.

NEW YORK, April 10.—The New York Herald publishes today a startling story relating to the incarceration of Miss Anna Dickinson.

Miss Dickinson came to New York yesterday with Dr. F. W. Seward of Goshen, N.Y., at whose house she has been since she escaped from Danville, April 2, to apprise her friends here of the wrong she says she has suffered and to secure legal advice as to the steps necessary to insure her freedom if she should return to Pennsylvania.

Miss Dickinson lays the blame for her incarceration upon her sister, whom she accuses of harboring an intense feeling of jealousy and hatred. She also accuses her sister's physician, Dr. Hileman, of being in the plot against her.

Dr. Seward, it appears, became informed of the facts of the case, as alleged by Miss Dickinson, and obtained her release under pretence that he intended to take her to a private asylum where she would be more benefited.

Miss Dickinson will prosecute her sister, she says, for the mental and physical suffering she has undergone.

Row in a Stave Camp.

NEWPORT, Ark., April 11.—News of a bloody affray near the junction of Black and Current Rivers has just reached here. The fight took place in a stave camp, and a jug of whiskey was the bone of contention. Steve Ross, the fireman, and a man named Anderson had some words about the division of the whiskey. Anderson pulled a knife and cut Ross in the left arm and right shoulder. Ross seized his gun, but before he could use it Anderson had buried his knife several times in the bodies of four other men, one of these being R. J. Moore, who was stabed through the heart and died instantly. Finally Ross killed Anderson.

Mrs. Parnell Breaks Forth.

PHILADELPHIA, April 11.—Two of the Parnell envoys, William Redmond, M. P., and John O'Connor, M. P., appeared here last night before a public meeting held under the auspices of Parnell branch, Irish National League, in Horticultural Hall, the hall not being half filled. Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell occupied a seat on the stage, and a reference to her by Mr. Redmond as "the honored mother of the great Irish leader" brought forth hearty applause.

Mrs. Parnell, looking vigorous and speaking in clear tones, spoke briefly: "My son is the friend of Ireland, and Gladstone is not the friend of Ireland," she said. "He is above all other Englishmen representing intense English sentiment. He is a wolf—a wolf's pup. As for my son, all who know him know what he is. In the Bible I read that leaders were called saviors. My son has been the savior of Ireland. If you do not believe in him you must take your place with the Healys who betrayed him with a kiss. The men who are trying to drag him down are English slaves."

When the Irish Nationalist leaders were here last November, $13,000 was raised by subscription and otherwise. Only $1000 was raised last night.

An Easter Sunday Double Suicide.

SANTA FE, N. M., April 7.—Details of an Easter Sunday tragedy at White Oaks, N. M., have reached here, the affair being a double suicide in which two beautiful young women, formerly of Liberty, Mo., were the principals.

The bodies of the two women were found in a lonely part of the town.

Over the heart of each was a bullet hole.

Killing the Bridegroom at a Wedding.

NEW YORK, April 7.—A distressing tragedy occurred at East Rahway, N. J., last night. Anton Henry was married at the residence of the bride's parents, and there was a throng of friends present, who had a merry time. In the midst of the festivities the bride and groom started for their carriage to take the train for their honeymoon trip. The guests crowded to the door with rice and old shoes to bid the couple godspeed. Henry Metz, a friend of the groom, took a revolver from his pocket, which he thought was loaded only with blank cartridges and meant to fire a salute. He discharged the weapon and Henry fell dead on the sidewalk. Metz had fired too low. The bride is frantic with grief. Metz was arrested.

Minister Swift's Death and Burial.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 7.—The particulars of the death of John F. Swift, United States minister to Japan, show that he had been prostrated by an attack of influenza early in the year, but was supposed to have entirely recovered. On March 10 he complained of a pain in the region of his heart and went to bed. That night, while talking to Mrs. Swift, he suddenly expired without further warning.

The funeral arrangements were made by the American colony, and were participated in by the Japanese officials, the foreign diplomatic corps, the American legation, Admiral Belknap and staff. At Yokohama sailors from the United States, British, Italian and Japanese men-of-war acted as an escort. Bishop Williams conducted the services at the cemetery. A wreath sent by the Emperor was buried in the grave. The remains are only temporarily interred at Yokohama, and will be conveyed to California.

Selling "Green Goods" to Farmers.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 9.—The case of the United States against John F. Weathers alias John F. Ware, was called yesterday in the Circuit Court.

Weathers is charged with sending letters and circulars through the mails with the intent to defraud, and among others whom he victimized were quite a number of farmers in Massachusetts.

The letters and circulars for the sending of which Weathers is accused, are similar to those sent out by the green goods men of the East, offering, in well-couched, yet uncertain terms, to sell perfect counterfeit money.

The defendant is about 21 years old. Weathers would address green goods letters and circulars to all parts of the United States. These he would date as coming from Rome, Chattanooga, Trion, Cedartown and other places in the neighborhood.

Being assistant postmaster, and having entire control of the office, he would so obliterate the postmark that it could not be read.

Just Like an Old-Fashioned Fire Muster.

WILKESBARRE, Penn., April 10.—A serious riot occurred at Kingston, just across the river from this city, yesterday afternoon, while the local fire brigade was engaged in extinguishing a fire. A man named Duffy, from the adjoining village of Edwardsville, forced his way inside the lines. Upon refusing to get out the firemen turned the hose on him. A number of Edwardsville men, who were watching the fire, became angry at this, and, jumping over the ropes, attacked the firemen fiercely. The fight was long and bloody, and when, at the end of an hour, the Edwardsville forces were put to flight, there were no less than 20 men badly injured on either side. Broken heads, noses and limbs kept the doctors of both towns busy for hours, and it is thought three men will die from their injuries. Duffy was arrested, and is now in jail.

Progress of the Chilian Pevolution.

NEW YORK, April 10.—The latest details received in this city from the seat of the civil war in Chili state that Guillermo Matta, the Chilian minister at Buenos Ayres, has declared his allegiance to the rebels, and as a consequence he has been publicly denounced as a traitor. Gabriel Vidal has been appointed in his place. Guillermo Puellma Tupper, who had a very prominent part in the government, has also been adjudged a traitor. All the property of these gentlemen has been confiscated.

Minister Atunes, who has been in Paris, has also been branded as a traitor. This gentleman not only placed himself at the disposal of the insurgent commissioner in that city, but accepted drafts made upon him by the rebel leaders. The money with which he paid these drafts had been sent to him by Balmaceda to pay for the new cruisers in course of construction in France, for the government.

In spite of all the statements of the government officers, the revolution is rapidly extending in the southern provinces, which had heretofore been considered loyal to the government.

North Dakota will be Prosperous This Year.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 10.—Gov. Burke of North Dakota, in answer to a question as to the crop outlook in the State of which he is chief executive, said: "The indications are the best for seven years, and I believe the wheat crop in North Dakota this year will be the largest ever known there. The present conditions are very similar to the spring of 1883, when we had the big crop. There is no dirt flying this year. The farmers are waiting to get on the ground instead of the ground waiting for the farmers. There is plenty of moisture. The Jim River country is in good condition. Seeding has already commenced in Ransom, Barnes and La Moure counties; also in the country between Jamestown and the Missouri river. It will be quite general in the Red River valley and elsewhere by Monday next. It is difficult now to get at the acreage as compared with last year. It will be an increase in the far west counties, where the farmers are engaged in stock raising, which, I think, will prove very profitable. As to the all-around conditions, as compared with last year, I will say that at this last time last season the prospect was never poorer, and it has not been better for the past seven years than at present. North Dakota will be very prosperous this season."

Gen. John R. Cooke died at Richmond, Va., Friday morning. He was a native of Missouri, went to Virginia during the war as colonel of a North Carolina regiment. Deceased was a son of Gen. Philip St. George Cooke, and father and son fought on opposite sides.

Col. George P. Bissell died at the Victoria Hotel, in New York, Saturday morning. He was at the head of the banking house of George P. Bissell & Co. of Hartford, Conn. He was appointed colonel of the 25th Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, in 1862, and served through the campaigns in Louisiana, with Gen. Banks, at Baton Rouge, Fort Hudson, etc. He was 65 years old.

Gen. William E. Strong died at Florence, Italy, Friday. He was born at Granville, Washington county, N. Y., in 1840. He raised a company and went to the front when the war of the rebellion began, and, after serving five years and a half, was mustered out with the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers.

Notes.

Three preachers of the Evangelical church of North America were publicly expelled at Dubuque, Ia., on Friday, on charges of disloyalty to the church. The scene was a stormy one.

Last Tuesday evening highwaymen shot and killed a clerk and the driver of a stage, and secured $200 in money, near Lerdo on the Mexican Central railroad.

Richburg, S. C., has an 8-year-old murderer, Clarence Robinson, who crushed the head of a little girl aged 4, with a stone.

The corespondent in the divorce suit of Mary E. Levey against Solomon Levey, which was tried in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, last week, is only 15 years old.

Services over the remains of Gen. Albert Pike, at Washington, were of a most unusual character, in accordance with the high rank of Masonry held by the deceased. They occurred at midnight in the First Congregational church.

In the New Hampshire House, the judiciary committee reported that, in view of the opinion of the Supreme Court, the communication of Hon. Austin Corbin, offering $1,000,000 for the State's interest in the Concord railroad be indefinitely postponed. The recommendation was adopted.

Edward F. Costello, who shot his infant child at Palmer, Mass., last June, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to life imprisonment in the State prison at Charlestown.

Early in the morning of April 9 fire broke out in Jacob Schwarz's dry goods store in the Central Hotel building, New Haven, which was destroyed. Michael Daley, aged 70, father of the Daley Brothers, proprietors of the hotel, was suffocated by the dense smoke. Loss estimated at $40,000.

The jury in the case of Kincaid, the newspaper correspondent charged with the murder of ex-Congressman Taulbee of Kentucky, Wednesday brought in a verdict of not guilty.

The argument before the United States Supreme Court in the case of the schooner Sayward, involving the question of the jurisdiction of the United States over Behring sea, has been postponed until the 25th inst.

At the celebration of the 50th birthday of the New York Tribune in the Metropolitan Opera House, Friday night, an elaborate musical programme, consisting of selections only from American composers, was given by a large orchestra.

Secretary Foster's policy in regard to the transportation of bonded goods through Canada is, in brief, to treat them the same as goods are treated that are imported by ships from Europe. They must be examined by a United States customs official on the border.

Lewis Booker, one of the most prominent business men in Richmond, Va., and many years treasurer of St. Paul's Episcopal church was arrested Wednesday night, charged with embezzling $40,000. Booker had been for many years agent of the Hanewinckel estate, valued at several hundred thousand dollars.

Typhus fever has made its appearance in New York. An autopsy made Tuesday upon the body of James Taylor, who recently came from Australia, showed that he died of spotted typhus fever, the most malignant type of the dread disease. He was not known to be suffering from the disease until after his death. As he was sick for some days in his boarding-house and Bellevue Hospital, there is ground for grave apprehension that the disease may spread.

The jury in the case of the New York indicted pool-sellers found Samuel Fisher, one of the number, guilty, and acquitted six others. The extreme penalty for the offence is a fine of $2000 and imprisonment not exceeding a year, either or both. The other accused were discharged. The case will be appealed, and a motion made pending appeal to admit Fisher to bail.

Ex-Representative Lorenzo Crounz of Nebraska has accepted the office of assistant secretary of the treasury, tendered him by Secretary Foster, and will be appointed by the President in a few days. Mr. Crounz is a personal friend of Secretary Foster. He will take the office vacated by Gen. Batcheller of New York.

Indians in the several provinces of Canada are, as a rule, self-supporting, according to the annual report of the Department of Indian Affairs.

The Treasury Department has instructed the United States district attorney at New York to prosecute steamship companies that have violated the immigration laws.

A Washington despatch says that the government of Massachusetts applied to the Treasury Department Friday for the refunding of the direct tax paid by that State, amounting to $700,894.

A collision took place between a Rock Island passenger train and a wild freight train at Vincent, Ia., Friday. Postal Clerks W. H. Hope and E. J. Brown were badly crushed, and several other trainmen injured.

The Federal grand jury in Chicago Friday resumed its investigation into the charge that Secretary Gibson of the Whiskey Trust conspired to destroy with dynamite the Shufeldt distillery in February last.

The trial of Mayor Gleason of Long Island City, charged with assaulting Car Driver James Reilly, on March 30, and knocking him off his car, was ended Friday night by the jury returning a verdict of not guilty.

There were two ice shoves in the St. Lawrence at Montreal Friday, and there is grave danger of a flood. The ice from Lake St. Louis is coming down, and as the river holds fast below, it will probably ground and dam the water back.

Secretary Foster has directed that all proper facilities be accorded the governors of the Southern States to examine the treasury books for information as to who paid the direct tax, that the tax may now be refunded to the proper individual, his heir or assigns.

There was a falling off in the number of deaths from grip reported in New York Friday. There were 171 deaths, as against 208 for the preceding 24 hours. None of these were reported as actually due to grip, but there were nine deaths which were said to have been developed from grip.

The 50th anniversary of the founding of the New York Tribune was celebrated Friday at the Metropolitan Opera House, which was filled with distinguished people, among them Vice-President Morton, Secretary Tracy and Senators Morrill, Hawley, Hiscock and Plumb. The speakers were Hon. William McKinley, Jr., Chauncey M. Depew, Charles A. Dana, Roswell G. Horr and George William Curtis.

Fishing vessel owners of Yarmouth, N. S., have protested to Minister Tupper against Newfoundland's action in refusing Canadians bait. They say half Newfoundland's catch of codfish is taken in Canadian waters. The minister has replied that a delegate has been sent to Premier Whiteway, and that the case has been placed in the hands of the imperial government.

The April returns to the Department of Agriculture make the condition of winter wheat 96.9 and of rye 95.4.

Hereafter any actress or other person appearing in public in Minnesota with tights on will be very likely to drop into a heap of trouble. After a great deal of hard work on the part of certain people who believe that the morals of the country are going to the dogs, Senator McHale's anti-tights bill has been put through the Senate. It passed that body Thursday and is the talk of the city. After the passage of the bill there was much confusion upon the floor of the Senate, there being many expressions of approval and disapproval, and some of the senators shook hands with Senator McHale, congratulating him on his great moral victory.

Gov. Daniel G. Fowler of Virginia died suddenly at Raleigh, N. C., on Wednesday. The cause of death is supposed to be heart disease.

A natural gas explosion occurred in a Hungarian boarding-house at Braddock, Penn., Tuesday morning, and 11 people were badly burned. Two are dead, and three more will die.

The contest between the railroads and the steel manufacturers as to prices has terminated. The Pennsylvania railroad gave out an order for 30,000 tons of standard sections at $30 a ton at the mill, the price demanded by the manufacturers.

News has just been received that Arica and Tacna have been captured by the insurgents and the department of Tacna is in the hands of the Congress party, who now control all nothern Chili as far south as Copiapo. No fighting occurred, the government forces fleeing toward the frontier of Bolivia.

Coroner Doten of Bridgeport, Conn., held an inquest Thursday over the death of the Hungarian woman, whose death was caused by the railroad accident in the Housatonic yard. He found that the death was due to the criminal negligence of Nicholas Sagrinee, an Italian switchman employed by the above road. The deceased was Julia Hugenek, aged 20, and had but recently come to this country.

Bradley's nitro-glycerine works, half a mile from Petcolis, Ont., blew up Wednesday evening, killing three workmen.

The congress of inventors, to commemorate the 100th anniversary of our patent system, was opened in Washington, Wednesday, by the President, who made a brief address.

Passengers from Valparaiso declare that the cause of the Chilian revolutionists is making progress. They assert that in the city of Valparaiso the sentiment in favor of the revolutionary party is becoming very strong. It was pretty generally expected, when they left there, that on the arrival of the fleet the troops now adhering to the Balmaceda government would renounce their allegiance and go over to the opposition. It is argued that President Balmaceda realizes that his cause is waning, from the fact that he is recruiting his forces from the prisons.

The President Wednesday issued the annual Behring sea proclamation. It is in the usual form.

Sir Charles Tupper writes to the London Times, under date of Ottawa, March 26, replying to the communication of Sir Henry Tyler, which denied Sir Charles' statement regarding the part taken by the Grand Trunk railway in the last election in the Dominion. Sir Charles reiterates his charge and offers to meet Sir Henry and verify the accuracy of his statements in the presence of the stockholders, and to prove how their best interests have been sacrificed by the miserable management of Sir Henry Tyler, their president.

The statement that the delegates appointed by the Newfoundland government to lay the case of the islanders before the British government would be allowed to state their case at the bar of the House of Commons, is erroneous. The misstatement arose from the fact that the delegates will present a petition requesting the privilege of appearing before the bar of the House and there presenting their side of the fisheries dispute to the government.

In the case of the three Navassa rioters who are now in jail at Baltimore, under sentence of death, President Harrison referred the testimony to United States District Attorney Ensor for his review. Mr. Ensor has sent the evidence back to the President, and recommended that the sentence in each case be commuted to imprisonment for life.

Dominick C. O'Malley, the detective, has been arraigned in court on three indictments against him for perjury, conspiracy to induce perjury, and being accessory to the attempted bribery of a tales juror. He pleaded not guilty to each of the charges, and was released on $3000 bail. Thomas McCrystal and John Cooney, both of whom were alleged to have been in O'Malley's employ, and who are under indictments for attempting to bribe tales jurors in the Hennessy case, were also arraigned on the charges. They pleaded not guilty, and were sent to jail in default of bail.

Eight hundred members of the Republican Club of Massachusetts met at the first public meeting of the organization, in Music Hall, Thursday evening. Nine long tables filled the floor of the hall, at which the members sat. Secretary Tracy was the honored guest.

DR. TOURJEE DEAD.

He was Called the Father of Class Musical Instruction in America.

Dr. Eben Tourjee died on Sunday in his apartments at the New England Conservatory of Music, the institution he founded and devoted his life to upbuild.

Dr. Tourjee has been suffering from mental exhaustion for four years, and though he at one time regained, somewhat, his lost mental power, his decline for several months past had prepared his family and friends for the sad event of yesterday.

Dr. Eben Tourjee, known as "The father of the conservatory or class system of musical instruction in America," was born of Huguenot ancestry, June 1, 1834, in Warwick, R. I. His parents were not wealthy, and at the age of 8 he was put to work in a calico printing factory in East Greenwich, R. I., and, later, in a woollen mill in the same town.

At the age of 11 he began his first work in a musical line, and became a member of the church class.

By energy and economy he was able to begin for himself at the age of 17, the business of a music dealer, in Fall River, Mass., where he also taught and published a musical paper, "The Keynote," which he afterwards named the "Massachusetts Musical Journal."

This was the beginning of the conservatory system in America, and took place in 1859.

He founded a musical institution in East Greenwich, R. I., and became director of music in the same academy in which he had acquired his education. It was at this time in his career that his remarkable ability began to appear.

His next act was to establish "The Providence Conservatory," which was not confined to music alone, but included metrical culture, and it was also made a home for the female pupils.

In 1867, he established a similar school in Boston, which succeeded so signally that it has become the greatest institution of its kind in the world. This academy is known as the New England Conservatory of Music, and its success is due largely to Dr. Tourjee's indefatigable labors.

In 1869 he received the degree of doctor of music from the Wesleyan University. Ih 1887 he received a fellowship in the Society of Science, Letters and Art of London.

In 1869 Dr. Tourjee organized the chorus of the peace jubilee, a project so colossal that it excited both opposition and ridicule, and its supporters became so disheartened that it would have failed but for him.

To Dr. Tourjee the country owes "The Praise Service," a remarkable work.

Through his personal influence, and under his advice, the system of musical instruction in Japan has entirely changed, and all its 30,000 schools made to conform to the methods in use in the New England Conservatory.

He did great service as an editor of musical works, among which are "Piano Method," "Tribute of Praise," "Chorus and Choir," "Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church" and the Music Herald.

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations..............3 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.	April 11 Bid.	April 11 Asked.	April 13 Bid.	April 13 Asked.
Anniston City	..	52	..	..
Aspinwall	9½	9⅝	9⅜	9⅝
Boston	5½	6	5½	..
Boston Water Power	..	2⅞	2¼	2¾
Boylston	3	..	3	..
Brookline	5	5⅜	5	5¼
Campobello	1¼	1½	..	1⅜
Cambridge Field	..	6	..	6
Cutler	1¼	..	..	1⅜
East Boston	3⅞	4½	..	4
Frenchman's Bay	5½	6	5½	6
Franklin Park	27	..	27	..
Goldsboro	..	1	..	1
Lamoine	.32½	.35	.32½	.40
Maverick	..	2½	..	2½
Nahant	.75	..	.75	..
Newport	..	3	2⅞	3
Payson	1	..	1	..
Penobscot Bay	.60	..	..	.70
San Diego	23¼	23½	23⅝	23⅞
Sullivan Harbor	.60	..	.62½	.70
Topeka	1⅜	..	1¼	..
West End	22⅝	22¾	22⅝	22¾
Winter Harbor	.25	..	.25	..
Winthrop	1½	1¾	1½	1¾
Wollaston	.65	..	.65	.75
RAILROAD STOCKS.				
Atch, Topeka & S Fe	30⅝	30¾	30⅝	30¾
Atlantic & Pacific	..	5¼	..	5⅛
Boston & Albany	203	204	203½	204
Boston & Lowell	..	179	175	178
Boston & Maine	206½	207	206	207
Central Massachusetts	18½	19	18½	19
Central Mass pref	37	38	37	38
Chi, Bur & Quincy	85¾	85⅞	85½	85⅝
Cleveland & Canton	5¾	6½	5½	6½
Cleveland & Can pref	18½	19	19	19¼
Chicago & West Mich	46½	..	46½	..
Connecticut & Pass	120½	..	120	121
Fitchburg preferred	83½	85	83	83½
Flint & P Marquette	22⅞	..	22	..
Flint & Pere Marq prf	82½	84	..	85
Mexican Central	20⅝	20¾	20⅝	20⅞
New York & New Eng	37½	37¼	37	37¾
New York & N E pref	..	..	110	111½
Old Colony	..	163	165	..
Oregon Short Line	23¾	24½	23	24
Portland,Saco & Ports	125	..	..	..
South California pref	12	..	..	16
Union Pacific	47½	47¾	47⅛	47⅜
West End common	81¼	81½	81	81½
West End preferred	85½	85¾	85¼	85¼
Wisconsin Central	20¼	20¾	19½	20½
BONDS.				
Atchison 4s	77¾	78	78	78¼
Atchison incomes	47⅞	47⅝	47⅜	47⅝
Boston United Gas 5s	87½	88	87	87½
Boston Uni Gas 2d 5s	75	76	..	76
C. B & N 1st 5s	101¼	..	..	..
Mexican Central 4s	72½	73	73	73⅛
Mexican Cen 1st inc 3s	35½	36	35½	36
Mexican Cen incomes	19½	21	..	..
Wisconsin Cen 1st 5s	..	93	..	93
Wisconsin Cen incoe's	..	40	39	..
MINING STOCKS.				
Allouez	3¼	3½	3¼	3½
Atlantic	15½	16¼	15½	16¼
Bonanza	.55	..	.55	..
Boston & Montana	42½	43	42	42¼
Butte & Boston	15½	16	15½	16
Calumet & Hecla	265	265	262	265
Catalpa	..	..	..	.30
Centennial	15	..	15	16
Central	10	..	10	..
Crescent	.12	..	.12	..
Dunkin	.65	..	.65	.70
Franklin	16	16½	..	16¼
Huron	2	3	2½	3½
Kearsarge	13¾	..	13¾	..
Napa	3½	4	3¾	4
National	2½	3	2½	3
Osceola	37¾	38⅛	37½	37¾
Quincy	105	110	105	110
Santa Fe	.52½	.55	.52½	.55
Tamarack	158	160	153	154
TELEPHONE STOCKS.				
American Bell	198½	199½	198½	200
Erie	49½	50	49½	50
Mexican	.85	.90	.85	.90
New England	51	..	50	..
Tropical	.85	.90	.85	90
MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.				
Eastman Car Heater	..	3	2¼	2⅜
Eastman Car H pref	6	..	6	..
Edison Phono Doll	.50	1	.50	1
Lamson Store Service	16	16½	16¼	17½
Pullman Palace Car	193	194	192	193
Reece Buttonhole	..	15	..	15
UNLISTED STOCKS.				
American Cotton Oil	26¾	26¼	26	26¼
Bay State Gas	31½	32	..	32
Fort Wayne Electric	12¾	13¼	13	13¼
Illinois Steel 5s	94	95	94	..
Illinois Steel	70¼	73	..	70
National Lead Trust	18⅞	19⅛	18⅞	19⅛
Pettingill-Andre's Co	25¼	25¾	..	..
Sugar certific'ts com	90½	90¾	89⅝	89¾
Sugar certific'ts pref	92¼	92¾	91	91½
Thomson-Hous Elec	46½	47	47⅞	48
Thomson-Hous E pref	25¼	25⅝	25½	25⅝
do series C	9¼	10	9¾	10
do series D	7	7¼	7	7¼
Westinghouse Electric	13	13⅛	13¾	14

Two Sorts of Customers.

[Street & Smith's Good News.]

Bootblack—Shine, sir?

Ten-a-week clerk (patronizingly)—Y-e-s, sonny. Here's a quarter for you.

Bootblack (a little later)—Shine, sir?

Millionnaire (suspiciously)—How much?

FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

Investigating the Condition of Labor in England.

Charity and Politics Running Close Race for Interest in Ireland.

Nonconformist Preachers Berating the Prince of Wales—Notes.

LONDON, April 10.—Mr. William Henry Smith, the first lord of the treasury, announced in the House of Commons today that the following-named gentlemen have been appointed by the Queen members of the royal labor commission, which will inquire into the relations existing between capital and labor and into the cause of the strikes and the best means of preventing them: The Marquis of Hartington, Liberal-Unionist; the Earl of Derby, Liberal-Unionist; the Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Conservative; the Right Hon. Sir John E. Gorst, Conservative; Rt. Hon. A. J. Mundella, Liberal; Sir Robert N. Fowler, Conservative, one of the members for the city of London; Rt. Hon. Leonard H. Courtney, Liberal-Unionist, member for Bodmin, Cornwall; Sir Edward J. Harlan, Conservative member for North Belfast; Mr. Bolton, chairman of the Caledonian Railroad Company; Mr. William Gerald Balfour, Conservative, member for Central Leeds; Mr. Jesse Collings, Liberal-Unionist, member for Bordesley, Birmingham; Mr. Thomas Burt, Liberal, member for Morpeth; Mr. William Abraham, Liberal, member for Rhondda, Wales; Professor Marshall; Sir W. Lewis, manager of the Bute docks at Cardiff, Wales; Mr. Ismay, a director of the White Star Steamship Company; Mr. David Dale; Mr. George Livesey Tunstall, a prominent cotton manufacturer; Mr. Samuel Plimsell; Mr. Madsley, an operative cotton spinner; Mr. Thomas Mann, the labor agitator; Mr. E. Drew, secretary of the board of conciliation of the iron and steel trades; Mr. Hewlett, manager of the Wigan Coal and Iron Company; Mr. Tait, chairman of the Glasgow trade council; Mr. Austin, secretary of the Irish Democratic Labor Federation, and Sir Frederick Pollock, editor of the Law Quarterly Review.

On announcement of the composition of the labor commission Mr. Justin McCarthy moved to adjourn, in order that he might call attention to what he said was a matter of urgent public importance—the omission of Mr. Michael Davitt's name from the list of those who composed the commission. Mr. McCarthy said that he wanted to know what the reasons were for omitting Mr. Davitt's name.

The speaker, Sir Arthur Wellesley Peel, refused to allow the motion to be put to the House, declaring that it was supported by only 28 members. Thereupon, Mr. George Howell, advanced Liberal, member for the northeast division of Bethnal Green, gave notice that he would call attention to Mr. McCarthy's question, and would move a resolution to the same effect when the vote was taken upon the expenses of the commissioners.

The News says that the refusal of the government to consider Davitt's name for the labor commission was either stupid pedantry or an act of obsequious deference to Parnell.

AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.

Workings of Charity and Politics—Enthusiasm at Both Ends.

DUBLIN, April 8.—Lady Zetland, wife of the lord lieutenant, and Miss Balfour were warmly welcomed on their tour of Achill island. A number of triumphal arches had been erected bearing the legend, "God bless Balfour and Zetland." The visitors conversed with many peasants, and Miss Balfour took photographs of numerous groups.

The ladies visited the islands of Innissturk and Innissboffin on Wednesday. They entered many cabins, conversing with and giving money to the occupants, and adding many to the Castle relief list. The Clare boatmen presented a remarkable address, referring to the diversion by unscrupulous politicians of the funds sent from America for the assistance of the poverty-stricken people of Ireland, and warmly thanking Mr. Balfour for the fund which he and the earl of Zetland were instrumental in raising, and the distribution of which was the means of averting starvation in the impoverished districts.

All the islanders ran to the beach to meet the visitors when they arrived at Innissboffin. Bonfires were blazing and flags flying, and the fishermen literally carried the boat to the land. When the visitors landed the women of the place pressed around to grasp the hands of the ladies and call down heaven's choicest blessings on them. Lady Zetland was deeply affected by all she saw. The party resolved to march across the island, and the start was made with a guard of honor composed of a dozen stalwart fishermen in the van and the whole population following as a rear guard. The party visited Leenane, Letterfrack, Kylemore and Deradda. Everywhere the people were respectful, and often much enthusiasm was manifested.

The Political Side.

Mr. Henry Campbell, M. P., for South Fermanagh, Ire., and private secretary to Mr. Parnell, has entered an action for libel against Mrs. Nagle, the proprietor of the Cork Herald, and Alderman John Hooper of this city, lately editor of that paper, charging them with imputing through the columns of the Cork Herald that he, Mr. Campbell, procured houses for the meetings of Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea.

It is stated that Mr. Power, M. P., for Waterford, intends to resign his seat in the House of Commons.

In connection with the charge made by Mr. Parnell at the meeting in Phœnix Park, Dublin, recently, that Mr. Gladstone had received American dynamiters at his residence at Hawarden, the St. James Gazette this evening publishes conspicuously a story to the effect that Mr. Atkinson of Detroit, Mich., and Dr. O'Reilly visited England in 1889 as emissaries of Alexander Sullivan, and as representatives of the Irish-American extremist party, and that, while in England upon this occasion, the two gentlemen visited Mr. Gladstone. The St. James Gazette adds that as Dr. O'Reilly's name was one of the most notorious names in connection with the dynamiters, Mr. Gladstone could not have received him or Mr. Atkinson without knowing their true character.

A host of crown witnesses against Parnellite disturbers of a McCarthyite meeting have been arrested at Carrick-on-Shannon for refusing to attend the court proceedings. The arrested witnesses include clergymen, poor law guardians, the coroner and Mr. Tully, editor of the Roscommon Herald.

The pope has expressed great satisfaction at the result of the recent election for a successor to the late Peter Mcdonald as representative in Parliament of North Sligo, when the Parnell candidate, Alderman Dillon, was defeated by the McCarthyite candidate, Alderman Collery of Sligo.

At the first public meeting of the National Federation Tuesday, at which Mr. Thomas Sexton presided, it was announced that the account in Mr. John Dillon's name had been overdrawn to the extent of $15,000, and that there were other urgent liabilities to the amount of $40,000. It was consequently resolved to call upon Messrs. McCarthy and Parnell to immediately release a sum from the fund held in Paris, sufficient to meet the present and future liabilities.

Father Humphreys made a speech at Tipperary, Tuesday, in opposition to Archbishop Croke's proposal to mediate between Mr. Smith Barry and his tenants. He declared that the tenants were already victorious, and did not need to sue for terms, which would betray fellow-tenants in other parts of Ireland. He warned men of Tipperary never to walk alone at night, for fear the police might throw explosives and arrest them as the guilty parties.

Nonconformist Disaffection.

LIVERPOOL, April 10.—Rev. C. Akin, who presides over the leading Nonconformist chapel in Bolton, took occasion to describe the immorality prevailing in Liverpool. After dwelling at some length upon the prevalence of gambling and betting dens, he grew quite excited, and shaking his fist, said:

"The courtier of King Cambyses, son of Cyrus, once ventured to reprove the monarch. I wish some one had the power to go and tell the Prince of Wales, who associates with a divorced duke, a marquis that was ruled off the turf for pulling his horses, a baccarat baroness, that when he sets the weight of his great position on the side of the cutthroats of the turf, and against the church and Sunday school, whether he be the Prince of Wales or the prince of anywhere else, he is not the man to reign over us."

But the cheers that greeted these utterances in Bolton found no echo in Liverpool, which is noted for the strongly conservative sentiments of its electors. Indeed his own congregation has rebelled against their pastor, and now a petition is circulating asking him to resign.

At the 13th annual assembly of the Devonshire Congregational Union at Tavistock, near Plymouth, when the time came for proposing the toasts, the chairman, Rev. M. P. Davies, rose and stated that he would be unable to conscientiously propose the health of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, which at English public dinners usually takes precedence to all others. He therefore called upon Rev. G. B. Johnson to do so. Davis added that he might also propose the health of the Prince of Wales and all the others, as they were card players. Mr. Johnson then gave the usual toast, prefacing that to the Queen by a tribute to her virtues as constitutional sovereign. A verse of the national anthem was then sung. Mr. Davies and wife remained seated throughout this part.

"Commercial Attaches" for France.

The French government has now come to the determination to appoint to all its embassies and legations abroad, in addition to the other attaches of its legations and embassies, officers who will be known as commercial attaches. The duties of this new class of attaches will be to study the commerce and commercial relations of the country to which they are sent, and they will be expected at all times to be ready to make any investigations or answer any questions concerning the commercial affairs of the country in which they reside. It is expected that this step, which has long been urged by merchants in France, will eventually lead to additional developments, improvements and extra facilities for the export and import trade of this country.

"Plon-Plon's" Will.

ROME, April 9.—The will of the late Prince Napoleon is remarkably precise. In the directions for the obsequies the prince forbids the presence of his eldest son, Prince Victor, in three distinct passages.

The reading of the will was a painful ceremony. When a passage excluding the rest of the family was reached Prince Louis ran to his mother and frantically embraced her, crying: "Never, never, dear mother; we are co-heirs." He then kissed Prince Victor and his sister. All were tearful. It is stated that Prince Louis would adhere to his resolve, which ex-Empress Eugenie applauds, to divide the property equally among the members of the family.

Notes.

The Times, referring to the vote on the opium question in the House of Commons, thinks that the government will do well to find an opportunity to settle the question whether Parliament is in earnest on the opium question or has merely been subject to a "spasm of cheap Puritanism."

Shameiken, the man who was arrested on Monday on suspicion of being about to make an attempt on the Czar's life, belonged to the Scævola Club of Kharkoff, the members of which are bound by oath to make continual efforts to murder the Czar. Most of the members of the club have since been arrested. A number of students also have been arrested at Kharkoff.

The officers and troopers in the service of the British African Company still occupy Massikesse, a town within the disputed Manica territory, despite the orders to withdraw issued some time since by the British foreign office. This is considered the more extraordinary as Hon. Cecil John R. Rhodes, premier of Cape Colony, had issued government orders that had been obeyed.

Among the natives in certain large cities the recent outbreaks on the frontier are regarded as directly resulting from the visit of the Czarewitch to India. It is asserted that the heir to the Russian throne was sent to that country to make trouble for the English, and that he succeeded in his mission.

The German war office, in consequence of the concentration of Russian troops on the Galician-Silesian frontiers, has decided to strengthen the garrisons on the eastern border.

A cablegram from Sydney accounces the death of Thomas Oswald Keatinge, the notorious clerical impostor. Keatinge spent 10 years in America prior to 1869, having begun his career of fraud in 1858. Later he filled many Roman Catholic and Protestant pulpits, but the greater part of his life was spent in prison.

Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, member of Parliament for Canterbury, presided, and Gen. New took the vice-chair, at a banquet given Wednesday evening at the Albemarle Hotel, Albemarle st., to Mr. James McLane on his retirement, after seven years' connection with the London office of the Associated Press.

Advices from the Cameroons German expedition into the interior of western Africa, under Dr. Cintgraff, represent that a very serious reverse has been met with. Four Europeans and 170 natives, comprising the expedition, have been killed, the doctor and the remnant of the band having retreated to the coast to obtain assistance.

The German government has accepted Russia's proposal to send a joint note asking the governments of Brazil and the Argentine Republic to prohibit the landing of Russian and German emigrants not provided with official permits, and to facilitate the return of emigrants who desire to go back, the intention being to thwart the efforts of fraudulent emigration agents.

The Socialists throughout Italy are organizing a demonstration for the 1st of May. As a preparation for the demonstration they have issued a sinister manifesto printed on red paper, which is being secretly distributed among the workingmen. This circular calls upon the Neapolitans to meet in Naples on May day.

According to statistics just made public, 152,413 persons emigrated from the British Isles to the United States in 1890, while only 22,520 persons emigrated from the British Isles to British America in the same year.

It is remarked that the removal of the prohibition that for a number of years has kept American pork out of Germany is coincident with the arrival of the first shipment of live cattle from the United States. The latter trade, although only in its infancy, doubtless will increase, and will be found profitable by the graziers of north Germany.

It appears that before purchasing for its colony farm the 625 acres at Hadlings, near Southend watering place, on an estuary of the Thames, Gen. Booth employed an expert to visit similar labor colonies in Holland and Germany. The Salvationists will take possession early in May.

Anglican church circles are stirred over the action of St. Anthony abbey in Wales, the Anglican monastic institution founded by Father Ignatius, who is now in America. The prioress, with the members of the order, have been received into the Roman Catholic communion at St. Mary's Benedictine abbey in Stanbrook, Worcester.

The Bulgarian authorities have paid a reward of 20,000 florins to a Hungarian, whose name is carefully concealed from the public, for his services in detecting the murderers of M. Beltcheff, the Bulgarian minister of finance. It is believed that the assassins are now in the power of M. Stambouloff, prime minister, whose life it is supposed, the murderers were endeavoring to take when M. Beltcheff was shot and killed.

The Australian Federation convention has resolved that the draft of the constitution which it has been considering be submitted to a popularly elected convention in each Australian colony, and that if three of these colonial conventions approve the constitution the imperial government shall be asked to take steps for its establishment.

Returns from the customs department of Japan for the year 1890 show exports as falling off $13,500,000, and imports an excess of $14,000,000 over the previous year. This was owing to the failure of the rice crop and the holding of silk for better prices.

The Japan Daily Advertiser publishes a contradiction of the sensational story printed in the American papers some time ago, and told by Capt. Morris of the sealing schooner Helena, to the effect that Russian cruisers captured three poaching sealing schooners and killed seven of the Japanese without cause. Morris told of having to work two years in the Siberian coal mines and of not having seen daylight for years. Morris was on the Helena, but not as captain. The officers and crew were turned loose on the beach, and two weeks afterwards were taken to Yokohama on a steamer. The men were all treated well and suffered no privations.

On March 5, five Japanese men-of-war were suddenly ordered to Corea from Nagasaki. Another man-of-war was also ordered to Corea the same day. The reason for this movement is not yet known.

A pilgrimage of penitence has been undertaken from Paris to the Holy Land. Some 500 penitents joined the expedition, which was headed by two bishops and a large number of priests. The party sailed from Marseilles Friday.

The French government, learning that the King of Italy will shortly visit the island of Sardinia, ordered its Mediterranean fleet to rendezvous off Cagliari, the capital, and salute his majesty.

A great sensation has been caused in Cannes by the announcement that the Grand Duke Michael Michailovitch, a cousin of the Czar, had been privately married to the Countess of Norenberg, daughter of the Duke of Nassau, at San Remo. The Duke of Nassau and the young couple left Cannes a few days ago, ostensibly for a visit to Genoa.

A number of unemployed Saxons and Bavarians, Wednesday, attacked a gang of workmen, composed of Poles, who were engaged in the work of laying a cable at Hof, Bavaria. A fierce fight followed, during the progress of which 25 men were more or less seriously wounded. Troops were sent to the scene of the disturbance and managed to quell the disorder.

The Russian government will take no diplomatic steps to prevent the reappointment of Prince Ferdinand to the viceroyalty of East Roumelia, but will decline to recognize Prince Ferdinand in any capacity.

He Had Taken the Order Literally.

[Jeweler's Weekly.]

Actress—What do you mean, sir, by making me a ring with a leather setting?

Thick headed jeweller—Didn't you tell me that you didn't want a common setting—that you desired one with some sole in it? Well, isn't that exactly what you've got?

CHECKERS.

EDWIN A. DURGIN..............Editor

BOSTON, April 14, 1891.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

Chess Divan, 210 Tremont st. Chess and checker players meet day and evening.

Chess and checker players also meet daily at C. Taylor's, No. 4 Liberty sq., room 3.

Solution of Position No. 1532.

By John A. Robertson, Perth.

Black men on 2, 5, 6, 7, 12; white men on 13, 14, 17, 18, 24, 28.

Black to play and win.

12.16*	20.16-1	30.26	2-28.24	*3-18.22
24.20	18.22	3. 7	23.26	11. 8
16.19	16.11	26.23*	24.19	*5. 9
18.15-A	22.26	7. 3	26.30	8. 3
7.10*	11. 7	23.18	19.16	25. 2
14. 7	26.30	3. 7	30.25	B. wins.
2.18	7. 3	19.23*	16.11	

(Var. 1.)

17.14	16.11	8. 3	14. 9*	28.19
18.22	25.30	26.23*	5.14	23.16
20.16	11. 8	3. 7	13. 9*	B.wins.
22.26	30.26*	*6.10-B	19.24*	

(Var. 2.)

17.14	28.24	30.26	15.11	*9.14
18. 9	26.30	19.15	23.18	2.9
7. 2	24.19	26.23	11. 7	*14.10
23.26				Black wins.

(Var. 3.)

25.21	17.14*	18. 9	7. 2*drawn

A—20.16*, 7.11*, B wins.

B—23.18, 14.10*, 6.15, 7.10*, drawn.

* Denotes the only move to win and white's best reply.

Solution of Position 1533.

By J. R. Nasmyth, Donibustle.

Black men on 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 19; white men on 15, 17, 18, 21, 26, 28.

Black to play and win.

9.13	7.11*	21.17	26.31	10. 1
17.14	22.17*	22.26	14.10	26.23
1. 5	13.22	17.13	31.26	1. 6
26.22				B wins.

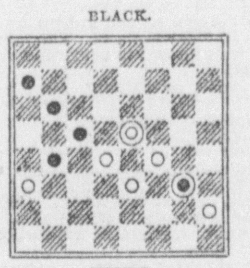
* Best

Position No. 1534.

By F. Dunne.

Black men, 5, 9, 12, 14, 17; black king, 24.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White men, 18, 19, 21, 23, 28; white king, 15.

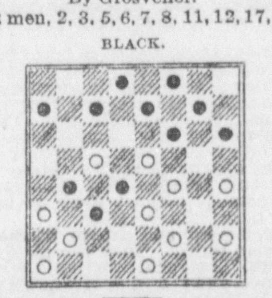
White to play and draw.

Position No. 1535.

By Grosvenor.

Black men, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 17, 18, 22.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White men, 31, 29, 28, 27, 25, 23, 21, 20, 19, 15, 14.

Black to play and win.

Game No. 2364—Paisley.

By Mr. F. Tescheleit.

11.16	6.24	1-1. 6-2	5.14	18.23
24.19	28.19	25.22	7. 3	32.28
8.11	7.10	3. 7-3	14.17	17.22
22.18	26.22	22.17	3. 8	16.12
10.14	10.14	6.10-4	11.15	22.26
26.22	22.17	17.13-5	27.23	12.16
16.20	2. 6	10.17	16.19	19.23
30.26	17.10	21.14	23.16	28.19
11.16	6.24	8.11	12.19	26.30
22.17-A	18.14*	13. 9	8.11	19.15
4. 8	9.18	7.10-6	15.18	23.27
17.10	23.14	14. 7	11.16	Drawn.

A-This has hitherto been considered a loss. *Solution and only move to draw.

(Var. 1.)

16.19	22.17	9.14	6. 2	18.25
25.22	11.15-7	10. 6	8.11	27.23
8.11	14.10	14.18	2. 7	19.26
29.25	6. 9	32.28	12.16	28.12
1. 6	17.13	3. 8	25.22	Drawn.

(Var. 2.)

8.11	7.11	19.23	6.13	26.30
25.22	25.22	27.18	14.10	8. 3
11.15	1. 6	16.19	19.23	30.25
29.25	17.13	32.28	28.12	3. 8
3. 7	15.19	12.16	23.26	11.15
22.17	21.17	13. 9	12. 8	Drawn.

(Var. 3.)

6.10	8.11	10.14	14.18	Drawn.
14. 7	29.25	25.22	22.17	
3.10	11.16	16.19	18.22	
21.17	17.13	32.28	27.23	

(Var. 4.)

6. 9	9.14	8.11	15.19	19.23
14.10	10. 7	7. 3	7.10	18.14
7.14	14.18	11.15	18.22	23.26
17.10	29.25	3. 7	25.18	Drawn.

(Var. 5.)

29.25	21.14	13. 9	7. 2	2. 7
8.11	11.15	7.10	14.18	15.18
17.13	25.22	14. 7	22.17	27.24
10.17	24.28	5.14	18.22	Drawn.

(Var. 6.)

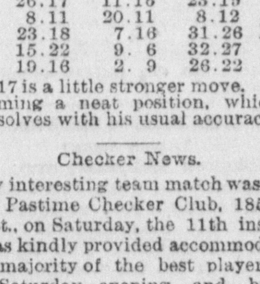
11.15	15.18	7.11	11.15	24.28
9. 6	29.25	6. 2	2. 7	14.10
				Drawn.

Asterisk denotes position No. 1536.

Position No. 1536.

By Mr. F. Tescheleit, London.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and draw.

This game and position were contributed originally by Mr. T. Tellum, the position forming prize problem No. 866 in the Northern Weekly Leader. Very few arrived at the correct solution.

The prize was finally awarded to Mr. J. Aitchison. "Old Arctic," one of the Leader correspondents, subsequently offered some corrections, which gave a clearer countenance to the play. Mr. Tescheleit would be pleased to have critics in this country give it their attention.

Game No. 2365, Fife.

Played April 11, 1891, between Messrs. Barker and Wright. Barker's move:

11.15	25.22	12.19	5.14	27.31
23.19	7.11	24. 6	25.22	22.18
9.14	27.24	9.13	28.24	31.26
22.17	11.15	6. 1	4. 8	18.15
5. 9	30.26	22.25	15.17	(b)26.22
26.23	5. 9	17.14	16.19	15.10
9.13	32.28	25.30(a)	17.26	22.18
24.20	3. 7	14. 9	19.28	10. 7
15.24	22.17	30.25	26.23	13.17
28.19	13.22	1. 5	28.32	21.14
13.22	26.17	11.16	23.19	18. 9
25. 9	8.11	20.11	8.12	7. 2
6.13	23.18	7.16	31.26	Drawn.
29.25	15.22	9. 6	32.27	
1. 5	19.16	2. 9	26.22	

(a) 13.17 is a little stronger move.

(b) forming a neat position, which Mr. Barker solves with his usual accuracy.

Checker News.

A very interesting team match was played at the Pastime Checker Club, 185 Cambridge st., on Saturday, the 11th inst. Mr. Dean has kindly provided accommodations, and a majority of the best players meet every Saturday evening and break a friendly lance. The match in question is the first of a series of regular team matches. Messrs. Durgin and Weathersby were chosen captains, and played with the following teams:

Durgin	2	Weathersby	0	drawn	2
Barker	1	Wright	1	drawn	2
Parrow	1	Jones	0	drawn	2
Parker	0	Dean	1	drawn	3
Keston	1	Pillsbury	1	drawn	2
Totals	5		3		10

We give above one of the games played between Messrs. Barker and Wright.

Daniel Webster's Clients.

[Chicago Mail.]

"My family," said a prominent club man, "has lost about a quarter of a million dollars, I believe, as the result of the intemperate habits of one man—no less a man than the great Daniel Webster himself. The United States government has just ordered the payment of French spoliation claims amounting to $1,500,000, and $3,500,000 additional has been scheduled for payment later.

This money was originally paid to the United States by the French government to reimburse the owners of certain American vessels that had been seized by Napoleon. The United States government used this money in making the Louisiana purchase. Now the government is paying the claims of the descendants of the original vessel-owners. One of my ancestors owned five vessels that were seized, and his claim was placed in the hands of Daniel Webster.

"The immortal Daniel looked over all the papers, and seeing that the claim was entirely valid, undertook to secure its payment by Congress. But at that time the United States was not so careful of its financial standing as it now is, and the eloquence of the great orator proved unavailing."

"One day, after a vain attempt to secure favorable action upon the claim, Mr. Webster went to his room, filled up with liberal potations of old rye, and under the exhilarating influences of the same threw all the papers of the case into an open grate, swearing that the United States government knew no such words as honor or honesty and that it would be utterly useless to waste any more time in prosecuting the claim.

"So about $250,000 worth of hopes went up Mr. Webster's chimney in plain black smoke. Now these French spoliation claims are being paid off dollar for dollar. Whenever I think of the terrible effect of Daniel's costly debauch I feel like drowning the memory of it in some way. Will you join me?"

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, April 13.

BUTTER—Prices have declined somewhat the past week, but the market is now steady. Receipts were not very heavy, and as the demand was very good they are well sold up.

Northern creamery, extra, 26@27; Western creamery, extra, 26@27; do, extra 1st, 24@25; do, 1st, 22@23; Franklin Co. (Mass.) creamery, extra, box, 26@27; do, extra dairy, 24@25; Vermont extra dairy, ..@25; do, extra New York, ..@24; New York and Vermont extra 1st, ..@23; do, 1st, 21@22; Western dairy, extra 1st, 18@20; do, 1st, 18@20; Western imitation creamery, extra, 23@24; Western ladle-packed extra 1st, 21@22; do, 1st, 19@20; trunk butter, ¼ or ½ lb. prints, extra, 25; extra 1st, 23@24c ₩ lb.

CHEESE—The market is without material change from last week. The receipts show a falling off and prices are very firm.

We quote: New York extra, ...@12c ₩ lb; do, 1st, 10½@11½; do, 2ds, 8@10; Vermont extra, 11¾@12; do, 1st, 10½@11½; do, 2ds, 8@10; sage, 12@12½; part skims, 6@8; skims, 3@5; Ohio flat, extra, 11@11½; do 1st, 9@10.

EGGS—Under heavy receipts and a moderate demand prices have declined.

We quote: Near-by and cape, f'cy, ..@17c ₩ doz; Eastern extra, 16; do, 1st, ..@16; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, ...@16; Michigan extras, ...@16; Western 1st, ...@16; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick 1st, ..@..; P. E. Island 1st, ..; Southern 1st, .. @ 19; Eastern duck eggs, 33@34; Western, do, 32@33; Goose eggs, 75c@$1 per dozen.

BEANS—The market is quiet and prices are easy. Receipts have fallen off considerably.

We quote the current prices as follows: Choice Northern, hand picked, $....@.... per bushel; New York, small, hand picked, $2.35@2.40; do, marrow, $....@2.20; do, screened, $2.00@2.15; do, 2ds, $1.60@1.85; medium choice hand picked, $2.20@2.25; do, screened, $2.00@2.15; yellow eyes, extra, $2.75@2.85; do, 2ds, $2.00 @ 2.70; red kidneys, $2.00@2.75. Foreign Beans—Pea, $2.25@2.85; Mediums, $2.00@2.20.

DOMESTIC FRUITS—We quote: Apples, Northern Spy, good to choice, $4.50@5.50 per bbl; Rox. Russets, $4.00@5.00; Golden Russets, $4.00@4.50 ₩ bbl; No 1, N. H. & Mass. Baldwins, $4.50@5.00 ₩ bbl; No. 1, Maine, do, $5.00@5.50; No. 2, Maine, $3.00@3.50; Tolman Sweet, $3.00 per bbl.

Evaporated apple, fancy, 15@16c; fair to good, 13@14; sun-dried, sliced and quartered, 10@11c.

Cranberries, $8.00 @ 10.00 ₩ bbl; do, fancy, $11.00@12.00 ₩ bbl.

Strawberries—Florida, good to choice, 30@35c per quart; green, 20@25c; Charleston, 30@40c.

VEGETABLES—The supply of potatoes is large and prices are easier. The demand for vegetables generally is fairly good.

Potatoes—Hebron, $3.00@3.25 per bbl; Rose, $3.00@3.25 per bbl.

Sweet potatoes—Jersey, extra, $2.50@2.75.

Cabbage, 75c@90 per bbl.

Kale, Norfolk, per bbl., 75c@$1.00.

Spinach, Norfolk, per bbl., $1.50@2.50.

Native onions, $5.00@5.50 per bbl; Ohio, yellow, $4.00@4.50 per bbl.

Squash, Hubbard, $50@60 per ton.

Turnips—White Cape, per bbl., $1.00; St. Andrews, 90c; Canadian, 75@85c.

HAY AND STRAW—There has been a moderate demand for hay the past week and prices have advanced. Receipts are decreasing.

Fancy hay, $13.50@14.00 per ton; do, fair to good, $12.00@13.00; ordinary, $10.00@11.00; hay and clover, mixed, $9.00@10.00; swale, $9.00; poor to ordinary, $8.00@11.00.

Rye straw, $17.00 @17.50 per ton; oat straw, $8.00@8.50 per ton.

Groceries.

COFFEE—We quote: Java pa'gs, pale, 24¾@..; do, medium brown, 25½c; do do, fancy brown, 25¾@..c; do, Timor, 23½@..c; do, Buitenzorg, .. @ ..c; do, Malang, ...@....c; do, Tagals, ..@23¼c; do, Ankola, 26½@27....c; do, Holland bags, 23c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 26¾ @ 28c; Mocha, ..@25¾c; Rios, prime, 20¾c; do fair, 20c; do, ordinary, 18½c; low ordinary, 17⅝c; Maracaibo, 21½@22½c; do ordinary, 20½@21¾c; Bucramanger, 21¾@22¾c; Caracas, 20½@23c; Languayra, ...@20c; Costa Rica, 20¼@22¾c; Jamaica, 18½@20c; Guatemala, 21½@23¼c; Mexican, 21½@22½c; Hayti, 18½@19c.

FRUITS AND NUTS—Following are the current quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.50@2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80; Sultana, 20@25; Eleme, 6½; Valencia, new, 7⅝@7¾; do, Ondara, 8@8½. Currants, $5.00@8.00. Citron, Leghorn, 17@22. Dates—Persian, new, 5@5½; do, fard, new, ..@8. Figs—Layers, 12@25; do, keg, 8@10. Prunes, French, case, 10@15; do, Turk, new, 7@8c; do bag, 5 @ 6c. Lemons—Palermo, $3.00@5.00; Messina, $3.00@5.00. Oranges—Jamaica bxs, $....@....; Sicily, $3.00 @ 5.00; Florida, $2.50@5.00. Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, $1.00@1.15; do, Red, 75@85c; Port Limon, $1.50@1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.75; 8 hands, $1.50; No. 2, 75c. Walnuts, 15 @ 16c; Castinas, 10 @ 12c; Pecans, 11@15c; Filberts, 10@12c; Almonds, 15@16c; Peanuts, hand-picked, 5@5½c; do, Fms, 3½@4c.

REFINED SUGAR—We quote: Cut-loaf, 5⅜c; crushed, 5⅜c; pulverized, 5¼c; cubes, 5⅛c; powdered, 4⅞c; granulated, 4½@4 9-16c; Diamond A, 4½c; Standard Confectioners' A, 4⅜c; soft white, 3⅞@4⅛c; Extra C, 3¼c; Yellow, 3 11 16c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:

Fine flour, $2.90@3.25; Superfine, $3.25@4.00; Common, extras, $3.95@4.20; Choice extras, $4.05@4.30; Minnesota bakers, $4.50@4.85; patents, $....@....; Michigan roller, $4.95@5.20; New York, do, $4.95@5.20; Ohio and Indiana, $4.95@5.20; do, do, straight, $5.20@5.35; do, do, patent, $5.60@5.70; St. Louis and Illinois clear, $4.90@5.20; do, straight, $5.20@5.35; do, do, patent, $5.60@5.70; Spring wheat patents, $5.80@6.50 ₩ bbl.

CORN—We quote: High mixed, 83½@..c ₩ bush; Steamer yellow, 83½c ₩ bush; Steamer mixed, 82½c ₩ bush; ordinary, 82c ₩ bush.

OATS—No. 1 and Fancy, clipped, 66 @ ..c ₩ bush; standard, do, ..@62½c; No. 2, white, 63c ₩ bush; No. 3, do, 62c ₩ bush; rejected white, ..@..c; No 2, mixed, 61c.

Fish.

FISH—Following are the current prices for the week past:

Mackerel—Extra bloater mess, $33.00@34.00; No. 1, do, $30.00@31.00; No. 1 shore, $24.00@25.00; No. 1 Bay, $22.00@23.00; No. 2 Bay, $....@21.00; No. 3, large, $17.00@17.50; No. 3, small, $12.00@12.50; No. 3, medium, $14.50@15.00; No. 2, large, $21.00@22.00; No. 1 large, $23.00@24.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $....@6.50; do, do, medium, $5.50@..; Pickled Bank, $....@6.25; Georges, $....@6.75; Shore, $....@6.50; Hake, $....@3.00; Haddock, $....@4.75; Pollock, pickl'd $....@3.00; do, slack salted, $3.50; Boneless Hake, 5½@..c ₩ lb; Boneless Haddock, ...@7c; Boneless Cod, 8@9c.

Herring—Nova Scotia Splits, large, $7.00; do, medium, $4.75; Labrador, $7.00; Round Shore large, $5.00; domestic Alewives, $5.00.

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, 8½@9c; New England steers, green, 5½@5¾; do, cow, 4@4½c; do, bulls, 3½; Salted steers, ...@7½; cows, 6@6½; bulls, ..@5½. Calfskins—deacons, 25@35c; 5@7 lbs, 75@80; 7@9 lbs, 85@87½; 9@12 lbs, ..c @ $1.00; 12@18 lbs, $1.10 @1.15; Texas, dry-salted, .. @8; Tex flint rough, 10 @ 11; Texas kips, 10@..; Buenos Ayres hides, 13½@; Rio Grande, ..@12½; Montevideo, 13½@..; Cordova, 14 @ ..; Rio Grande kips, 11@12; Sierra Leone, 12½@..; Bissao & Gambia, 9; Zanzibar hides, 9@..; Tamative, 8@ ..; Majungas, .. @ 8½; Dry Chinas, 10½@12.

SALT—Quotations: Liverpool, in bond, ₩ hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; Bostonian, $1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@$1.00; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½; Trapani, in bond, $2.00; Turks Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—We quote Potato starch at 4⅝@4¾c; Corn, 3¼@3⅜c; Wheat, 5¼@6c.

SEEDS—Quotations: Clover, West, 7¾@8 ₩ lb; do, North, 8¼@8½; do, white, 14@16; do, Alsike, 15@17; do, Lucerne, ..@17; Redtop, West, ₩ sack, $1.75@2.00; do, Jersey, $1.90@2.10; Rhode Island Bent, ₩ bush, $1.65@1.65; Hungarian, 90@95; Golden Millet, $1.05@1.15; Common do, 95@$1; Orchard, $1.65@1.75; Blue Grass, $2.50@3.00; Timothy, West, $1.50@1.65; do, North, $1.85@2.00; American Flaxseed, $2.00@2.25.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4½@5; Country, 4⅝@4⅞; Bone, ..@4⅝; house grease, 2½@3¾; grease, tanners, 2¼@2¾; do, chip, 2½@2¾; do, naphtha, 1½@2; do, hard, 2@5.

TOBACCO—We quote: Havana wrappers, $5.00@7.00; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.25; do, good fillers, 80@95c; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 70@85; fair, 60@75; Kentucky lugs, 3½@5c; do, leaf, 6½@10½c; Havana s'd wr's, 40@60; do, 2ds, 20@35; do, binders, 12@18; do, seed fill, 5@8; Conn and Mass fill, 8@10; do, binders, 12@17; do, 2ds, 18@25; do, fair wrappers, 25@30; do, fine wrappers, 35@45; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20; Sumatra wraps, $2.00@3.25.

WOOL—The receipts of wool the past week were 6773 bales domestic and 4123 bales foreign, against 4559 bales domestic and 7000 bales foreign last week, and 3919 bales domestic and 2945 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1890.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week past:

Cattle, 2937; sheep, 7834; shotes, 165; veals, 1730; hogs, 23,685; horses, 930.

Western cattle, 2175; Eastern and Northern cattle, 762.

Western sheep and lambs, 7144; Eastern sheep and lambs, 690.

Prices of western beeves ranged from $3.50@6.25 per 100 lbs., live weight. Northern cattle sold at $5.50@7.50.

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

	Cents ₩ lb.		Each.
Brighton hides..6	@6½	Sheepskins..	50@$1.00
Brighton tall'w..2½	@3½	Lambskins..	75@$1.50
Country hides..	4@5½	Dairyskins..	25@40c
Country tall'w..2	@.	Calfskins ...$	6@8
		Pelts, 75c@$1.00.	

Pleased Her.

[Clothier and Furnisher.]

He—(at 11.30); I hope you don't mind helping me on with my coat.

She—No, indeed. It's the greatest pleasure in the world.

THAT WICKED BLUSH.

BY OLIVER H. STORY.

"Miss Steele, permit me to present Col. Cushing of the 1st, our pet regiment, you know. You two will be fast friends at once, for things military are so dear to you both," and off glided delightful Mrs. Hawes, with her charming presence, to her other guests.

But for the colonel very little charm had fled, for beside him stood the only woman to whom he had ever asked to be introduced.

"My father has often spoken of you, Col. Cushing, and I am indeed pleased to meet you," came with the sweetest accents from Miss Steele.

"And I am sure that I shall owe Mrs. Hawes a life-long debt of gratitude," responded the gallant colonel, bending over Miss Steele's hand in his most dignified way, "This is not the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you," he said, as he led her back to her seat.

"Ah! indeed, colonel, and when was that other time, may I ask? I have no recollection of seeing you," and a conscious blush stole over Miss Steele's lovely face.

The colonel, quick to notice, in his abrupt way demanded:

"Is that true?"

He would have given his commission to have recalled those words, but it was too late.

"Col. Cushing, will you lead me to Mrs. Hawes?"

It was not a question. The cold, icy tone commanded.

"Miss Steele!"

"Talking tires me, colonel. Please take me in."

Chagrined and mortified, he obeyed. Hastily excusing himself, much to Mrs. Hawes' surprise, he strode out on the veranda, across the lawn toward the cliffs.

Quickly lighting his one cigar—he wished he had a dozen—he commenced pacing the path. The cigar was soon consumed, but the walker kept on.

Was this to be the outcome of his years of waiting? Was he to lose her thus?

Bitterly now he remembered how five years ago, when but a captain, during a grand review, he had noticed a beautiful girl standing with a distinguished gentleman.

In his conceit he thought she had looked long at him. The boys wondered next day how he had borne the criticism of a tardy salute, from a prominent journal, so pleasantly. That the most precise officer in the regiment should retard a criticism from such a source in the light of a joke has always puzzled them.

The years had gone by, and experiences crowded the life of this busy man, but through them all the remembrance of that girlish face had stayed. Diplomatic matrons had angled in vain for this desirable catch. Like too many denizens of the fashionable sea the bait was stale.

Two days ago he had run down from town to participate in a coaching party. During the ride they had passed a smart little trap with the very same young lady whose face had been so constantly with him in charge. Several at once exclaimed that she was Gen. Steele's daughter, having just returned from protracted study on the continent.

It was whispered that she had there refused several desirable suitors. Gossip assigned a certain school-day admirer as the possessor of her affections. Certain it was that the aforesaid school-day admirer was constantly near her when occasion offered, much to the disgust of sundry other young men.

All this gossip was eagerly gleaned by the colonel, to whom the schoolday admirer was no obstacle. He was too true a soldier, and difficulties only made him stronger in his purpose.

At the conclusion of the drive, which he pronounced a horrid bore, he made arrangements to prolong his stay, and concluded to accept an invitation for the next evening to a party at which he learned she was to be present.

His aunt informed him that Miss Steele had spent two years at a little German town studying. He remembered visiting the place himself a few years ago, and he wondered if she was there at the time.

Usually calm and collected he became nervous and impatient as the day sped by. Then he realized how much the girl was to him. He knew now what it was that made the many belles appear plain in his eyes.

Mrs. Hawes was more than delighted at the colonel's change of mind. Too well trained to show surprise at his request for an early introduction to Miss Steele, she mentally congratulated herself that two such perfect people should meet beneath her roof. She scented happiness from afar.

Imagine her surprise when her protege so soon returned to her. Alas, what could have happened. Louise very soon withdrew, and Mrs. Hawes' curiosity was not satisfied. When she returned Mrs. Hawes detected that tears had been shed despite the eau-de cologne.

The poor woman fairly prickled with interrogation points. She probably tingles yet, for she never learned the secret of that night. If she reads these facts she can easily substitute names.

With anger increased upon realization of the fact that he had probably misinterpreted her confusion, and disgusted with his conceit, he returned to the cottage and acted his part for the remainder of the evening. Miss Steele cut him completely, and, soldier though he was, he retreated.

Twelve months slipped away, and, as fate would have it, our two friends found themselves the only real city folks in a quiet country village, each having selected this quiet spot to while away a week. What their feelings were when informed of the other's presence I cannot conjecture.

At all events, they exchanged no greetings, and conducted themselves as utter strangers. It was a matter of great wonderment to the villagers that people from the same city should not know each other.

They often remarked, "What a fine couple they'd make!"

He was tall and distinguished; she stately and fair, with a noble figure and face. Although they had not spoken, yet his heart beat high with hope when she thanked him kindly for restoring a letter which she had dropped; but, alas! she was as distant as ever when next they met. The weeks crept by, but neither left.

One afternoon, as had been his custom, he strolled through the woods, enjoying the cool shades and forest scenes. Hearing a rustling in the bushes on one side, what was his surprise and bewilderment to see Miss Steele caught in the bushes. A most becoming blush of embarrassment overspread her face. Hardly comprehending the situation he stood, hat in hand, as much confused as is possible for a man of 30.

The situation ended by Louise bursting into a hearty laugh, in which the colonel thankfully joined. "Do you think I ought always to stay here?" she naively asked. In a moment he became the attentive gentleman. Clumsily, and a man can never do it otherwise, he cleared her from the bushes.

For awhile, as they strolled back together, the little adventure furnished a topic of conversation. Then came one of those dreadful calms that are so fearfully oppressive.

The colonel at length broke it by halting Miss Steele in the path and seizing both her hands.

"Louise, don't let this dreadful acting go on any longer. I cannot bear it. Don't let that little thing of last year stand in the way of our happiness. Will you believe me when I tell you that your face and yours alone has been with me all these six long years?"

"I have never doubted your word, have I?" answered the tantalizing little creature.

"No, never; and I'll not doubt your's if you will say that the face, the imprint of which has been so indelibly stamped upon my memory, shall be mine always. Will you say it?"

The very trees could not have heard the answer, for it was buried in his shoulder, but it sank into his great loving heart.

"Dearest, you would not mind telling me now the meaning of that blush, would you?"

"No, Don, since I know you will not mistake me this time. But you will not plague me, will you?"

Having secured his ready promise, she confessed with much confusion how, when she was in Germany, she had noticed him passing the school frequently, and when she saw him coming, always sought a crevice in the wall and watched him out of sight.

On one occasion she thought he had noticed her, and when he mentioned having seen her before she thought it must have been the time she feared. To shield herself she told the fib. Angry with herself she easily became provoked at his doubting question, and dismissed him.

The last part of her confession he smothered as lovers have a habit of doing. Who could think his sweetheart at fault? Having made his confession they both realized how dear they were to each other and always had been.

Was it fate that had so conducted their lives? We leave it to our readers. Whatever it was, it has always remained by them, blessing and guarding their happy lives.

Two Bright Boys.

[New York Continent.]

I rode down town the other afternoon in one of the cross seats in the 6th ave. elevated road. Opposite me sat two bright-looking young men, who carried on a conversation which must have mystified some of their neighbors. One of them remarked "Pawn to king's fourth." His companion repeated the remark. Then the first speaker said thoughtfully: "Knight to king's bishop's third," and the other responded: "Bishop to bishop's fourth." The conversation was kept up with great interest until I left the train. They were playing a game of chess without the board, and were so engrossed in the game as to be perfectly oblivious of their surroundings.

KNOWN BY THEIR TICKS.

Character Reading Through Many Miles of Intervening Wire—Peculiarities of Telegraph Clerks.

[Philadelphia Record.]

The telegraph operators of this city are noted the world over as experts. Not only are they masters of their art as a class, but many of them have developed the wonderful faculty of reading character by the sharp ticks that emanate from the little brass instruments. For instance, any old-time operator who ranks as a first-rater can tell by the tick of the machine in Philadelphia what manner of man is at the other end of the wire, no matter whether he be in Chicago, New York, or any other distant city. Just as bank cashiers recognize the signatures of old customers, so do telegraphers identify friends by their "sending" or writing.

The fast, jerky sender who stops every few minutes to tighten this screw or loosen that spring, or to talk with his desk mate, easily tells the receiver that he is a nervous, irresponsible young man of little experience and less judgment; he warns the receiver to be on constant watch for errors for which he will shirk any responsibility. Without having definite reason to say, so the receiver will not hesitate to assert that such a sender would lie himself out of any difficulty that might arise.

The fearless, manly telegrapher is the man who sends even, well-spaced Morse, fast of course, but steady withal, and sends "all the time." This man seldom has "cases." He impresses the receiver at once that he is invariably correct. He never stops for bad copy, because he always reads a message ahead of the one he is sending and returns any he cannot decipher to the clerks before starting it.

This sort of a man has a friend in every office. All the students and operators in way stations know him. They recognize his sending and appeal to him as would a child to an older brother. The man's character is well known to every one with whom he works.

The sneak is quickly discovered and promptly "roasted." He sends slowly and with an aggravating drag. He never swears on the wire, which, by the way, is certain to be rewarded by dismissal if reported, although a majority of operators are more or less profane. While this man may not have been in the business at the time of any strike, he is certain to be called a "scab" by all the out-of-town men, with whom he has frequent spats.

Practical jokers and witty men are generally indifferent operators, but usually have a reputation reaching from San Francisco to Boston, which always secures them work at good salaries. Their characteristics are denoted by the small amount of business they handle, notwithstanding the fact that they seem to work every minute. They make all sorts of blunders and worry the receiver sick, depending upon their good humor and new stories to square matters.

Dude operators, like their funny brethren, are poor artists, but they are not fortunate in the way of acquiring "reputations." They never need tell the receiver that they love dress and think of little else. Their frequent stops and silly chatter between messages tell it for them. After six months' working with an operator of this sort the receiver could describe him almost to a positive exactness without ever having seen him or heard him described.

Surly, morose and tramp operators are alike as to ability. They are all fine telegraphers. Their characters are well defined by silence, and they are distinguished one from the other by bits of information regarding other cities dropped from day to day by the tramps. They tell their story when they correct errors discovered in the addresses of messages relayed from one city to another, and by suggesting some word to take the place of one badly written by some newspaper man whose "copy" they have "handled."

Lady operators are identified by the lightness of their sending, few of them being able to work on long-distance wires. On this account "Clara" is a favorite name for light senders of either sex, and their character as well as their sex is revealed by their constant anxiety and ever-faithfulness, as well as by their disposition to talk.

Few people understand why telegraphers use so much and such a variety of slang. This is easily accounted for. The men in New York and San Francisco communicate all the latest phrases to Chicago, from which point Galveston, Denver, New Orleans and Ogden receive the "new talk," and the forces at Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Richmond and Boston acquire their stock from New York. In this way a bright saying heard by an operator in New York is repeated the world over the same way, as the cable operators are quite as slangy as the rest of the craft.

ZULU WOMEN'S HOMES.

They are Built by the Ladies Themselves and They Look Queer.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]

The Zulu woman is the architect and builder of the Zulu house, and the style of architecture is known in the colonies as "wattle and daub." It looks like an exaggerated beehive, for the Zulu mind has this peculiarity, that it cannot grasp the idea of anything that is not round or elliptical in form. There is no squares in nature.

To build her house the woman traces a circle on the ground 14 feet in diameter, and getting a number of long, limber branches she sticks them firmly into the ground and then bends the top over, and ties them with fiber obtained from the numerous creepers, or "monkey ropes." Then she twines thicker creepers in and out of these sticks all round the circle of spaces about 12 inches apart, and then taking wattle (a kind of coarse grass or reed) she thatches the edifice, leaving a small hole at the top for a chimney, and another hole, three feet square, for a door.

In front of this she builds a covered way, extending outward about three feet, and the exterior of the house is finished by a coating of "daub" or mud. She then seeks the nests of the white ant, and, digging them up, obtains a quantity of white clay, which she beats to powder, dries, and then mixing it with water, kneads it until it is quite smooth. This she spreads all over the ground inside the hut, and beats it carefully until it is quite hard and free from cracks.

This floor a good housewife will scour twice a day with smooth stones until it is like a piece of polished marble. The fireplace is near the door, and is simply a ring of this clay to confine the embers in one place. The other necessaries found in a hut are a bundle of spear shafts drying some tobacco and several bunches of millet hanging from the roof. Grouped round the walls are the three amasi (a species of sour milk) jars, the native beer jars and open jars holding grain.

Of course the dense wood smoke rising coats the roof, millet and tobacco with soot, and long "fingers" of it hang in every direction, but the floor will be clean enough to eat on, and as long as that is so the social Mrs. Grundy of the Zulu is satisfied.

Census of a Cheese

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Dr. Adametz, a Swiss scholar, has been taking a census of the inhabitants of a cheese. The microscopic examination of one "gramm" of a fresh Emmenthaler cheese, such as is sold in England under the name of Gruyere, contained no fewer than 80,000 so-called microbes. This prodigious encampment, after 70 days proved to have increased to a tribe of 800,000. Another sort of cheese contained within a single "gramm" board and lodging for about 2,000,000 microbes, while in a "gramm" cut from the rind of the same cheese Dr. Adametz found about 5,000,000 of these inhabitants! A piece of cheese upon our tables of a few pounds' weight may consequently contain more microbe inhabitants than there are human beings in the whole world.

Two Hints to Smokers.

[Albany Argus.]

A well-known tobacconist says: "If you are a smoker and don't own a cigar case, carry your cigars in your upper vest pocket, on the left, with the mouth end downward. The constant motion of your right arm is sure to crush the tobacco and loosen the wrapper, if the cigars be on the right side, and the result is more readily attained with the match end down.

"If you have to let a cigar go out, and are not too fastidious to smoke an 'old soldier,' do not pull in the last puff, but blow it through the burning end. In this way the nicotine is expelled, which would otherwise gather at the mouth, and prevents the cigar from having a rank taste."

The Superiority of Man.

[Life.]

Jack—I don't see why you girls shouldn't hustle around like the rest of us and do things for yourselves! You could save lots of money by making your own hats and gowns.

Laura—I'd just like to know what you do for yourself?

Jack—I? Why, I've been making my own cigarettes ever since the 1st of January.

HOW THEY WORK IT.

Strange Devices of Two Would-Be Female Swells.

The Wearing of a New Dress is a Great Event in Their Lives.

They are Above the Working Class and Below the Aristocracy.

[San Francisco Argonaut.]

Any one who has been a student of life in the metropolis, who knows the faces on the avenue and in the lobby on first nights as well as he knows those on the Rialto and Wall st., cannot but have noticed that new feminine type which has come to the fore in the last 20 years, but which is as yet unclassified.

No one seems to know under what head this type should come or what name to call it. Yet every one knows of it, and a few people have watched its gradual development with thoughtful interest. It has two or three salient characteristics, but none of these are as yet prominent enough to warrant one in classifying it as a new specimen evolved by metropolitan life.

The women of this class seem to be female prototypes of the cheap swells among men. At certain places during certain hours of the day you may seem them—not in large quantities, for they are not a numerous order, but scattered through the crowd of well-dressed fashionables. The casual wayfarer, though he may have been born and bred between four brick walls and have never seen the sunset except at the end of a street through a cobweb of telegraph wires, may pass them by unthinkingly as women of the patrician rich world.

For they are perfect in every outward appointment of elegance and good taste. An accomplished and sharp-eyed flaneur will notice that their smooth completeness of appearance is here and there ruffled—there is too strong a suggestion of rice powder about their faces, their shoes are worn a little, and though they assume a look of bland and somewhat haughty complacence, their glance is at times restless and quick.

They appear to be nervously on the alert to apprehend every admiring and approving look directed toward them. They expect and desire admiration, and though they make a good attempt to hide this expectation, it sometimes will not be hidden.

There are generally two of them—a mother and a daughter—and a stranger passing them would say to himself: "There go two typical, well-dressed, aristocratic New York women of the highest class." It is a natural supposition. They look as if born to every luxury and comfort. In dress they are perfect—not merely perfect in the general air of their clothes, but perfect in detail.

They look healthy and fresh and blooming. Their hair shines as though a maid brushed it by the hour every day. Their lips are red and smooth, and their eyes clear. They wear the newest fashion in everything—not such new fashions as will grow cheap and shoddy, but the new fashions which will only be adopted by the rich and exclusive. When a fashion falls to 14th st. they are done with it forever.

In air and appearance they look as if they were somebody. They do not appear to notice the passers-by, but they forge along with a self-confident, haughty swing, their eyelids indolently drooping and their mouths curved into smiles of rather blase indifference. The daughter—you may see her almost any week-day morning shopping on 23d st.—is rather pretty and very good form. She is a slender girl, about 25, dressed always with quiet elegance.

Her face, which is delicate, almost sallow, with dark eyes and a few locks of hair on her temples, is marred by a somewhat arrogant and cross expression. She looks like a young lady who was spoiled, and could be querulous if she were thwarted.

She appears to lead the life of a woman of means and fashion. In the morning, in her warm street suit and rich furs, she goes shopping. Sometimes her mother is with her—a pleasant-faced and refined-looking woman—but generally she is alone.

She always shops in the best and most expensive stores, and she has a way of asking for what she wants which makes you think she could buy up the whole place if she wanted. On the contrary, however, she is almost invariably dissatisfied with the wares placed before her. She seems to disdain them, and an air of scornful irritation crosses her face as she pushes them aside and goes away.

When she does make a purchase, were it but a spool of thread or a handkerchief, she would not dream of carrying it. It must be sent. And, as she gives the address, she leans across the counter and speaks it very low.

At all the openings of the most extensive places for hats and women's clothes she is present. With her lorgnons up, she goes peering about at the new chiffons. She takes many of them in her hand and examines them disparagingly. They rarely suit her. When she was in Paris, last year, she saw just those same things—and now they are old and passe. The only way to get your clothes and have them at all chic is to go over there and buy them. A modiste's taste is invariably inclined to be shoddy.

When she gets out into the crisp winter sunshine she tucks her trim little hands into her sable muff and walks briskly up the avenue "toward home." All the fellows in the club windows make flattering comments upon her as she swings along—a most attractive figure, with her neatly hung skirts, her pointed shoes, her close hat setting so snugly over her beautiful, smooth-braided hair, her sallow, high-bred face, with the rice-power thick on the bridge of her nose, and her general air of calm unconcern.

When she gets far uptown she turns suddenly to the left, and, walking down a block, waits on the corner for a car. While she stands there one sees how nervously alert and sharp this young woman's indifferent eyes can become. They shoot anxious glances up and down the street.

When the car comes she springs into it with undignified speed, and nestled in a corner of it, her feet buried in the straw, the draughts blowing her hair about, she is borne across town to regions of corner-groceries and dingy boarding-houses, unkempt children and frowsy maids-of-all-work.

She does not stay in this obscurity for long. That evening at 8.30, she and her mother have just rustled into their seats in the parquet for a Bernhardt first-night. She has on a pale grey dress, and wears some long-stemmed Jack roses fastened on her corsage. Her pale grey wrap is thrown back to show these, for Jack roses are very rare at this season. Her black hair is braided under a little grey-gauze theatre hat.

She is altogether as well dressed as any one in the house, and many people look at her and ask who she is. Nobody knows, however. This is particularly strange, for she appears to know every one who is any one. She points them out to her mother, speaking of them with intimate personal comment, as though they were her friends since childhood.

To hear talk you would think this young woman the most intimate friend of these people, upon whom she comments in rather a loud key. Then, when the lady next her is looking at her with curious admiration, she suddenly feels that the little filagree-edged comb is slipping out of her back hair, and draws off her glove that her hand may be free to readjust it.

The hand thus revealed is wonderfully slim, white and delicate, and is covered with pretty rings—not magnificent rings, they are not the thing for a young lady, but dainty, pretty rings of small, glittering stones.

Half an hour after the performance is over she and her mother are in the corner of the crosstown car on the last stage of their homeward journey. They sit close together, for it is biting cold. The people in the car are a sordid-looking lot, who stare stolidly at the two ladies. Through the rattling windows come the freezing blasts of air, and no matter how deeply you bury your feet in the straw, it is impossible to keep them warm.

When they finally get to the wretched boarding-house where they live, it is past 12 and the house is dark. They stumble upstairs tired and stiff to the two tiny rooms under the leads which is their home. It is so cold up here that there is already a skim of ice on the water in the pitchers, and before they retire they spread their heavy ulsters and cloaks over the beds to act as coverlets.

The mother is soon asleep, but the daughter, the ruling passion strong even in an atmosphere like that of a cold storage warehouse, dallies long and lovingly over the putting away of her finery, smoothes it out, hangs it up, puts it into boxes and folds it into bureau drawers, finally becomes so engrossed that she takes out some of her new costumes still in process of construction, and, shivering in her meagre deshabille, holds them off at arm's length, rapturously gloating on their beauty.

The creating and wearing of a new dress is the great event of her life. All morning she and her mother sit up in their little room, their feet against an oil stove, cutting, snipping and fitting on. The solemnity of the occasion is such that they do very little talking, but bend over their work in absorbed silence.

An observer would hardly recognize them as the two aristocratic ladies who created quite a sensation at "Fedora" last night. The mother is now a fat and somewhat blowsy person, shrouded in a voluminous mother hubbard, her front hair twined round hairpins. The nymph-like daughter looks thin and haggard in the searching light; her curls have gone, and her hair is wound up in a tight little knob on the back of her head.

Her wrapper is dirty and faded, and hangs round her long, straight figure in limp folds. Even her rings have disappeared, locked up in a little box on the toilet table.

In the afternoon she will go for a stroll on the avenue, and come home at 4.30, happy in the consciousness that for two hours she has been a swell. Such is the life of this modern Cinderella. She cares for nothing but this daily masquerade. Her existence is singularly lonely and profitless. She has no "circle," no friends.

She will not associate with the people in the boarding-house—the feeble, half-starved, shabby genteel kind which haunt such barren places—and she has no means of knowing any other sort of people. The goal of her ambition is to be a fine lady, not in fact, but in appearance, and for this she lives.

She and her mother have a tiny income, left them by her dead father. They are both remarkably clever dressmakers, and if they had chosen to ply this trade, they could have placed themselves in thoroughly comfortable circumstances. But the daughter would not hear of such a thing.

Their talents are employed to copy the various dresses she sees in the shops, on the streets, at the theatres, in order that she and her mother may make a good showing when they walk abroad. Their manner of living is poor past belief. They are only half-fed, and certainly half-frozen.

For sometimes the materials that the daughter chooses to buy are extremely expensive, and when there is a particularly fashionable first-night they save out of their breakfasts and dinners enough to buy the two best seats in the house.

They always buy these themselves. The young lady has no followers, no beaus, no best man. The men whom she sees at the boarding-house are not of a kind to suit her elegant taste, and the men whom she sees on 5th av. are unattainable.

For, with all her faults and frivolities she is a cut above vulgar sidewalk flirtation. She wants always to do the correct thing, and she would as soon think of bowing to a man she did not know as she would of wearing a bustle.

EARRINGS.

The History of These Familiar Ornaments Briefly Narrated—Worn from Time Immemorial.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Earrings have been worn from time immemorial. While excavating the ruins of ancient Thebes archæologists brought to light sculptured remains bearing representations of these articles. Ancient writers make frequent mention of these decorations, and state that in early days they were worn by both sexes.

From the very earliest times the male Asiatics wore them. The Bible tells us that Abraham presented his son's wife with a pair of earrings, and historians relate that Alexander the Great, when he invaded India, found them suspended in the ears of the Babylonians.

Among the ancient oriental nations, with the exception of the Hebrews, men and women wore them, the latter considering that they should be reserved for the sole use of the gentler sex. Homer makes mention of this method of adornment in his descriptions of statues representing several of the mythological deities, and the great Juvenal is authority for the statement that they were worn by all the males residing in the Euphrates provinces.

Ladies and waiting-maids among the ancient Greeks and Romans wore plain hoops of gold or silver in their ears, and as time progressed these became more elaborate, precious gems being set in them. Many Roman matrons possessed earrings of the most costly and gorgeous description, the settings being worth thousands of dollars.

One of the most fashionable patterns affected by those of rank and wealth were modelled in the form of an asp, with a golden body shaded with gems of the first water. Earrings that bore the miniatures of the dear friends or relatives of the wearers were quite fashionable at a very early day, and in many cases they were attached in the form of pendants.

In ancient Egypt and India those made in imitation of the lotus and Bengal rose were sought after in preference to all other designs.

Among civilized nations the wearing of earrings by men has been by no mens uncommon, as it has been shown that in early English days some of the most distinguished courtiers bedecked their ears with very costly specimens. The immortal Shakespeare is said to have worn them, and Charles I. is reputed to have been the owner of a magnificent pair of pearl earrings, which he bequeathed to his daughter the day before he was executrd.

In the South Sea Islands the females and males alike adopt this style of personal adornment, and even in the wilds of Africa they are worn by the untutored savages of both sexes.

At the present day the only civilized persons of the male sex who ornament their ears in this manner are the gypsies, the Italians, the French, a few sailors of other foreign nations, and occasionally a German, but, as a matter of course, precious few females the world over will be found without them.

SPOILED THE ELOPEMENT.

A Goat Engaged in a Nocturnal Prowl Smashed a Romance.

[Sheffield Telegraph.]

Not long ago a young lady, who desired to get up with the lark, in order to go on an eloping tour, adopted the schoolboy's plan, and the lover was to be on had at daybreak to give the signal.

The string used for the pedal communication was a stout cord, and one end was dropped out of the third story window into the back yard, and the other end, of course, was attached to the damsel's great toe. The legend runs that a healthy goat of the William persuasion arose early next morning and wandered into the yard.

After eating up all the old sardine tins, barrel staves and broken crockery, he found the string, and took that in as dessert. As soon as the string was drawn taut, the goat stood upon his hind legs and gave an impulsive jerk. The girl awoke. The goat gave another sudden pull, and the maiden jumped out of bed with a smothered cry of pain. Then she stooped down to detach the cord just as the ridiculous beast gave another violent jerk, and she nearly lost her equilibrium, and her toe, too, the cord cutting into the tender flesh.

She sprang to the window and called down in a hoarse whisper:

"Stop pulling, Harry; I'll be down in a minute."

Then she made another effort to untie the cord, but the persistent goat gave his head several angry bobs, and each time the girl uttered a cry of pain. Again she called into the darkness:

"Harry, if you don't stop jerking like that I won't come down at all."

She was answered by another savage pull, and the cry of anguish that escaped her brought her mother into the room with a look of affright and a lighted lamp. The young lady fainted, the elopement was nipped in the bud, and the disappointed maiden's toe was sore for a month. The goat escaped.

How Thread is Numbered.

[Dry Goods Review.]

The seamstress, whether she wants No. 30, or 40, or 120 thread, knows from the number just what kind of sewing it can be used for. When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7000 grains, a pound of cotton, the threadmakers mark it No. 1. If 1680 yards weigh a pound, it is marked No. 2. For No. 50 yarn it would take 50 multiplied by 489 to weigh a pound. This is the whole explanation of the yard measurement as used by the spool-cotton manufacturer.

The early manufactured thread was of three-cord, the number being derived from the number of yards to the pound, just as it is today. No. 60 yarn made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual calibre of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yarn, being made of three No. 20 strands twisted together.

When the sewing machine came into the market as a great thread consumer, unreasoning in its work and inexorable in its demands for mechanical accuracy, six-cord cotton had to be made in place of the old and rougher three-cord, it being much smoother. As thread numbers were already established, they were not altered for the new article, and No. 60 six-cord and No. 60 three-cord were left identical in both size and number.

To effect this the six-cord had to be made of yarn twice as fine as that demanded in making the three-cord variety. The No. 60 cord is made of six strands of No. 120 yarn The three-cord spool cotton is of the same number as the yarn is made of.

Six-cord spool cotton is always made from double its number. Thread is a simple thing, but simple as it is, there are 2000 kinds of it, and each kind goes through hundreds of different processes.

What She Liked Best.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Miss Blossom (of St. Louis)—So you are from Boston, Mr. Backbay?

Mr. Backbay (with a polite bow)—Yes, Miss Blossom.

Miss Blossom—And literary, of course, like all Bostonians?

Mr. Backbay (with another dignified and acquiescent bow)—And you, I presume, are fond of literature?

Miss Blossom—Oh, I just dote on it.

Mr. Backbay (after a slight pause)—Are you fond of Tolstoi, Miss Blossom?

Miss Blossom—Well, I can't say I care much for it, but you just ought to see me eat terrapin.

WOMEN'S SPECIALTIES.

Things Men Do Not Do, Even if They Can.

One Woman Makes a Little Pocket Money by Breaking in Shoes.

Another, Making Priests' Copes, Works Constantly on Her Knees.

[Celia Logan in New York Recorder.]

It is safe to assert that never in the world's history have there been so many self-supporting women as now, nor has so much money been required for the current expenses of feminine life, not the least important item of which is dress.

Wealthy women have, of course, no difficulty in obtaining the means wherewith to array themselves richly. Next to them come the business women, who receive regular remuneration for their work. How they manage to dress well is easily understood, but it is not so easy to comprehend the apparent extravagance in attire of that class of women who are dependent on husbands whose means are extremely moderate, yet whose womankind frequently dress almost as richly as the wives and daughters of the very rich. Neither in nor out of their homes do these women appear to earn money. Yet they do earn it, of course, and in ways often curious and interesting.

Mrs. W., for instance, is the wife of a bookkeeper. She and her three daughters dress in the usual costly American style, and in particular they always wear new and high-priced shoes. Now, shoes are an expensive item of a woman's dress. How does she contrive to make her share of a bookkeeper's salary meet it? Mrs. W. explained, frankly enough.

"Wearing shoes is my business," she said. "It began in this way. A schoolmate of mine had the good luck to marry a wealthy man. She had always suffered from tender feet, and at school I used to break in her new shoes for her by wearing them a few days. Stretching on a last won't serve the same end, because a last cracks without softening the leather; there's nothing like the tread of the foot to do that.

"Well, when my friend married she insisted on my accepting from her a trifle for breaking in her shoes. I named 50 cents a pair. There were other women to whom she mentioned her idea, and about half a dozen, who wore the same number as I do, gave me their custom. Gradually my queer little business increased, so that by the time my daughters grew up I never had to buy shoes for them or for myself, and I often employ girls outside when my customers' sizes do not fit any of us.

"I keep the buttons on the shoes in addition to stretching them when new. I charge 10 cents for putting the buttons on, no matter how many or how few there may be to replace. I also brush and put shoe polish on them. The charge for this is 25 cents, and the shoes are sent to me and called for. You see the pay is very small, but it helps me dress.

"For years I think I stood alone in the business, but now the visiting maid includes the care of shoes in her duties, so that, but for having my own patronesses, she would cut the ground from under my always new-shod feet."

In reply to a question Mrs. W. went on to explain what manner of person a "visiting maid" is.

"There are many women who do not care to pay for the entire services of a maid, yet require one occasionally. To such the visiting maid goes for a day or for any length of time desired. She looks over the wardrobe of her mistress and attends to all the small repairs that may be necessary—puts new braid on the bottom of a skirt, sews up a ripped pocket, mends and cleans gloves, replaces missing buttons on shoes or clothing, puts bureau drawers in order, and straightens out things generally. She combs her employer's hair, curls her bangs, cleans her riding habit and does the thousand and one odd jobs that a woman must either do herself or have done for her by some other person. In addition to this, the visiting maid dresses ladies for dinners, balls, operas and other entertainments. Appointments are made with this useful creature, just the same as with the dentist. Her busiest time is when the birds of fine plumage are going to the watering places; then she has her hands full packing their trunks.

"I know of one or two women who are packers only and are always employed. Many travelling actresses do not carry with them a maid, and when they come to New York they are glad to hire their trunks unpacked and packed for them. Another class who patronize the packers are business women from all over the country who come to New York to buy goods—millinery and the like. Such goods as are not sent direct from the store are taken charge of by the professional packer, who is known or recommended to the person who employs her. Packers are in great demand in New York to help in the May movings.

"A number of woman reporters were sent from New York to Washington to attend the women's convention which lately met there. These writers were busy up to the moment of taking the train, and called in the packers even to pack their hand-bags. As they expected to stay some time they also took trunks, and the packer reaped a harvest, for when packing has to be done in a hurry the charge is increased. A packer will meet a woman at the station with her trunk and ticket ready, so that the employer has only to step on the train. When one is summoned to leave town in a hurry—in case, for instance, of the sudden sickness or death of a friend or relative—the services of the female packer are most valuable."

A visiting maid was found who discoursed about her duties in this wise:

"First, let me tell you," she said, "that the rich understand and frequently practice small economies; therefore you will believe me when I tell you that I have plenty to do just in cutting down gloves for fashionable women. A society girl in the course of a season of balls and parties will wear several dozens of mousquetaire gloves, which cost at the very least $3 a pair. The light-tinted ones are never worn more than once to a party, but are turned over to me. I cut them down from shoulder to street length, hem and clean or dye them (by a process of my own), and return them ready for outdoor wear. For this I charge 75 cents a pair.

"Dresses I give to the regular people to be dyed or cleaned, for cleaning and dyeing are often required not so much as a matter of economy, but because sometimes a woman may fancy a certain costume and dislike to throw it aside after wearing it once, merely because a glass of wine has been spilled upon it, or a bit of butter dropped on it, or something else which spoils it. The lady writes to me to call for the dress. I do so, carrying a dressmaker's empty box in which I take away the costume. I take it to be cleaned or dyed according to instructions, and return it in the same box, because a fashionable woman would not have a cleaner's parcel left at her door. The box looks as if I were bringing her a new dress. If the dress doesn't please her, if in cleaning it is faded, or hasn't taken the dye well, why she usually gives it to me, so it happens that I seldom have to buy a gown for myself.

"I used to go to ladies' houses," continued the maid, "and work by the day—usually for $3 a day and my meals. But owing to my specialties I do my work at home now. Glove-cutting is one of these specialties. Another is doctoring silk stockings. Some women have such tender feet that they cannot wear darned stockings, although I can darn them so that they ought not to hurt. Sometimes I put new feet to old legs, making the feet out of the legs of other stockings. When they cannot be repaired for the woman's use I cut them down for the little girls. Often I have dozens and dozens of silk stockings to remake in this way for one family.

"Another specialty of mine is mending lace, but with the going out of lace-trimmed white underclothing I have not so much of that to do, though the mending of black lace dresses almost makes up for it."

"My work is nearly all of it done on my knees," said a little woman, upon the carpet of whose room was spread a clean sheet, pinned down at the edges.

Upon the sheet was spread a large semi-circular cloak of cloth of gold. It was a priest's cope, to which she was putting the last stitches. The splendor of the vestment contrasted strangely with the common furniture of the room.

"The cope must be cut out on the floor," she went on, "and, of course I must kneel to do that. Nearly all of it must also be sewed on the floor, or else it would sag and bag around the edges. It takes a long time to make a cope, because it is such particular work. The pay for making one is fairly good, but as a cope lasts a long time I do not make much at it. There are few in the business—in fact I believe I am the only woman in New York who makes a specialty of this. I make other ecclesiastical vestments, which fortunately for me are not so durable, or I could not keep my head above water."

The maker of priestly robes would not disclose her prices.

Spanish Politeness.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The Spanish lover has a very pretty way of saying, "I throw myself at your feet, senorita." Of course he does nothing of the kind. The Spanish hostess says to her friends, "Possess yourself of my house, it is all yours," but she does not expect them to take actual possession. The words are the flower of chivalry. But an occasional visit takes these polite people at their word, and they are too polite to explain the mistake.

When Gen. and Mrs. Grant were in Cuba they were invited to dine at the palace of the governor-general in Havana. In the evening a ball was given, which was attended by the beauty of the city.

Among the senoritas was one lady who stood conversing with the American general's wife. She was superbly dressed and carried a marvellous fan which had descended to her from her great-grandmother. It was a costly affair of carving, lace and diamonds. Mrs. Grant admired it, upon which the Spanish lady at once handed it to her with the usual remark: "It is yours, madame, with the greatest felicity. Do me the great favor to possess yourself of it." Mrs. Grant was delighted; she warmly thanked the lady and kept the fan, nor would the dismayed senorita, who had lost an heirloom, permit the mistake to be announced.

FRESH EGGS.

The Customer Had a Sure Way of Testing Them, but the Grocer Found It Objectionable in Some Respects.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Sure these eggs are fresh?" inquired a man with a basket on his arm, peering into an oblong box in a grocery store on Chicago av. yesterday morning and looking suspiciously at the proprietor.

"Certainly, sir," answered the latter. "Those eggs are perfectly fresh. They're from the country."

"What are they worth?"

"Twenty-five cents a dozen, and I don't make a cent on them at that."

"If you had any right fresh city eggs I think I'd rather have 'em," observed the customer, doubtfully. "Tell you what I'll do. If you'll let me test a dozen or so by a way of my own, and they turn out to be all right, I'll give you 50 cents a dozen for them. If any are a little too subsequent, as it were, you give me the dozen for nothing. How does that strike you?"

"I guess it's a go," said the grocer, after a moment's reflection.

"I have the privilege of testing the entire dozen?"

"Certainly."

"In my own way?"

"Yes."

"That's right. Please stand still a moment."

Whiz! An egg thrown with terrific force just grazed the grocer's ear and broke with awful effect on a pile of baking powder cans on the counter.

"You moved a little," said the customer, considerably vexed, putting his basket down and picking up another egg. "I'll—"

"Hold on!" shouted the proprietor. "What are you doing?"

"Testing the eggs. In my own way. That one was all right, anyhow. I have my doubts about this one, though."

And he drew back to throw it.

"Stop!" yelled the excited grocer, dodging behind a potato barrel, "or I'll call the police!"

"They won't touch me. I'm an Elmer Washburn man. Stand out a little, please."

"Say," called out the grocer in an appealing tone. "Let's compromise this thing. Take the eggs for 20 cents!"

"I'd prefer to pay 50 cents for them if they are sound."

"Take 'em for 15!"

"That's unreasonable. If this one I've got hold of now turns out to be bad I get a dozen for nothing. See? Stand out a little, if you please."

"Look here!" said the grocer, despairingly, "you can have 'em for 10—five—two and a half! Take a couple of dozen for nothing and go!"

"H'm! That seems fair," mused the customer, putting the egg back in the oblong box and picking up his basket, "but, Christopher Columbus! I don't want any eggs. I only wanted to introduce my new way of testing them. See you again some time. Good morning."

"PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HATS."

A Little Man Works a Theatrical Reform Trick in a Neat Manner.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The theatre was crowded. The curtain had just risen. Jewels flashed, gay plumes on wondrous headdresses fluttered in the heated air, costly fans waved slowly to and fro, and the fashionable audience turned its eyes and opera glasses toward the stage and settled into the hush and expectation that precedes the opening of the play when the experienced stage manager has waited considerably for all the late comers to be seated before the bell taps for the curtain to rise.

In a conspicuous location about half-way between the orchestra and the front seats of the parquet circle were three ladies, who had come in unattended about five minutes before. They were noticeable for the wide, flaring, umbrageous hats they wore. Directly behind them sat a nervous-looking, despairing man, who was making wild but fruitless efforts to see the stage; the wide hats, with their wealth of tropical bird foliage, hid everything he wanted to see from his view. In vain he wriggled and squirmed and craned his neck from side to side. The hats were too large, too close together, and too richly upholstered.

Apparently unconscious that he was attracting the attention of everybody in his neighborhood and bringing the ladies in front of him into unpleasant prominence he persevered till sounds of ill-suppressed laughter were heard on all sides of him. Then he settled himself back in his chair with a world-weary sigh, but the next moment took advantage of a lull in the performance on the stage to lean forward and address one of the ladies, the one who sat in the middle.

"Madam," said he in a loud whisper, "I beg pardon, but it is utterly impossible for me to see through your hat and the Lord made me too small to see over it. If you will kindly remove it you will make a wretched man happy for a whole evening."

The 40 or 50 persons who were looking on saw the lady remove her hat at once, turn round and smilingly beg his pardon. They saw the other two ladies take off their hats also, and the example became instantly contagious. Ten or a dozen other enormous hats came off within the next half minute, much to the relief of the sufferers directly behind them. Then the star of the evening stepped on the stage and the attention of the audience was attracted to the performance again.

The details of this pleasing little incident are given in full for the purpose of explaining to those who witnessed it that the affair was prearranged.

The lady whom that man addressed was his wife and the other two were his sisters.

Aiming with a Revolver.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Capt. J. Forman, 13th Infantry, says: "It is a peculiar fact that very few men, even accomplished shots, know how a revolver ought to be handled. Nearly all are taught to aim a revolver as if it were a rifle; that is, by bringing the object aimed at and the fore and hind sights into line. This is all well enough for shooting-gallery practice, but should never be followed in the field.

In training troops to use the revolver they are taught, in aiming, never to look at the weapon at all, but to keep their eyes on the object to be struck. In quick firing, and especially in shooting from horseback, much better results are obtained in this way. A man throwing a stone does not look at his hand; neither does a billiard player sight along his cue."

The same rules apply to the use of short weapons. I have seen men trained to shoot excellently at a mark when they could not see their pistol sights at all. Pieces of pasteboard were fastened just in front of the cylinders, which effectually prevented the men from using their foresights, and greatly increased the rapidity, as well as the accuracy of their fire.

"Nearly any one can sight a pistol correctly, the inaccuracy of the aim being due to trembling of the hands before the trigger is pressed. By hiding the sight the temptation to hold too long is removed, and the first aim, generally the most accurate, is preserved.

He Found It Again.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Master Tommy went into the room where his sister was entertaining her beau.

"Oh, you've found it again, haven't you, Mr. Smith," he said.

"Found what, Tommy," asked Mr. Smith, blandly.

"Your head; sister said you lost your head last night when you popped to her."

Awful silence, followed by Master Tommy's retreat from the room.

It Makes a Difference.

[Judge.]

Mrs. Fogg—Goodness mercy! The new dining-room carpet is ruined. Somebody has spilled a whole lot of oil and made a great big grease spot in the centre of it.

Mr. Fogg—You must have done it yourself, mother, when you filled the lamp.

Mrs. Fogg—Oh, perhaps I did; never mind; I guess it will evaporate.

Encouragement of Science.

[Judge.]

Inventor—Sire, here is a sample of my new bomb-proof overcoat.

The Czar—Put it on and let me pelt you with a few of 'em.

Not the Happiest Way of Putting It.

[Judge.]

(Guests just leaving.)

Professor—I fear dot I gome doo late.

Affable young hostess—Ah, no, professor; you cannot come too late.

WEATHER LORE.

Old Probabilities Ran to Rhyme in Early Days.

Some of the Signs of the Skies and Their Accepted Significance.

Today the Weather Prognosticators Give More Accurate Forecasts.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Long before there was any meteorological bureau to enlighten the world with its scientific predictions, people had begun to study the face of the sky, the shifting of the wind, and the changes of the moon, and to embody the results of their observations in rough and ready rhymes and proverbs for the guidance of themselves and those who should follow in their steps. Whence and how these snatches of antique lore first arose, it is generally difficult, and often quite impossible, to state with any certainty; but there they are in all their quaintness and crudity, stamped with the seal and mark of reverent age. In ancient days they were passed from mouth to mouth, and from generation to generation, and were everywhere received with respect, and acted upon without hesitation, and though the growth of that wider knowledge, which is characteristic of our times, has brought most of them into disrepute, some few still hold their sway even today, more especially among the uncultivated in the outlying districts of the land.

One of the most widespread and popular of these old weather superstitions was that which attached a peculiar and miraculous importance to two particular days in the year. The first of these was Jan. 25, known in the calendar as St. Paul's day, from the fact that this is the alleged anniversary of the conversion of the great apostle to the gentiles. The vulgar opinion was that from the aspect of the weather on this day, prognostications might safely be made for the whole subsequent course of the year. "If," says a very old writer, referring to this subject, "it be a fair day, it will be a pleasant year; if it be windy, there will be wars; if cloudy, it doth foreshow the plague that year;" while a Shepherd's Almanack, dating back to the year 1676, further informs us that if on that day there were mist, there would be famine in the coming months; and if thunder, then high winds and great mortality.

These opinions, as usual, found expression in verse. For instance, there was an old Latin stanza which was very popular, and of which the following lines form one of several English versions:

If St. Paul's day be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars will trouble our realm full oft;
And if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain!

Even more important for the weather-wise of the past was the 15th of July, a day which, as the feast of St. Swithin, is even today by no means shorn of all of its former reputation. In England, at all events, it is not unusual to hear people of some pretense to education, frequently in joke, perhaps, but sometimes partly in earnest, remark that as St. Swithin's day is wet or dry (as the case may be), so for 40 days thereafter there would be a continuance of the same kind of weather. Thus the old rhyme ran:

St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain no more.

Unfortunately for the value of the old-time tradition as regards both this and St. Paul's day, it has to be remembered that, owing to the alterations in our calendar, the festivals of the two great saints have not continuously fallen upon the same days. We are therefore driven to ask with Horace Walpole, whether the old proverbs can possibly be made to fit the new calendar, and whether St. Swithin and St. Paul would be likely to be accommodating enough to bring themselves and the atmospheric arrangements into keeping with the requirements of modern astronomical calculations.

But for those—if any such should read these lines—who are possessed of any lingering faith in the value and trustworthiness of such oracular utterances, it may be well to add that it has been experimentally proved to demonstration that the popular belief has not the most meager vestige of foundation in fact. In the strict tally kept for 20 years at Greenwich observatory, England, it was shown that in no case was the proverbial statement borne out. In the years when St. Swithin's day was wet, the highest number of wet days was 26, and the lowest 13; and in the years when it was dry, the highest number of rainy days 29, and the lowest 12. These curious figures speak for themselves. Did we not know how blindly men and women will ever cling to the old traditions and superstitions of their childhood, we might indeed suppose that in face of these absolute certainties the well-worn legend about St. Swithin would die a natural death. But it takes a great deal more than ascertained and proven facts to shake the faith of some people, as daily experience shows.

But when our forefathers were content to limit themselves to a less extensive field of prophetic vision—when, instead of undertaking to settle the weather for weeks or months beforehand, they simply attempted to provide against the changes immediately approaching, they were a great deal more successful. Many of the wise laws upon which they placed such implicit reliance are not to be laughed at or thrown aside with scorn, based though they were not upon scientific data or reasoning, but on simple observation and experience. Everybody, I suppose, is familiar with the curt little verse which runs:

A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight.

But not every one who repeats it is aware that the statement which it contains is capable of scientific verification. So, too, with such common adages as

If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure the rain will fall apace.

And

Evening red and morning gray
Set the traveller on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head.

Are something more than old wives' fables, for they embody at least a rough approximation to established truth. Both of these latter proverbs, indeed, seem to be fashioned directly upon words found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, where we read (chapter xvi.): "In the morning ye say it will be foul weather today, for the sky is red and lowering;" and, again "When it is evening ye say it will be fair weather, for the sun is red."

It is not always, however, even at the present day, that people are willing to content themselves with such comparatively safe prognostications as these, and many others of the same which might be mentioned. They desire, if possible, to make certain of the weather a long time in advance; and hence the prophetic almanacs which have long enjoyed, and still continue to enjoy, so extensive a popularity. One may smile at the quiet audacity of the reader of the future who does not hesitate to predict on the 1st of December of one year the precise state of the atmosphere on the 1st of December in the year to come; but it is an amazing instance of the gullibility of the great public that there are still so many people ready to take such statements seriously. All such pretended forecasts are of course matters of guess work merely. By a happy chance the prophet may be now and then correct, but it is hardly needful to add that he is far more often wrong than right.

In these strictures, however, we must not be understood to include such weather forecasts as are published daily in our papers. These may, indeed, be often more or less wide of the mark (the present writer once suffered a terrible soaking in consequence of placing entire faith in the newspaper promise of a fine day); but it has to be remembered that at present scientific meteorology is in its infancy. The day may come when we may foretell a tempest with the same certainty as an eclipse. In the meantime anyone who takes the trouble to study our present daily forecasts with something like regularity, will, I believe, find cause for astonishment in their general and often detailed accuracy.

The Koh-i-noor.

[Detroit Free Press.]

This jewel, so brilliant and massive as to be called the "Mountain of Light," now glistens in the crown of Queen Victoria. Perhaps few treasures have passed through greater vicissitudes. Its origin is lost in the mists of legendary antiquity. It had fallen into the hands of the early Turkish invaders of India, and from them passed to the moguls. "My son," said the famous conqueror of Baber, "has won a jewel from the Rajah which is valued at half the expenses of the whole world!"

Later on, a Persian conqueror, seeing it gleaming in the turban of Baber's descendant, exclaimed with rough and somewhat costly humor, "We will be friends, let us change our turbans in pledge of friendship." The exchange, it need hardly be said, was made. From Persian, the jewel was passed by conquest to Afghan hands. Shah Sooja, being an exile and a prisoner among the Sikhs, was in return relieved of the jewel by Runjeet Sing.

This prince on his deathbed was almost persuaded by a wily Brahmin to make his salvation certain by sending the treasure to adorn the idol of Juggernaut. After the British wars with the Sikhs and the annexation of the Punjaub under the Laurences, the stone found its way into the possession of the Punjaub board, and finally into the Tower of London, where the crown jewels are kept.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Maze.

[Clinton Scollard.]

Her nature is so like a maze,
With lovely windings out and in,
That he must deftly thread his way
Who would her fairest favors win.

Ah, that the kindly god of love,
Who knows this maze's every part,
Would grant to me the clue thereof,
And show me how to reach her heart!

Beyond the Mist.

[Charles Henry Luders in the Times-Democrat.]

Beyond the mist, beyond the rain,
My ships are sailing o'er the main,
Their white sails hidden from my eyes
By fogs that soon or late must rise,
Showing the canvas flushed with rose
Like eve-illumined mountain snows.

And though life's sea its curtain slips
'Twixt me and my beloved ships,
I still remember that they bear
Cargoes to comfort me in care—
Hopes, loves, ambitions, dreams, desires,
Whose barks may glow in sunset fires.

Which?

[Oscar Fay Adams in Harper's Weekly.]

Oh, which were best, and who would dare to choose
Between the friend who holds you as his life,
Counting all effort worthless if his strife
Win from you no fond word, content to lose
All else but you; or him you know no ruse
Of time can part your soul from, and no knife
Of fate dissever, though all tongues be rife
With tales of slander his fair fame to bruise?

Oh, which were best—to give or to receive?
To love or to be loved? To take alway,
Or stand with gifts of love before the gate
Of one beloved? Ah, curious heart, believe
All love wins love, and choice were foolish play
In this. These two are one or soon or late.

Roses and Memories.

[C. A. Dawson in Chambers' Journal.]

Gloam and a grayness as of breaking night
Till the June day wakens, till the hush
Breaks into song of throstle, and the lush
Long grasses stir and quiver, dewy bright.

A world of dusky crimsons, with the white
Snow petals budding, and the fragrant blush
Of the moss rose—an ever-deepening flush
Of flowers that wait the love-kiss of the light.

So breaks the morn of roses; but, alas!
Dead Junes have left their memories, a flower
Pressed between storied leaves, a twist of grass
Once fitted to my finger in that bower
Of twilight blooms. Oh love! though youth must pass,
Life holds the mem'ry of that golden hour.

The Beauty Spot.

[Detroit Free Press.]

In good Queen Anne's age, wise and witty
When ruled the Muses and the Graces,
The ladies deemed it sweetly pretty
To wear black patches on their faces.

'Tis such a patch that I am spying
Upon the dimpled chin of Alice,
As if a drop of ink were lying
Within a lily's snowy chalice.

Beshrew the thought that comes a' stealing,
Hinting that there's an imperfection,
Which that black segment is concealing
In her most beautiful complexion.

I've thought anon when I've reflected
Its being there is accidental;
It has no use that I've detected,
Nor do I think it ornamental.

Then why is it the chin adorning?
And what—if aught—does it betoken?
It must be Alice is in mourning
For all the hearts that she has broken.

Summer Sweets.

[Frank Leslie's Newspaper.]

"Sweets to the sweet," the poets say,
So I gave my love some posies.
The breath of the languorous summer lay
In the hearts of the damask roses;
The red carnation hung down its head
As if wooing her soft caresses.
And the coreopsis looked pale and dead
By the side of her golden tresses,

"Sweets to the sweet,"—and I gathered pinks,
Their fiery hearts ashining.
Around their stems the braided links
Of clover and gold thread twining.
I wove her a chaplet of maiden hair,
To wear on her dainty bonnet,
And gave her a lily, pure and fair,
With dewdrops sprinkled upon it.

"Sweets to the sweet," I whispered low,
As I dropped in her lap each token,
And begged that she would not answer "no"
To the question my eyes had spoken.
The red blood rushed to her brow and cheek,
As, with the scarlet lips a-quiver,
She said, "If the flowers could only speak,
They would tell you I love the giver."

I Love You So.

[George Frederick Lyman.]

Amid the hurrying snow
I saw you first.
Your deep dark eyes aglow
With warmth. With heart athirst
I waited for the spring,
That with new life might grow
Some subtle thing
To let you know
My heart must burst;
I loved you so.

Backward spring came round.
Then summer, too,
And not a song or sound
But made me dream of you.
The doubtful summer flew,
And o'er the leafy ground
Came lonely walks.
With head bent low,
My heart spoke in these talks,
I loved you so.

And now, in Leafy Fall,
'Tis time you knew,
So let the dead leaves fall;
Rustling as our feet push thro',
They speak my love to you,
And darling, this I know:
Whate'er fate bids me do,
Tho' seasons come and go,
I'll only dream of you,
I love you so.

'Long in Sugar-Makin' Time.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

Ever' feller has some season that his feelin' likes the best,
Maybe summer, maybe winter, that he thinks beats all the rest;
But the days that makes my droopin' spirits jest git up and climb
Air the dyin' days uv winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.

Then the little birds is singin' tuning up their little throats,
Thinkin' uv the comin' harvest, uv the corn and wheat and oats,
An' the tinklin' uv the sheep bells, with the ringin' cow bells' chime,
In the dyin' days uv winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.

Then the little lambs are playin' an' a-caperin' around,
An' the first blue johnny-jump-ups are a-peepin' thro' the ground,
An' the thawed-out branch flows happy, kinder singin' in a rhyme,
In the dyin' days uv winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.

Ever'thing, both dead an' livin', twixt the earth an' sky above,
Seems so smilin' an' so pleasin', as it all had fell in love;
So, fur me, this side uv heaven, there can't be no fairer clime
Than the dyin' days uv winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.

Spring Song.

[Graham R. Tomson in Scribner's Magazine.]

So many ways to wander in,
So many lands to see!
The west wind blows through the orchard-close,
And the white clouds wander free;
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

And it's oh, for the wide world, far away,
'Tis there I fain would be,
For it calls me, claims me, the livelong day,
Sweet with the sounds and the scents of May,
And the wind in the linden tree;
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

"Far and far, in the distance dim,
Thy fortune waiteth thee"—
I know not where, but the world is fair
With many a strange countrie;
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

So many ways I may never win,
Skies I may never see!
Oh, woodways sweet for the vagrant feet,
What may not come to be?
What do they sing in the heart of spring?
And where do they beckon me?

Farewell, farewell, to my father's house!
Farewell, true love, to thee!
Dear, and dear, are the kind hearts here,
And dear mine own roof-tree—
But the wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

EMMA SHERIDAN OBJECTS.

The Leading Actress of the Museum

Says a Woman Should Spend $400 a Year for Dress if She Can Afford It.

Mothers, Wives and Sweethearts on Mysteries of the Wardrobe.

TO THE Editor of The Weekly Globe: Its well enough to talk economy but its idiocy to call $40, $400 or $4000 economy.

It's economy to dress according to the requirements of your life.

The more completely you do this, and the more advisedly you do it, the better economy it will be.

The more nearly your income suits the requirements of your position, the less skrinching you will have to do. Four hundred dollars puts the same wrinkle between one woman's eyes that $40 puts between another woman's.

One woman keeps house for her husband, another woman works with him, another entertains for him and appears for him. One woman superintends her house, has her own business hours and her round of clubs, receptions and teas.

One girl works all day in a shop, has her Sunday at home, goes out now and then of an evening, and sometimes goes to a party.

Another girl works in a factory all day, and works half the night and Sunday, too.

One woman's life requires gowns for house, for calls, for teas, for balls, for coaching trips, for yachting, for theatre, and so on. Another, God help her! needs only a a change of work dresses and a nightgown.

Why talk forty dollars to any of these women?

Talk dressing according to your station and your income if you choose. Talk the outrage of a man dressing himself and his wife on different scales. Talk the economy of having the right gowning for the right occasion. Talk all that and more of the same sort if you like, but don't talk $40 to anybody. You will give one woman hysterics at the thought of so much, you will turn another stark mad at so little.

Think of talking $40 to an actress, for instance!

E. Sheridan.

Boston, April 5.

On the Servant Girl Basis.

I have had girls in my kitchen in whom I have taken great interest, and not only advised but helped them to dress so that they could lay aside a part of their wages for that old grim tyrant, "Time of need;" or to send help home. Their dresses have been bought at bargain counters and the findings at wholesale. My daughters and seamstresses have made them. I have given the girl at times boots, slippers, aprons, caps, ribbons, etc., which all amount to about $15 a year. And to dress neatly it still costs them over $40.

I have no doubt it can be done, but I should be sorry to have a "new arrival," or a common, everyday kitchen girl be obliged to try it. She would have to be extra clever and smart.

A real good, steady girl can, at $3 a week, save in one year about $60. Her personal expenses will be about $100, and then she must take very good care of her clothing.

I do not think that those who advocate $40 a year so strongly can have kept a strict account of their personal expenses for 10 years and averaged it. Because they could do it one or two years, that is no reason they could do it the rest of their natural lives.

I have purposely taken a kitchen girl for my model, because she can wear faded, worn and patched dresses at her rough work, also old shoes; but a mistress who goes shabbily attired (can she help it?) before her help or husband does not receive the respect due her.

Be content, those who can do such almost impossible things, to do them and receive the compliments of your intimate friends.

I expect by my above remarks I have called vials of wrath down on my gray head, and that if the writer of the "hoity toity girls" could catch me she would give me a "piece of her mind," in spite of the fact that I am old enough to be her mother. J. J. L.

Dorchester.

"Flummeries" Dear to Her Heart."

We girls are not all built on the same plan. Many of us cannot make our own dresses and hats—first, because we have not time; second, because we have no talent for the work. I am a bookkeeper, and have neither the time nor the talent. I don't think I buy any unnecessary clothing, but my bill for underclothes, hose, boots, slippers, rubbers and gloves would consume that whole $40. I believe in having more than two suits of underwear, and I want "flummeries" on mine, and I'm not a hoity-toity girl either. "Flummeries" are dear to every true woman's heart, and I couldn't do without them; and wouldn't if I could.

I would like to meet "A Newburyport Girl" and shake hands with her. Then I would join with her in giving the woman who first started this absurd question a piece of my mind. I know just the kind of woman who dresess on $40 a year. She is the woman John Colton is looking for, perhaps has found, but if he allows her $40 a year now, he will soon think that too much and cut her down to $20.

It is really amusing to hear a man talk about something that he doesn't know the A. B. C. of yet. I am sure all the lady readers of The Globe last Sunday, felt obliged to John for "going straight for the bull's eye, and settling this business." I can't see, however, that he has settled anything as yet, except one fact, that when he marries he wants a cook and laundress, and not a companion. I should pity the woman who had the misfortune to marry a small souled man like him; in these days, a man with brains wants a companion in life, a woman who understands and can converse on the topics of the day, superintend her household duties and still find time to "thump" on the piano and read the last new books. Let me tell John that we girls can do more than one thing, and do it well. I myself keep books, still I can cook, iron, make beds, cut and make my own under clothes and "thump" on the piano, and there are hundreds of girls in my own city that can do the same.

John expects to have a woman to have as much skill at 20 as his mother has at 50. Now let us ask him if he is ready to do all the little things that are needful to be done around a house, set up stoves, clean out sink pipes, put up a few hooks or a shelf, take up and put down the carpets, hang pictures, put up curtains, split the wood and dig up the flowergarden. No; I will tell you what he does: he hires a man; but does his wife hire any help? Oh, no; she must wash, iron, cook, clean paint and windows, take care of the children, do all their sewing, make all her own clothes, sew on all her lord's buttons, and perhaps black his boots. I think she would be able to dress on $40 a year, for she never would have time to go anywhere. That is the kind of marriage that I call a failure.

Girls, take my advice; don't be $40 women and don't marry a John Colten. Rather live a life of single blessedness and impress on your brothers that if they can't afford to give their wives more than $40 a year to dress on they can't afford to marry; and, girls, keep on "thumping" the piano; the man that is worth marrying will be glad to have you. A Lynn Girl.

"Make Her Confess on Bended Knees."

I see some of the ladies give an itemized bill of their expenditures, and try to convince us in that way, but I know by experience how ladies, as a general thing, keep account of the many little things which she buys. She forgets to set down about half of what she buys. So I expect did the fair ones who kept, or thought they kept, account, and it didn't exceed over $40.

I can talk better than write, and wouldn't my tongue fly if I could only meet one of these females who favor the absurd question of $40 a year!

Even a child of 9 years (as The Globe of last Sunday shows) can only dress decently upon the sum of $42, and when you come to think of a woman's dressing stylishly on $40, it's one of the most absurd things on record.

If, in the first place, this question had applied to a woman's dressing on $40, just dressing, to say nothing of style, why, then, there would have been no contradiction among us women; for a woman can dress on that and less, but to dress and look stylish, that's what makes us get into such a fierce mood, and its lucky for her (who says she can do it) that she does not give her full name, for there would soon be a panic in her house.

I am only waiting for her full name, that I may avail myself of the opportunity of meeting that female, though she be 500 miles from here, and make her confess on her bended knees that she is under some delusion.

In A. A. C.'s letter of last Sunday I was greatly pleased. I can picture to myself that young woman whom she refers to who says she can do the dress act in style on $40. I can see that blue dress, etc., etc., and that was no doubt the best the poor girl could look.

As to frills and tucks on ladies' clothes, well, I don't care for too many, but just the same, my dear females, you all like to look at pretty underwear, and all who can have it, too, don't you?

After reading of the objection to frills and laces, I happened to notice an article in The Globe, "Two Pretty Night Dresses." I read it, and I thought now how many of the ladies would not like to possess one of those charming night dresses. They who say they would'nt are like the fox and the grapes. Sour grapes.

If any more females want to still say they can dress stylish on $40, for my sake don't say it, for I am just on the point of doing something desperate, and I may get angry with the editor of The Sunday Globe for allowing your side of the question to go into print.

I say you can't, and why won't you let a little common sense settle the question.

A Married Woman.

Providence, April 1.

A Man Thinks $40 Princely.

I have read with much interest your many articles on what it costs per year to dress a woman, and from my view of the matter they are revelling in luxury. That is, if I had $40 per year to dress on I should think myself a prince. I herewith enclose the figures of what it costs to dress a man, and dress him well, for a year:

One suit mixed goods of medium weight bought at any reliable store	$8.00
One overcoat, marked down sale	5.00
Two pair shoes (samples) at $1	2.00
Two white shirts at 50 cents each	1.00
One box paper collars, reversible	.25
One hat	1.00
One hat (charity)	.00
Three pair socks	.25
Two sets underwear	1.50
One extra pair pants	1.00
Two neckties	.25
One pair overalls, to be worn at work	.25
Washing, etc	1.50
Total	$22.00

Of course I have not included the cost of theatres, concerts, smoking, etc., as I do not indulge in such things myself, and can see no use for the same. Should the young man wish to get married, he should find a partner in life who can live within the means allotted to himself, and not become extravagant or allow her to spend $18 per year more than is necessary.

I have mentioned a hat given by charity, supposing all employers are as liberal as my own.

I have not allowed but two shirts, but I don't expect him to wear them to work, but button the paper collar previously worn on the Sunday to his undershirt, covering the same with necktie. Cuffs are useless and can be dispensed with unless some friend richer than yourself will present you with a pair. Charles H. Leonard.

Roxbury, April 9.

"Fine Feathers, Fine Birds."

So far as I have read, no one takes into account the different spheres a woman's work may lay in. The shop girl, always so "nice," can purchase her underwear, gowns, hats or gloves, at nearly one-half what her sister can who works in the manufactory, or some workman's home, who has to trot up and down stairs all day long without one minute to call her own. The old saying, that "Fine feathers make fine birds," I take decided exceptions to.

Not that I don't admire or appreciate the same—quite the contrary. But so few use either taste or judgment in dressing themselves. A man can dress on less a year than a woman, and not attract so much attention, either.

A man that cannot afford to do any better by a good woman than the inferences drawn from an article signed by one John Colton had better emigrate to Africa.

But it does seem wrong to put $20 or more into a dress and see it on one pulled all askew. I have not much faith in $10 dresses as laid down by "E. G. G." It don't cost any more to properly make up a good dress than a cheap one, as the cost of making is equal to the price of the goods, and, if it has any care at all, will give a good return for money invested.

No two women can get the same result out of a given amount of money no more than two business men can make the same amount of profits to a given amount invested. So let those of my lady readers who have plenty to do with have a little charity for their less fortunate sisters in this world's goods, and, my gentlemen readers, spend a little more of your time and means in your own homes instead of taking sudden business trips to New York or Portland, in which you often never get further than Boston limits.

The gist of the whole question is, when properly condensed, are the wives properly clothed? considering what they have to do with. In my opinion a good woman is worth a deal more than they have or get credit for in many cases. How a neat, nice, tidy woman can consent to tie up with man whose mouth is full of tobacco from bed rise to bed-time, is more than I can see. I don't think if I had a good wife that I should try any 40-cent racket, was not brought up that way, and if I had, I think that common sense would have taught me better. W. A. H.

Lowell, April 7.

"Men Who Can't Earn $40 a Year."

I work in a store all day and am very tired at night, yet I have sat up many a night until 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning sewing, because I was determined to be neatly dressed. I have had many compliments on my nice-fitting and well-made dresses, yet when I count the dollars I have paid the doctors on account of my overwork I cannot advise you to go and do likewise. I think it might be economy to pay the dressmaker.

"Sensible thinker and well-wisher" thinks he can dress a woman well with 10 yards of 15-cent goods. I would like to see him try it; and furthermore I should be pleased to see him at a reception where there were ladies tastefully dressed (not expensively) and also girls dressed in 15-cent goods. I think he would find there would be an undefinable something about the well-dressed girl that would attract and hold his attention in preference to the other.

The men seem to think they have a special right to find fault with the girls. I will not deny that many deserve censure, but, on the other hand, stop a moment and glance at the majority of the young men in out midst. What inducement is there for a girl to marry them? To be sure they have a tall hat and cane, and smoke cigarettes, but how many of them have a dollar in the bank or are even capable of earning $40 a year beside their own expenses.

Boston, April 2. Store Girl.

Look Into Her Closet.

One can dress upon $40 a year, and some years much less than that. Of course, I am not supposing one to be naked when she begins; if so, $40 would not supply her needs.

I haven't had a brand new gown for two years. Give me $40 today and I will put by $30 of it and still be more than presentable. My closet shows today two all-wool tea gowns, one plush and wool suit—original cloth bought four years ago—and without spot or stain, two silks, two satines, three calico wrappers and one outing cloth costume. With a little work in the fixing over line I am content.

Expense for shoes this year will be but $1.20; have just bought a pair of kid button at that price. This pair, with what I have on hand, will be sufficient for one year. My head and hands are only left to cover, and a small sum will suffice.

Both summer and winter flannels always wear me two seasons, and are then given away, and a young girl gets the third season's wear.

Last week I gave away two white skirts that were made for my wedding outfit 16 years ago.

Now don't say "I pity the skirts or the receiver," for I am at present wearing one out of that lot, and my washwoman washing another, with even the lace (hand made) as good as ever upon it.

My dear sisters and fond mothers, when you remove a garment, don't toss it down, dust and all, and let it lie four hours. Shake it well, or brush, if necessary, to remove the dust, then hang up at once. You all know how to eat without slobbering; it is just as easy to cook without slobbering also.

Now, it isn't possible for all to dress upon $40 per year. Where one could wear a wrapper two years without spot or tear, another would have it ruined in two weeks.

Now just a word to that big woman. Spare your pity for the little women. We do not need it. I am not even a 95—but a 92 to a 94-pound piece of humanity.

I am not ashamed of my avoirdupois. I was taught years ago, "the best material comes done up in small bundles." I am not ashamed of my small understanding, for my brains do not lay in my feet. A. B. C.

Curious Natural Funnels.

[Denver News.]

The mountain canyons play curious pranks with the weather of towns situated at their entrance. In Boulder one day the sky was bright, the sun was shining serenely and the air was absolutely without motion. It was a perfect morning. About 10 o'clock a strange roar could be heard afar off in the mountains. For half an hour it grew louder and louder, but not a breath of air stirred the dust on the streets of the town.

Then there came a rush of wind that almost took men off their feet. For an hour dust, sticks and scraps of paper were hurled with blinding force. Locomotion was nearly impossible. Then the wind lessened, the atmosphere cleared, and in a few moments the day was as placid as though the great mountains had given no manifestation of their mysterious force.

The canyons act as funnels. They gather the wind in the big end, as it were, and shoot it out through the little end with its power multiplied a dozen times. It's a startling freak until you are used to it.

FOUR KINDS OF DRESS

Which May Revolutionize Woman's Wear.

Ella Wheeler, Jenness-Miller, Chancie De Witt and Miss Seymour,

Have Tried Them, and Are Eloquent Over the Merits or Demerits of Each.

O you wear—knickerbockers? Thousands of women do!

Dress reform, like every other revolution, comes slow, yet women are nearer success in achieving it than ever before. It has been agitated for the last 25 years, from the ugly bloomer costume and Dr. Mary Walker's unmanly pantaloons to Mme. Jenness-Miller's divided skirt, and yet none of these have become popular. While the divided skirt has been more favored than the others, still it is impracticable, and only suitable for the professional dancer, who imitates the famous Gaiety actress, Letty Lind.

SHE WEARS KNICKERBOCKERS.

But no such complaint can be lodged against knickerbockers.

First clothe the body in a suit of silken undergarments, which are not only luxurious but warm, then put on stockings of the same texture, and you are ready for the knickerbockers, which are exactly like those worn by men.

Many discard the corset altogether in the house and fasten the cute little trousers by suspenders, just like the "lords of creation" do theirs. Then, to finish the picturesque get-up, a blouse waist fastened sailorwise is added, which is comfortable to a degree and decidedly taking, and you are dressed in a twinkling and ready to read, write or sew with infinitely more ease than you ever experienced in skirts.

MISS SEYMOUR'S SUGGESTION.

Have near at hand a stylish tea gown to jump into when callers are announced who are too conservative to digest your knickerbockers, and there you are, presentable at once.

The fastidious 5th av. belle now comes down to her late breakfast in knickerbockers, and in the homes of the millionnaires it is no unusual thing to find every member of the family in trousers, in place of the former neglige gown, which occupied such an important part in the wardrobe; and it is becoming a serious question whether the knickerbockers shall not be worn when men are about or not.

Only very stout and painfully thin women look out of place in trousers, but you see both extremes in their silken knickerbockers, blissfully ignorant of the grotesque figure they cut.

It is the funniest sight in the world to see a woman in her knickerbockers for the first time. You can compare it to nothing save a boy who has just shed his skirts and is not quite used to his legs.

She unconsciously tries to cover her lower extremities, and gingerly crosses her feet, as if afraid of breaking something, but after two or three trials she becomes accustomed to the freedom that the lack of petticoats gives her, and in an incredibly short time forgets all about herself in the perfect degree of comfort she enjoys.

The getting into the knickerbockers is a problem not easily solved by the fair sex, for to encase one's self in trousers, and go about it like a man, is not what one woman out of ten can do, even after weeks of practice.

JENNESS-MILLER'S SUGGESTION.

She will try to balance herself on one leg, and by the time success has partially crowned her efforts, she will be too tired to proceed further without resting, and when the second attempt is made she invariably gets into the wrong side of them. However, after repeated failures, the devotee of the knickerbocker sits down, and resignedly puts on her trousers in the most unmanly sort of away, registering a silent vow to never imitate her husband again in the method of donning his attire.

One of our most prominent actresses sent me an invitation to lunch with her a few days ago, and when I was ushered into her cosy drawing-room, she came forward to greet me in an exquisite suit of knickerbockers; and although I had seen her in all of her famous impersonations, she was more irresistible in trousers than in any role she ever assumed behind the footlights; and she told me that she was so much in love with the costume that her manager was arranging a play wherein she would have an opportunity to show the New York public how well she looks in knickerbockers.

A woman in knickerbockers can go out in the most severe weather and return without any fear of pneumonia or bronchitis because she will not be weighted down by wet and bedraggled skirts. Her gown which she wears over her trousers, she can readily manage, and she comes back from her walk in the snow or rain not only clean but dry, which no woman ever does who is burdened with petticoats.

Then, from an economical standpoint, the laundry bill, for instance, is something to be considered.

The trousers and waists being made of velvet, silk, or, for that matter, cloth, are not included in the wash list and the silk tights and stockings, even if changed three or four times a day, would scarcely make such an inroad upon the pocketbook as the multitude of skirts are in duty bound to do if one wishes to be immaculate.

Those who cannot afford to indulge in silken underwear can buy fine woollen garments at any dry goods store in the city that will answer the same purpose, and are far more durable and equally comfortable and healthy. So, if one is disposed, they can dress in knickerbockers, and daintily, too, for one-fourth of what it costs to make a decent appearance in gowns.

At the same time there is plenty of opportunity to be extravagant in the choice of trousers, for they can be made of the finest velvets and silks and richly embroidered up the sides of each leg, and finished with a ruffle of rare old lace at the bottom which is worth its weight in gold many times over.

One of the most beautiful of the married belles in society has some of her finest jewels set as buttons, which adorn the sides of her trousers, three on each leg being the regulation number. For her white velvet knickerbockers she has large sapphires set in etruscan gold, while the fiery opal gleams from her black velvet trouser legs; but that is going to extremes, and few would care to indulge in such a costly whim, even if their jewel case was replete with gems.

She also has a natty little cap made to match every suit, which sets off her short blonde curls to perfection.

Knickerbockers make women look 10 years younger.

The class of women who would be most benefited by trousers, are the shop girls who are obliged to stand all day in their wet and muddy skirts.

It does not follow that a woman wants to vote because she wears trousers; in fact, it is an exception, not the rule, when she does. The most charming, best educated, and without doubt the most refined women in the city wear knickerbockers, yet I venture to say they have never thought of such a thing.

That the time will ever come when trousers are worn openly upon the street without the gown over them I doubt, in fact, sincerely trust that such may never be the case; but for the house there is every reason why they should prove the favorite costume, for they are not only exceedingly becoming, but conducive to good health, and therein ought to lie the ultimate triumph of knickerbockers. Chancie De Witt.

SOME FOR BLOOMERS, SOME NOT.

Ella Wheeler, Jenness Miller, Miss Seymour and Their Favorites.

Miss Mary F. Seymour, editor of the Business Woman's Journal, suggests a business dress for women. To a Sun reporter she explained it, saying:

"You see that the skirt does nothing more than conceal the Turkish trousers, or 'bloomer,' underneath it."

Besides this improvement, the waist, which is made double to resemble a man's coat and waistcoat, is fairly honeycombed with pockets. That the idea is a truly womanly one may be seen from the desperate attempt to distribute the pockets as they are in a man's dress.

Mrs. Jenness-Miller's suggestion for a dress combines health and comfort with artistic taste. "I want it to be understood," she said, "that this is my ideal of a dress for women, but I do not for a moment think of ever trying to introduce it.

"The long tops of the boots that I have suggested should be of cloth of the same color as the skirt, or, if different, yet such as would be in harmony with it. The waist, you see, is easy fitting and is made after the pattern of the old-style Continental coat and vest."

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a suggestion to make. Here is what she says:

"I think there ought to be a law imposing a fine upon every woman who wears a dress that drags along the streets. It is a nasty, disagreeable habit, and any such personal habit must lead to mental and moral uncleanliness. A woman with a clean mind will never permit her skirt to drag along the streets. Now, my idea of a dress for all women, which can be adapted easily for the street or for the ball-room, is something like the one I have on.

"You will see that the waist is a very high one, the part that is gathered in by a band being directly under the armpits. The skirt and waist are of two separate pieces sewed together at this point. The bottom of the waist is left perfectly unrestricted, giving the figure a good chance to develop itself. From the waistband the skirt hangs loosely and comfortably, rounding a trifle above the hips, if you please, for women who are stout or have large hips.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOXS' SUGGESTION.

"The skirt is scant and short, reaching only as far as the ankles or shoe tops. Underneath it a bloomer may be worn, for underskirts really are a great nuisance. Such a dress would do admirably for business purposes. It would be light and convenient, and at the same time very tasteful. The skirt should be perfectly plain, but as women are so fond of passementerie, the waist above the band could be ornamented to the wearer's taste. There should be no drapery whatever."

A BABY'S MEMORY.

He Hides a Ring and Recovers It a Year Later.

[Irish Times.]

A curious instance of dormant memory in infancy took place in our family. My mother went on a visit to my grandfather, who lived in London. She took with her a little brother of mine, who was 11 months old, and his nurse, who waited on her as a maid.

One day this nurse brought the baby into my mother's room and put him on the floor, which was carpeted all over. There he crept about and amused himself according to his lights. When my mother was dressed, a certain ring that she generally wore was not to be found. Great search was made, but it was never produced, and, the visit over, they all went away, and it was almost forgotton. Exactly a year after they again went to visit the grandfather. This baby was now 1 year and 11 months old.

The same nurse took him into the same room, and my mother saw him, after looking about him, deliberately walk up to a certain corner, turn a bit of the carpet back and produce the ring. He never gave any account of the matter, nor did he, so far as I know, remember it afterward. It seems most likely that he found the ring on the floor and hid it, as in a safe place, under a corner of the brussels carpet where it was not nailed.

He probably forgot all about it till he saw the place again, and he was far too infantile at the time it was missed to understand what the talk that went on was about, or to know what the search, which perhaps he did not notice, was for.

A Windy City Female.

[Chicago Mail.]

She must have been a lady, because she wore a sealskin. A south-bound grip car train on Wabash av. had just started. Up to that instant she had not decided that she wanted to go with it. Now, she suddenly caught the rear hand-rail of the second car, missed the car step, and swung between the second and third cars.

Another second and she would have been beneath the wheels, but a pair of strong manly arms reached down from the rear platform, caught her up and bodily hauled her over the railing, landing her rather ungracefully on the platform. Assisting her to rise her preserver said politely:

"I trust you are not hurt, madam, but I believe I have just saved the coroner a job."

Did she faint? Did she weep? Did she thank him for his kindly assistance that saved her life? Not by a jugful. She glared at the gentleman a moment and blurted out:

"I wish you would mind your own business, sir!" and swept into the car with the lordly air of a ruffled and indignant queen.

A Natural Ambition.

[Puck.]

"Do you want a six-shooter?"

"Well, I'd rather have a nine-shooter. I want to kill a cat."

WHAT DO GIRLS READ?

Phil Sheridan's Widow on Trashy Novels.

The Wife of Senator Vance Condemns the "Kreutzer Sonata."

Vigorous Protests from the Wife of Gen. Miles—Mrs. Field's Opinion.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—Two years ago every one in Washington society was reading Tolstoi. Young girls went wild over "Anna Karenina," and a senator's wife told me that she had taken all of the great Russian novelist's works with her to the seashore for her summer reading. Then we had a craze of Ibsen, and what we will go wild over now is yet to be seen. The "Kreutzer Sonata" made such a howl among the goody-goody girls that Tolstoi lost caste for the time, but the average French novel in the original is still read, and we have more wicked books than good ones.

What should a young girl read?

Is our present habit a good one?

What effect is the avalanche of cheap foreign novels having on our daughters?

These and other questions are those which I have asked Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Vance, Mrs. Field and other well-read Washington women.

Mrs. Sheridan has since her widowhood led a quiet life here in her home on Massachusetts av., surrounded by her three little daughters and her son Phil. She is devoting her time to the education of her children, and this matter will soon be one of considerable interest to her. Said she:

"My own daughters are still too young to be allowed to read novels, so the question has not as yet been forced upon me. I do not, however, approve indiscriminate indulgence in modern novel reading. In the first place it drains and enervates the mind, it renders it unfit for more solid food, and in no way adds to the cultivation of the heart. In my opinion no young girl should be permitted to indulge in light literature until after she has attained the age of 18. Earlier than this her character is not sufficiently formed to discriminate between the chaff and the wheat, and as the development of character depends largely upon the style of literature with which the mind is stored, the responsibility of parents is far greater than they realize.

"Only when it is too late and the seeds of character have developed into the perfect blossom or more prickly thistle springing from the rank weeds of an uncultivated ground, are the evil effects seen. Mothers especially should jealously guard their sons and daughters from the demoralizing effects of careless reading. If I were asked to advise in this, I would say: Interest yourself in the amusement of your girls and boys, and endeavor by wise counsel and careful supervision of the contents of their book shelves to lead their tastes into pure channels of thought and feeling. Neglecting this, you will later reap the whirlwind of remorse in the moral downfall of your child, even though to all outward appearing he or she may present a character of purity and beauty.

"Personally, I was convent-bred, and my daily intellectual diet, outside of class-books, was the indulgence in Scott's novels and other standard works, such as Dickens and Thackeray. Formerly no young unformed mind was permitted the wide license in reading that in the present day crowds the shelves of every girl in her teens, and the world was all the better for the restriction. George Eliot and Ouida fascinate by the beauty of their style, and, veiling the evil with a mantle of choice language and bewildering imagination, deceive the unsuspecting reader, until he knows not the true from the false, and therein rests the danger. The great literary merit of George Eliot, and her manly force of style, tempt many to place her works upon a footing with the standard authors, yet their moral influence is of a far different character and less elevating, while their tendency is to corrupt, or at least to insert the wedge of doubt.

"The writings of Tolstoi are simply not to be considered in the category, and should never be allowed entrance into our homes. As for the 'Kreutzer Sonata,' it was written with no higher aim than to depict vice in its most vivid colors. It is seemingly the outcome of a diseased mind, and it should have long ago been suppressed as devoid of all literary merit, and as calculated to work much harm.

Mrs. Vance's Condemnation.

Mrs. Vance, wife of the senator from North Carolina, is a woman of sound judgment and of wide reading. As to the present taste for French literature and light novel reading, she says:

"We are far too prone to condemn wholesale the works of French authors, and to class under the head of "trash" the entire catalogue. Many of our ideas upon the subject are obtained through the medium of a prejudiced source, and translation into English destroys much of the beauty of style and expression of the original by the too bold translation that thus lacks the beauty of the mother tongue. Many of the most powerfully written works of the age owe their birth to Frenchmen, and because we chance to get hold of a few of the lightest yet most popular pamphlets read, enjoyed and condemned, we should not class them all under the same head.

"I think that 'Counterparts,' by Elizabeth Shepard, the author of that exquisite work, 'Charles Orchester,' is by far the most demoralizing book of its kind ever published. 'Anna Karenina,' by Tolstoi, and George Eliot's 'Silas Marner,' are two of the most powerfully written novels in the English tongue. Tolstoi's works are remarkably fine as a general thing, and his characters are forcibly drawn, but he seems to take a morbid view of many things that naturally influence his creations. As to his 'Kreutzer Sonata,' that has attained such widespread notice, I condemned it to the flames unread, so am not capable of forming any judgment in regard to its merit. Judging from all I hear of the book, I should say that it was the outgrowth of a most diseased imagination. There is a morbidness that should not be encouraged among the young of our generation."

Ouida's Novels Dangerous.

"All such works as pander to the taste, even if harmless in other respects, should be avoided," continued Mrs. Vance. "Young people cannot easily distinguish between the true and the false in literature. They are apt to look no deeper than the surface, yet at the same time their minds are unconsciously influenced by the lax tone of an author's conceptions. Herein lies the danger of Ouida and other such writers of the age who clothe their heroes and heroines in the garb of purity, while their lives are a living contradiction of the fact. Though faulty, Ouida's characters are never repellant, and the imperceptible tone of her works is to lower the standard of morality rather than to elevate.

"Many of the old standard novelists are far from moral in some of their works, yet they are constantly placed without discrimination in the hands of every growing youth. A careful selection is necessary from the very purest of our novelists, and no one class should be condemned wholesale. Such an assertion may appear strange," she added, "yet all the same the fact remains true that the present-day writers as a class are far more careful in their choice of expression than the authors of earlier date, though the style has certainly not decreased in realism or vividness of touch."

Mrs. Field on Rudyard Kipling.

Mrs. Field is a woman of broad views and widespread knowledge of the world. From her long residence in the Far West she has become imbued with that largeness of mind and breadth of character so characteristic of the country, and her judgment is consulted upon all matters related to disputed questions, either of social or literary topics.

"I think that there is too much of our modern literature that relates to subjects with which we have nothing in common. Many read a book simply because it is the rage, without feeling the least interest in the work itself. Take, for instance, the writing of Rudyard Kipling. There are few of them that do not relate to life in India, and most of those who read his books know or care nothing whatever of the customs or people described. There is little diversity in the pictures he draws, and were not his writings by chance the fashion few would take the time to peruse them.

"Personally I never trouble myself to wade through a novel simply because others do. I can generally tell whether I will enjoy a book by a hasty glance, and if I find the subject uninteresting, I throw it aside without further thought, as I consider it a sheer waste of valuable time to drudge through a work that gives me neither pleasure nor profit."

Reading for Girls.

"There is," continued Mrs. Field, "no doubt but that there is far too much license allowed by parents in the matter of their children's choice of literature. Mothers should carefully guard their daughters from indulging too largely in novel reading at all times, and should personally supervise the choice of authors. I do not denounce all modern novels as weak or injurious. On the contrary I consider that there are very many of our present day writers whose works are powerful and elevating in their tone, but it is unnecessary to individualize, as I would prefer not to be drawn into a talk on book reviews. Much depends upon the bent given to the taste in youth, and if parents neglect so important a duty they realize too late the evil resulting from their carelessness.

"In general, I believe that young people read without thought of the evil hidden beneath the surface, so palpable to the more worldly-wise, and probably they would unconsciously pass over much that when brought to their notice would attract simply from the fact of being forbidden. Many authors, like Ouida for instance, attract with beautiful images and clothe vice in a garb so attractive to the outward eye that much of the impurity is lost sight of. To be sure, it is less harmful to older heads whose experience of the world has taught them to appreciate appearances at their true value, where a more susceptible mind would be led astray and fall into the natural error of putting faith in the theories evolved by an author without regard to their correctness."

How Mrs. Miles Trains Her Children.

Mrs. Miles' opinions are to be regarded with the attention due to a woman of such marked culture and refinement, and a talk with the wife of the great Indian fighter will soon impress one with respect and admiration for her breadth of thought and wide information upon all subjects of modern thought.

"In regard to modern literature," she replied to my question, "I do not class all as impure and injurious, but think that it in general inclines to weaken the mind and vitiate the taste of the young, thereby rendering it unfit for solid food. For this reason I consider it necessary that parents should carefully supervise the reading of those committed to their charge, and select such as are conducive to the elevation of the mind and proper training of the heart. I personally supervise my daughter's education in this respect, though she is at an age when most girls usually indulge their taste without regard to the advice of their elders.

"The general is especially careful of the books that are placed in the hands of his daughter and young son, and I am happy to assert that my daughter though fully grown, never indulges in a book that has not the sanction of her parents. Unfortunately there is too much license allowed the fancy in the crowded novel counters at most of our fashionable summer resorts, when there is much idle time that is in this manner relieved of monotony. In such hours of leisure, should the taste be guided in proper channels, the good results would soon be realized in a higher moral tone and superior attainments of mind.

Good American Writers.

"Among modern writers," Mrs. Miles went on, "I enjoy Bret Harte, whose stories relate largely to the free Western life of the plains with which I am so familiar. I have also lately read a beautiful book by Mrs. Burton Harrison, whose style is very pure and characters naturally drawn. Then there is Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. What could be finer than 'That Lass o' Lowrie's.' Mary Cecil Hay has also written many novels of an elevating character. Such may be classed many of the works of 'The Duchess' among light literature."

Some Bad Books.

"I think two of the worst novels that I ever read," said Mrs. Miles, were "Anna Karenina," by Tolstoi, and Amelie Rives' remarkable conception, "The Quick or the Dead." I class these two together as tending to the moral downfall of all those sentiments and feelings that are usually held sacred. "Anna Karenina" is without doubt one of the very worst books ever put upon the market, and should never be put into the hands of a young man or woman."

Is Novel Reading Decreasing?

I sought an interview with Mrs. Lowry Bell of Philadelphia, whose name is a familiar one upon every occasion of social gathering at the capital, and whose warm personal friendship for Mrs. Wanamaker has during the past season rendered her a familiar figure upon every occasion of entertainment at the beautiful home of the postmaster general. Said she:

"I consider the literary taste of our age far more pure in tone and elevated in character than we are usually credited with, and juging from observation, I believe that the sale of worthless, or what is generally classed under the head of light reading, decreases each year. The young of the present day crave more substantial food for their minds than mere romance. A book must have real literary merit to attract, where formerly the fancy was satisfied with the mere enjoyment of the moment.

"I cannot conceive of the remarkable run of such a book as the 'Kreutzer Sonata.' It is a work without a single literary merit. Had the work never been criticised it would probably have passed unnoticed through the market and soon died a natural death. It is more often that people, and especially young persons, are apt to rush for a book that through adverse criticism flavors of forbidden fruit."

Two Good Norwegian Writers.

Mrs. Bell went on: "Compare the works of the only two Norwegian writers of whom we of the present day are acquainted, Fredrika Bremer and Ibsen. How different in style, yet which of the two are more universally known or read? Few of the present generation are familiar with Ibsen, whose works received such recent revival of interest through the interpretation of Mrs. Winslow's public reading of the "Doll's House," one of his best known works; while the translations of Fredrika Bremer are quoted in almost every household in the land. Such works will live on from generation to generation as true pictures of home life and national customs."

I would be willing to assert that a visit to the leading libraries and bookstores of our land would elicit the fact that the rage for light novels is surely on the decrease. Never before has there existed so many literary clubs, especially among fashionable women. In Washington alone the number of these associations for the purpose of general culture has increased to an unprecedented extent, and ladies' clubs are organized under every variety of pretext.

"The Current Event Club, of which I am a member, meets weekly at the homes of the different ladies to discuss, as its name designates, every topic of public interest as the subjects present themselves. In this way we have to read up the happenings of the day and be prepared to discuss them at length. Such a condition of things tends to the larger cultivation of the mind and leads to a more extended field of reading."

Miss Grundy, Jr.

COBWEB PARTIES.

One of Fashion's Games where All Find Prizes and Fun.

COBWEB party is great fun.

It is work, too—work for the amiable and inventive hostess and most tantalizing and pleasurable work for the investigating guests. It is as exciting as a chase with the game just beyond the tips of your fingers or the reach of your gun, says the New York Herald.

At first it seems as if one were trying to catch a will-o'-the-wisp or find the bag of gold at the root of a rainbow. In fact, the effect of the gay yarns, worsteds or ribbons (whichever one chooses to use), crossed and recrossed and interlaced and intertwined, is not unlike a very beautiful rainbow, which has at the end of each bright strand a real prize. Not the traditional bag of gold, to be sure, but anything from a silken shoestring to a diamond pin, or a book, or a picture, or anything and everything that a ready, inventive faculty, artistic taste or fun-loving fancy can make or devise.

Cobweb parties may have a juvenile sound, but they are not for the enjoyment of rollicking youngsters, but for the diversion of those who have learned, as the years increased, to rein in their animal spirits and to take their pleasure with a certain amount of self-control.

So the hostess knows, as she weaves her cobweb of ribbons for her party, that no matter how often they are twisted and intertwisted by her, there will not be any fear of them getting into a hopeless tangle.

She takes as many strands of worsteds or yarn or ribbon as the number of people she has invited, and fastens at one end of each strand a prize. Some of the strands are yards and yards in length, and some are short. The prizes are snugged away in nooks, under chairs, behind pictures, up stairs, down stairs, down in the cellar or up on a shelf. The different strands are crossed and woven and interwoven like the airy threads of a cobweb. The ends are left within reach.

The guests are invited to select a strand and to find the other end of it, which holds the prize. Each goes to work and follows the wanderings of his strand in the seemingly inextricable mass of bewildering twists and turns and colors.

It's great fun to watch the busy prize-seekers. At first it seems deliciously silly; but the philosopher forgets the fun of it as he marks how each one works according to his temperament. With what zest and energy and enthusiastic haste one grabs his string and follows its lead with eager expectancy. With what slow, deliberate inquiry another pursues the windings of his strand! With what doubting timidity and misgiving another hunts for his prize, asking numberless questions and having to be helped by his comrades in the knotty places.

But cobweb parties are not intended for the entertainment of philosophers, but to while away an evening in a novel and pleasant way. And they do.

The most indifferent are piqued to action by having the thing they wish just within possible reach. At the end each one has his prize as a satisfying result of his labors; no matter if he found it behind a clock after many times wandering about the room he first entered; or whether, after skirmishing down stairs into the cellar, up again, down and up the hall and upstairs to the garret and down stairs to the drawing-room to find the end of his apparently endless strand that led him into diverse places in diverse ways, fastened to a gem of a picture, which he is privileged to take away with him to his own domicile and tell ever after what a time he had finding it at a cobweb party.

REDFERN FANCY COAT.

New York, April 11.—As the weather becomes more settled and springlike, there is every day an increasing display of new gowns and wraps on the avenue. The newest of these are without doubt the fancy capes, of which there are infinite varieties. As they are capable of so much adaptation and variation in shape and trimming, and are the easiest of wraps to put on and off, there is no question of their popularity for the next six months at least.

But, attractive though they may be, with their air of novelty, they have not succeeded in driving from the field that long-established favorite, the tight-fitting coat. There is a certain air of distinction—a cache cachet—about this garment, especially when it arrays a slight, youthful figure, which enables it to hold its own against all newcomers.

The very latest models for the spring of '91 are made long in the skirts, with or without the cross seam over the hips, and they are ornamented with large pockets, and the cuff wider than the sleeve, after the Louis Quinze fashion.

In the illustration here given the coat is of smooth-faced cloth in a medium shade of prune. It has a jaunty cape attachment on the shoulder, and this, like the reverse and front corner of the skirt, is braided in black and gold. The large buttons are of gold, with a design in black enamel. A full jabot cravat of heliotrope chiffon, embroidered in black and gold, gives a finishing touch to this stylish model.

As the Coaching Club will soon make its annual parade, and it will then be in order to while away the afternoon by long country drives on top of the coaches, we are now preparing some very chic long coats, which will be equally serviceable for travelling use. Here is one just completed for a young lady to whom the horse show is the event of the season, and whose dearest delights are outdoor pastimes.

It is of fine broadcloth, light gray in color, with double collar and revers and cuffs, the under of which are black. These are left with the raw edges. A row of buttons run down the right side, and the fullness below the bust is held in shape by a Cleopatra belt of oxidized silver plates. One of the advantages of this coat is that it quite conceals and protects the costume beneath, which may, therefore, be handsome enough to wear to dinner. Redfern.

Love's Silence.

[Walter Herries Pollock in Longman's Magazine.]

Of all the words that bear their part
In all the deeds from day to day,
One word is chiefly in my heart,
One little word I must not say.

The hills of truth are straight and deep,
They have a smart in every stone,
And climbing them I needs must weep
To think that love must die unknown.

Night follows day—day chases night,
And brings a lesson strange to teach,
That love is lifeless in the light
And silence in the fullest speech.

Held a Train by Telephone.

[Kalamazoo Telegraph.]

One side of a conversation over the telephone is said to be very satisfactory, but the one which a Telegraph reporter happened to hear a few days ago gave promise of being so interesting that he wanted to hear the finish.

It seems that W. O. Hughart, president of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad, was in the city, and called at Mt. Holyoke seminary, as he takes great interest in that educational institution, being president of the board of trustees. The time flew rapidly, and he found himself late for the train home. About this time the telephone bell rang in the Grand Rapids & Indiana depot, and a young man, late of Kentucky, a new employe of the road, and one not acquainted with the officials, answered the call. Here is the conversation in the depot end of the line:

"Yes, this is the G. R. and I."

"At 2.25, sir."

"Hold the train? Well, I guess not."

"I'll bet you $2 we don't hold it."

"Just a few seconds? We won't hold it a second."

"Don't care who you are. See you in Jericho before we'll delay a train."

"Won't do any good to talk with Mr. Baker. We run our trains on time. This is no Jim Crow road."

"Who in h— is Hughart?"

At the mention of that name every one in the office, from Station Agent Baker to the messenger boy, made a rush and tried to get the telephone away from the Kentucky chap, but, nothing daunted, the young man sung out:

"Stand back there. I started in with this 'duck,' and I guess I can handle him."

"But he's the president of the road," argued Mr. Baker.

"The president of the road," gasped the young man. And then he yelled over the wire:

"Yes, we'll hold the train for you—hold it a week if you say so."

The young man has been exiled to Bowling Green.

After the Arrival of the New Baby.

[Puck.]

Mamma—Johnny, why don't you come in to see mamma when she's sick? Don't you love me any more?

Johnny—Oh, yes, mamma; but I didn't know but perhaps it might be catching.

ODDITIES

A man in Newark, N. J., bought a clock. The family upstairs refused to buy one, as they could hear his strike. He set his clock half an hour ahead of time, and they now sue him for so doing and causing them to arise too early.

The days of the telephone girl are numbered. A new invention makes telephone connections automatically.

An Ohio man, who was recently offered $8 for his vote, surprised the would-be corruptionists by falling in a faint.

A young New Yorker has gone into the business of devising "catchy" titles for articles and stories sent him in manuscript.

There are 200 women preachers in the United States who have been ordained during the latter part of the present progressive century.

The reader for a New York magazine says that as a result of nine weeks' reading he accepted just 23 out of 1,227 poems offered that magazine for publication.

An extraordinarily large polar bear, the fur of which is a bright pink color, has been captured in Northern Siberia. The animal will be sent as a present to the Czar.

Probably the smallest salary paid in the world is that paid to the village watchman of Springstille, in Hessen. The amount of his daily income is 4 pfennings, or less than 1 cent in our money. This is the same amount that was paid to the village watchman in the last century. However, the "fortunate" man receives an additional allowance of 30 cents a month for clothing, etc., and is entitled to free board and lodging from the inhabitants of the village.

A presidential candidate whose name ends in "n," who has a man with a name ending with the same letter on the ticket with him for vice-president always has won. There have been over a half a dozen of these combinations, and all have been successful.

According to the list usually given by the Roman Catholic authorities, Leo XIII. is the two hundred and sixty-third on the roll of Popes. For many centuries past the Italians have furnished nearly all the Popes. Ever since the death in 1523 of Adrian VI, who was a native of the Netherlands, every occupant of the papal chair has been an Italian.

The word "calico" has a queer origin. Many centuries ago the first monarch of the province of Malabar gave to one of his chiefs, as a reward for distinguished services, his sword and all the land within the limits of which a cock crowing at a certain temple could be heard. From this circumstance the town which grew up in the centre of the territory was called Calicoda, or the cock of crowing. Afterward it was called Calicut, and from this place the first cotton goods were imported into England, bearing the name of calico.

The heaviest rail in use in America is the 110-pound rail of the Chignecto Ship railway, while the heaviest rail in use in the United States is the 90-pound rail of the Philadelphia & Reading. The latter is to be surpassed by a new 95-pound rail which is being rolled for the Boston & Albany. The metal in the rail is distributed so that about 42 per cent. is in the head, 19 per cent. in the web, and 39 per cent. in the flange.

The latest New York fad is the collecting of certain kinds of woodwork from dilapidated houses for insertion in expensive dwellings.

An expert electrician insists that an electric train, making 125 miles an hour, would require 7000 feet in which to come to a standstill.

In Georgia there is a tree on the mountain above the large cliff of marble on the line of the Marietta and North Georgia railroad that has been burning for five months, and is still burning. The whole mass is red hot, and the material when taken out is very much like chop cinder, but after being exposed for a few hours it slacks like lime. It is very strong with alkali and smells like sulphur.

Four different mountain peaks in Idaho are from 13 to 23 feet lower, by actual measurement, than they were 15 years ago, and it is believed that this settling is going on with many others. The idea is that quicksands have undermined them.

In St. Louis the other day, a justice united in marriage two Turks and a Hungarian and a Turk. All were lovers in the old world, but religious differences prevented their marriage, so they came to America.

The superintendent of the Philadelphia mint says that 10 10-cent pieces, instead of weighing as much as a silver dollar, as formerly, only weigh about nine-tenths as much.

More note paper in proportion to the population is sold in the United States than in any other country.

The water works of Savannah, Ga., consists of 25 artesian wells two miles out on the Savannah river, which yield about 8,000,000 gallons in 24 hours. The wells are arranged in two rows about 100 yards apart, and are from 450 to 500 feet deep. The water has to be pumped to the surface. From various indications it is evident that it comes from the mountains of northwest Georgia.

Ex-Empress Eugenie is said to have refused a fortune to write her memoirs for publication.

Queen Victoria has presented a richly caparisoned Indian elephant to the Emperor of Morocco.

The Danish king's crown is worth $135,000, the queen's crown, $17,500, and the sword of state, $15,000.

A microscopic examination shows that the word "hello" makes 16,000 indentations in a phonographic cyclinder.

Experiment tends to show that the edges of the flame of a petroleum lamp give from 37 to 38 per cent. less light than the flat surface.

The average expense of a single voyage of a first-class ocean steamer from New York to Liverpool and return is about $75,000.

A resident of Auburn, N. Y., has a hat in his possession which is over 150 years old. "The hat my father wore," "Grandfather's hat," and "Where did you get that hat?" aren't a circumstance compared with this ancient tile. It is a beaver, with a genuine bell top, and was made in New York city. A bit of silk facing is on the top and bottom of the top part of the rim. This was to allow the raising of the hat without ruffling the fur.

Clay county, Mo., will be represented at the world's fair by a span of mules 18 hands high, and which weigh 3800 pounds.

With the exception of Spain all the countries of Europe have laws against the use of castiron wheels under passenger cars and locomotives.

A rope company in St. Louis recently made what is claimed to be the largest shipment of cable ever carried by one car. Two reels of wire, weighing 140,000 pounds, were shipped on a special four-truck platform car.

In Paris the drivers of the cars on some of the street railways are placed on top of the car, thus giving them better control of the horses, while gaining additional space for passengers.

An Iowa girl has run away from home to avoid playing the piano.

An expert says: "According to the monistic hypothesis, every mode of kinesis has its concomitant mode of metakinesis, and, when the kinetic manifestations assume the form of the molecular processes in the human brain, the metakinetic manifestations assume the form of human consciousness."

Scientific men say that the earth's age is about half a million years for the nebular and stellar period, and about 25,000,000—of which 15,000,000 are past—for the period of organic beings.

A new theory in relation to the moon has lately been advanced, to the effect that the lights and shadows of the moon are incompatible with the theory of its spherical shape.

In prehistoric times the Ohio valley was a great inland sea, extending from the site of Pittsburg to the Indiana line. The hump of Allegheny and the hills separating the East End from Pittsburg proper were probably islands.

Last week a humoristic member introduced in the Illinois Legislature a bill requiring every railroad in the State to employ a man on each train, to be known as a "hog killer," his duty being to club passengers who pay for one seat, but occupy two while others are standing.

It has recently been shown that when cast and malleable iron are used in the same structure a galvanic action is set up between them, and the malleable iron is corroded.

M. Marey has succeeded in photographing the movements of an animal under water. A ray has been taken in profile while waving the edges of its flat body, and the curious mode of progression of a comatula has been taken.

A wedding took place the other day in a picture gallery at Paola, Kan. While the preacher was performing the ceremony the artist turned his camera upon the happy couple and photographed them just as they were registering their nuptial vows.

By a comparison of records extending over a number of years, it has been concluded that the moon has an influence in lowering the height of the barometer in the months from September to January at the time of full moon, and in raising it during the first quarter. No effect has been perceived in the other months.

The proportion of actual cash used in mercantile transactions is very small, most of the business being done through the medium of checks and bills. The percentage of cash used in New York is 1.3, while in London it is only 8.4.

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CAKE AND FROSTING.

Good Things Made for the Benefit of the Young Women.

"Cake and Frosting" was the title of Mrs. Dearborn's very interesting lecture at the cooking school last week, and the receipts for the delicious things made will be appreciated by lady readers, and by the male portion also, if they thereby get a chance to taste these dainties.

Here are the rules:

White Cake.

Cream, ⅔ cup butter, add gradually 2 cups sugar and beat well. Sift together 3 cups flour and 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; add this to the first mixture alternately with 1 cup milk; then add 1 teaspoonful vanilla and the whites of 6 eggs beaten stiff. Bake in layer cake pans.

Angel Cream Frosting.

Beat ½ pint thick cream with the Dover beater, add ¼ cup powdered sugar and ½ teaspoonful rose water or vanilla; beat till stiff. Spread some of this on one cake sprinkled with finely chopped nuts, put on another layer, frost this, and dot with some of the cream colored pink.

Sunshine Cake.

Beat the whites of 13 eggs till they fly off the beater, add ¾ pint fine granulated sugar, sifted 3 times, and 1 teaspoonful lemon extract; then add the yolks of 6 eggs beaten till thick, mixing them in gently. Lastly, fold in ½ pint flour, sifted 4 times, with 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

Golden Nut Cake.

Cream, ¾-cup butter and 1½ cup sugar together; add yolks of 8 eggs and 1 whole one beaten till thick, ½ cup milk, 2 cups flour sifted with 1½ teaspoonfuls cream tartar and ½ teaspoonful soda, 2 teaspoonfuls brandy and 1 cup chopped nuts, slightly floured; bake in individual pans and frost with

Golden Frosting.

1 egg yolk beaten slightly, 1 tablespoonful wine, and confectioners' sugar to make it stiff enough to spread.

Maple Caramel Cake.

Bake white cake in layers, make frosting and spread between and over. Boil 1 pound maple sugar and 1 cup water 15 minutes, or till it threads; pour it over the well-beaten white of 1 egg. Use when slightly cool.

Fig Eclaire.

One and one-half cups sugar, ½ cup butter, ¾ cup milk, 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoonfuls baking powder, whites of 4 eggs, bake in a square tin, when cold split and fill with this filling: ½ pound figs, chopped fine, ½ cup wine and ½ cup sugar; cook in a double boiler till thick enough to spread.

Icing.

½ pint sugar and ½ cup water, boiled 10 minutes or till it threads; pour in a fine stream on the well-beaten white of 1 egg. Use when slightly cool.

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LABOR'S CONFLICTS.

Sheriff's Deputies Indicted for Murder at Morewood, Penn.

Lynn Morocco Workers Give Up Fight—Granite Cutters Guilty of Conspiracy.

A Big Strike for Eight Hours on the First of May.

SCOTTDALE, Penn., April 9.—This place is in a fever of excitement tonight over the arrest of Capt. Loar and his deputies on the charge of murder. The suits are the outcome of the Morewood riot.

Officer Cay, armed with the warrants, succeeded in capturing all of them but two. The defendants waived a hearing.

The defendants say they are not worried over the ultimate outcome of the suits. Capt. Loar says he did not give the command to shoot at Morewood, and that evidence to that effect will be advanced before the courts.

The Coming Strike for Eight Hours.

CHICAGO, April 9.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, arrived in this city this afternoon. In an interview on the prospects of success in the proposed demand for the eight hour, by the miners of the country, he said:

"I left New York city 10 weeks ago, and have been travelling constantly ever since. I have consulted with representative labor men of every section of the country, and in every instance I have been assured that if the miners throughout the country are not granted the eight-hour day by May 1, the laboring people throughout the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will render us all the financial assistance needed to win the expected strike. There are 190,000 men in our organization, and the miners can rely upon every one of them for assistance if the threatened strike should occur."

Five States and 75,000 Men Involved.

PITTSBURG, Penn., April 9.—The miners' fight for an eight-hour day will commence on May 1. Seventy-five thousand men in five States will be involved.

Patrick McBride, secretary of the United Mine Workers, stated the men's position to the convention very clearly. Said he:

"We were not ordered to take this step by the federation, but requested their support in it. On May 1 orders will be given each and every miner to work but eight hours.

"We have acted in a friendly spirit to the operators here. While we are careless how the eight-hour day is forced on the operators of outside States, we do not want to hurt the operators of Ohio and western Pennsylvania, for they have been our friends.

"You would think it a hardship to grant that which other operators refuse. We ask you to grant it in order that the amount of friction in this fight might be reduced."

Mr. McBride's speech caused applause among the miners.

Lynn Strikers Give Up an Eight-Months' Fight.

LYNN, April 9.—The great morocco strike of eight months' duration, in which over 1200 men and many thousands of dollars were involved, came to an end at 9 o'clock this evening, when John T. Moulton's shop's crew, including that branch of the trade which caused the inception of the strike, the finishers, voted unanimously to declare the strike off.

The strike was one of unusual magnitude for the city, and has attracted universal attention. With the action of the Moulton shop's crew the last vestige of the strike disappears, and it now only remains for the manufacturers to grant the men permission to return to work.

It is nothing more nor less than a complete defeat.

The loss to the men and the city, through the failure to receive the customary wages of $12 per week, will reach into the vicinity of $100,000.

Trade Unionists Found Guilty of Conspiracy.

MONTPELIER, Vt., April 10.—The jury in the great stonecutters' conspiracy case, after being out from Wednesday at 4 p. m., returned a verdict at 11.20 today, finding four of the respondents, Josiah B Dyer, secretary of the National Union; Patrick Morrison, Frank Morrill and E. H. Sherburne, members of that union, guilty of conspiracy to prevent Col. McClue from working as a stonecutter because he was a non-union man. The respondents will take the case to the Supreme Court. The jury stood from the first ballot 11 for conviction to 1 for acquittal.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
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HOWARD'S LETTER.

Now the Servants' Troubles Worry the Philosopher.

They Earn $10,000,000 a Year, but Are Not Satisfied.

How Easily Domestic Trouble May be Precipitated.

NEW YORK, April 11.—The tariff is a spasmodic topic. Like the poor, it is always with us: but like the poor also, it is rarely obtrusive. Foreign missions now and then excite our sympathy, and the infamies of our treatment of the Indians very naturally prick us in the tender places of our conscience. New faces come, are admired and retired. New fashions appear, are followed and forgotten, but the servant-girl question is on deck morn, noon and night—rising through the surface of earth's domesticities in the early spring, flourishing like green bay trees during the torridities of summer, blossoming in superb fruitage in the golden months of autumn, and staring us in the face, flinty, adamantine, in the fierce severities of winter. There is not a housekeeper in all the broad land whose mind is not on the alert on this question. There is not a home, where help is hired, that has not volumes of experiences as yet unwritten, but none the less demonstrative and undeniable.

Here the question thrives.

Here, where some 500,000 emigrants land every year, of whom four-fifths are women and children; here, where refugees from the South, a good score or more of thousands come annually seeking employment; here, where a perfect multitude follows from the factories of the East, from the farms of New England, from the mills of Massachusetts, not less than a hundred thousand every year. Here, where the

Poor Turn Out Children in Litters

and batches, one would suppose it would be an easy matter to procure servants, but it isn't.

There are places and places.

There are the mansions of the very rich, where 10 and 15 servants are hired. I was about to say employed. There are the homes of the well-off, where the servants tumble over each other to the number of half a dozen, and there are the homes of the poorly paid, where the housewife finds it a necessity to have a girl to do what is known as "general housework," but aside from these there is the great middle section of men of ordinary means, where are employed regularly two hired girls—an upstairs and a downstairs girl. These extremes, of course, are unfair illustrations. I don't believe Mr. Vanderbilt pays $10,000 a year to his head cook. I should think less of him than I do if such were the fact, but that cooks—chefs as they are called—are paid as high as $2000 in several private families is a fact. That butlers and crack coachmen, and particularly winsome footmen, get high pay, and that favorite ladies' maids and useful personal attendants make much more money than their less favored sisters, is undeniable. Wages, however they may differ in individual instances, average $25 a month for a man waiter, the rest of the servants being women; $20 for the cook, $17 or $18 for a laundress, $16 for a chambermaid. I suppose in a family

Where but Two Servants Are Employed

a cook receives, on the average, $16 a month, and the chambermaid $13, and in homes where a general house girl alone is employed from $12 to $15 a month.

These prices are much higher than they were 20 years ago, when moderately placed families paid $7 a month for a cook and $6 for a chambermaid. Precisely why wages have risen as they have, to nearly double those paid 20 years ago, is a very interesting problem. Nothing, so far as these servants go, costs more today than it did then. They have no house rent; no expense of any sort, outside of their individual necessities and whim. Dresses, underclothes, shoes, gloves, hats, finery, contributions to churchly purposes, that is all. Their masters' expenses are vastly increased. If he owns his house, his taxes are higher. If he hires his house, his rent is nearly double. His expenses in every line of life are higher, in a marked degree, than in other days.

Servants consider themselves a much-abused race.

As a matter of fact they own the earth. The divisions and sub-divisions of labor are the curse of an employer's existence. A self-respecting cook declines to take a hand in washing of any sort. A laundress of equally noble qualities would see the family starved before she would put her hand to the range. To suggest that the chambermaid on an emergency should serve in the dining-room, would be an insult, and to

Ask the Butler to Hold the Baby

while the doctor sets the leg of the nurse that has fallen down stairs would be equivalent to a request for his immediate resignation. The petty jealousies of the kitchen ought not to disturb the peaceful ongoings of domesticity, but they do. The question of how many nights a week a servant can have to herself is one of the vexations of life. How, when, where and how often her special company may be received is often a perplexing conundrum. Precisely where to draw the line between questioning and rebuking, is something which many a housewife would like to determine. The butler or the cook resents all questions as to the use of sugar, butter, eggs. If a housewife, having ordered four pounds of salmon finds upon her pass book an entry of 10 pounds of salmon, she must say nothing about it. If an extraordinary number of dozens of eggs are charged and paid for, with that she must be content. If towels disappear, if china is broken, if curtains are torn and furniture disfigured, neither the master nor the mistress of the house has aught to do but replace the broken and pay for the damage of the disfigured. Remonstrance is considered scolding. Merited rebuke is regarded as unwarranted interference.

A curious feature occurs to me.

In all well-regulated houses, the servants are provided with comfortable rooms, neatly furnished, with proper accommodations for bathing, dressing, and convenient in every desirable way. If you have had occasion to search for servants

You Know Very Well How They Live.

They come from tenement-houses where they pig in like cattle; where men, women and children literally herd; where they eat, sleep, cook, wash, are ill, smoke, die together; where fresh air would be an intruder, where comfort and cleanliness are strangers, yet rather than perform proper service in a faithful, loyal way, receiving therefor compensation which is absolutely absurd, many of these girls fly into passionate remonstrance at the faintest suggestion of economy here, carefulness there, or tidyness somewhere else, and flaunt from the house, disturbing the symmetric of their employers' routine, throwing themselves out of employment, and going back from their comfort, their cleanliness, their opportunity, in many senses, to improve and better their condition, to the dirt, the uncanniness, the low life from which they came.

The side issues to this question are numerous.

How many mothers know the places to which their nurses take their children. Nurses, like other people in this world, are fond of their own. What their own are we know very well by observation, as well as by long years of experience. They take the children to their own homes, where they are handled and dandled, or fed and played with, as other people handle and fondle and play with babies. Little children are familiarized with phases of life which might be well kept from them until later, when, as physician, writer, preacher, missionary, health officer, police, they may find it in their line of duty to investigate, to scrutinize and to help.

What Is to be Done?

Well, if I could answer that question I would become a philanthropist indeed. There are two sides to it. That of the servant, who seeks to get all she can and to better in every possible way her condition, about which there can be no discussion. It is her right, her privilege; and then there is that of the employer, who pays for what he cannot get, who seeks for what he cannot find, who endures that which grinds his very soul between the stones of impatience and recognition of unfairness. It is not too much to say that the people of New York pay $10,000,000 a year to servants, and what do they get for it? Is there a home in all this vast domain satisfactorily served? Is there one where all the servants have remained for a period of five years? Now and then some faithful old aunty, some dear old nurse, some loyal man will remain with his family a lifetime, starting in young, passing along the highway of life, in company with a master and a mistress whom he loves, and with children whom he cares for as though they were his own, but how rare is such an exception as that?

New York's service, as the police tell us, is honeycombed with thieves, with adventurers of both sexes, with the lowest grade of the vicious and the dirty. It is next to impossible to know anything of a servant without personal trial and test. Employers dislike extremely to stand in the way of a discharged servant. Indeed, unless there be some flagrant violation, such as theft or recklessness with children,

It Is a Very Serious Matter

for a man or a woman to put a block in the way of one who has been a servant in the house. The consequence is they either give or avoid a reference, and the servant goes to her new home rather grounded than otherwise in her fault, whatever it may have been. It is unquestionably the problem of the hour.

As merchants, who need good clerks, so families must have faithful servants.

Fidelity means something more than simple performance of duty. It means a pleasant-faced performance of duty. It means an interest, an unfeigned desire not alone to satisfy, but as well to please. That volumes might be written about duties of employers to servants we know. We are discussing the other side now, and one of the chief features of that other side, is the other, the absolute inability to procure in this city, on the average, faithful, pleasant, trustable servants.

It is not a question of wages. The wages are too high now. It is not a question of comfort. There is no distinction in any well regulated home, between the comforts of the servants and the comforts of the family. It is, however, a question of willingness on the part of the girls, and an understanding, born and cultivated in their minds, that a desirable home, with duties that are agreeable, with pay that is satisfactory, leading up to reciprocal regard between the employer and the employed, should be their aim.

In proportion to the large number of servants employed here, very few contract marriage.

Very Many of Them Save Money.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are sent by them to their friends at home. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are given by them to their church. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are deposited by them in our savings banks, so here we find them possessed of family affection, of religious fervor, and of a certain degree of prudence and forecast. From such seed as that it should be possible to draw efflorescence of loyal, faithful service that this city in particular, as well as the country in general, so much demands.

Who will prove himself chemist of the hour?

The Chinamen?

Well, the experience of many families in San Francisco where Chinese labor is employed, is most satisfactory. They are neat, obliging and apparently faithful to them.

The race feeling against them, however, is so very strong that, while individual instances doubtless work to the satisfaction of both parties, for the present, at all events, the Chinese are not in it.

The negro?

Well, I have found myself negro service effective and gratifying in certain lines, but embarrassing and undesirable in others.

The Negroes are Good Cooks

and excellent waiters, but they are improvident, shiftless and not noticeably reliable in report. I don't think it fair to judge of a race by individual instances. If I were to do I should say that the older colored people make better servants than the younger. They are neater in appearance and more respectful as a general thing than any other class of servants. The Germans, the Swedes, the Scandinavians generally make excellent servants, but what we are confronted with is this: A home growth of millions of young people who believe that domestic service is degrading, who would rather do the humblest work in stores than attempt the most comfortable service in a well-regulated home. Why it should be any further

HOWARD.

EXPERIMENTS WITH SMOKE.

Candle and Touch-Paper All That Are Necessary.

Put in the top of a light, shallow paste board box two holes, each about an inch in diameter, and place over each an argand lamp chimney. In one hole stand a candle cut to such a length that it will project about half an inch above the box. Light the candle and then hold burning "touch-paper" over the other lamp chimney. The smoke, instead of rising, will go down one

chimney, and, after it has filled the box, will rise through the other. The reason is that the burning candle makes a draught up its chimney, and, if the box is air tight, to supply the place of what is going out, air must come down the other chimney.

"Touch-paper," by the way, is made by dipping unglazed paper in a solution of saltpetre. When dry it burns with a smoke, but not with flame. Another experiment is to hold the hand tightly over the chimney where the draught is downward. The candle in the other chimney will begin to burn feebly and smoke, and will go out if there are no cracks in the box for air to get in. The reason air does not get to it down its own chimney is that the upward draught there is too strong.

CHICAGO ABLAZE.

Again a Great Fire Begins in a Stable—Over $2,000,000 Loss.

CHICAGO, April 12.—Chicago this evening suffered from one of the most destructive conflagrations that has occurred here since the big fire of 1871.

The flames started at almost the exact geographical centre of the city, and, like the terrible disaster 20 years ago, began in a stable.

The stable was the property of the well-known furniture manufacturer and politician, John M. Smyth, and was located in the rear of his house furnishing establishment, on West Madison st., near Halstead st.

The flames speedily communicated to the furniture establishment, and a moment later to Kohl & Middleton's dime museum.

For a time it looked as though the conflagration of 1871 would be repeated, as the wind had suddenly risen and was blowing a stiff gale from the west.

The museum was but a heap of ruins and the walls of the Smyth building were falling one after another. Fortunately they all fell into the ruins and no person was injured.

The loss, aggregating over three-quarters of a million dollars, is distributed as follows:

John M. Smyth, furniture, stock and building, $500,000.
Kohl & Middleton, curiosities, fixtures and building, $85,000.
Nealy Brothers, boots and shoes, $20,000.
Adelbert Kaempfer, jewelry, $45,000.
Alfred Peats, wall paper, $60,000.
Baer Brothers, hats, $10,000.
M. Irrman, cigars and tobacco, $25,000.
Hannah & Hogg, liquors, $20,000.
Royal Tailoring Company, $6000.
Haymarket Theatre, $7000.
Board of education property, in the rear of the Smyth block, $5000.
Miscellaneous losses, $5000.

The insurance will be very light, John M. Smyth carrying only about $125,000, while Kohl & Middleton and M. Irrman carried no insurance whatever, having allowed their policies to expire without renewal, as they intended to move within a fortnight.

Dr. J. Z. Bergeron was attending Mrs. Sarah Macks in a flat in one of the buildings subsequently burned. When the fire got too close Dr. Bergeron seized the woman and wrapping her in blankets, descended three flights of stairs with her to a refuge near by.

In less than 15 minutes a fine girl baby was born. Both mother and child are doing well.

PURCHASE OF PLANT FOOD

Soda-Ash Can be Substituted for Potash with Profit.

The Farmer Can Make His Own Fertilizers and Save Money.

Some Important Information to Show How Farming can be Made to Pay.

Home mixing of fertilizers cannot be done to advantage, or with economy, on the farm if crude waste materials are used.

Bones in their raw state are of but little value to the farmer. To be of much value, they have to be ground, and the finer they are ground the more valuable they become, and this also applies to rock phosphates, with which the market is now supplied in powdered form. Many manufacturers of commercial fertilizers have no mills for grinding their phosphates, as the competition with the mills already built enables them to buy their phosphates, already ground, to better advantage than to lock up their capital in mills for this purpose.

There is no reason why the farmer cannot buy in the same way, in the open market, his ground phosphate, which contains more phosphoric acid than is contained in bones, although it contains no nitrogen; but this can be readily supplied by the addition of either nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia, in quantity sufficient to make the equivalent composition of bones, and the mixture will come at a much lower price, and in a more available form for immediate use than in ground bones, as per formula below.

Potash can be had either in the form of muriate or sulphate of potash, in the potash salts now imported from Germany; but an equally as good, if not better, soluble alkali than potash can be had in soda ash at one-half the cost of equivalent alkaline strength to that in muriate of potash.

Soda ash is a carbonate of soda; potash salts, as used by the manufacturers of commercial fertilizers, are either muriates or sulphates, but mostly muriates, as they are the lowest priced.

Muriates and sulphates are poisonous to plants, but in small quantities may be beneficial, while phosphates, nitrates and carbonates are plant nourishers.

In times past potash was used in the manufacture of glass and soap, for bleaching, and many other industrial uses; but now soda ash has been substituted for these purposes, and it can be used in place of potash salts in fertilizers to be used on our granite soils, and produces a better effect on the crops at about one-half the cost of potash.

SUBSTITUTE FOR GROUND BONES.

1700 lbs. fine ground phosphate @ 26 per cent. $12.75
300 lbs. nitrate of soda @ 2½ 7.50

2000 lbs. cost for materials $20.25
It contains:
442 lbs. of phosphoric acid or 22.1 per cent.
46½ lbs nitrogen or 2.3 per cent.
105 lbs. soda or 5.2 per cent.,

or

1700 lbs. fine ground phosphate @ 26 per cent. $12.75
300 lbs. sulphate of ammonia @ 20 per cent. 9.00

2000 lbs. cost for materials $21.75
It contains:
442 lbs. phosphoric acid or 22.1 per cent.
60 lbs. nitrogen or 3.0 per cent.

The two formulas above will compare most favorably, as regards fertilizing power, with the ground bones in the market, notwithstanding the cost is so very much less; ground bones being estimated at from $32 to $45 per ton by the stations.

The average cost and valuation of commercial fertilizers, as reported in the Connecticut board of agriculture report, is:

	Average cost.	Average valuation.	Cost per ton more than valuation.
1884	$49.95	$44.20	$5.75
1885	44.80	38.70	6.11
1886	42.56	36.70	5.86
1887	42.52	35.20	7.32
1888	39.47	33.99	5.48
1889	40.25	35.20	5.05

The average cost and valuation of home mixed fertilizers, as reported in the Connecticut board of agriculture's report of 1889, was $33.79 valuation, $38.73 difference; less cost than valuation, $4.94, while for the average of six years in commercial fertilizers the cost over valuation was $5.92 per ton, making a difference to the famer of $10.88 per ton, whether he bought commercial fertilizers or the chemicals and mixed them himself. The valuations of commercial fertilizers are based by the stations on "trade values" of the fertilizing ingredients in the commercial fertilizers. These "trade values" are conceded by the stations to be 20 per cent. above the wholesale maket prices, while the "trade values" of the experiment stations show higher trade values than wholesale market prices on an average for six years, 1884 to 1889, inclusive; in nitrogen, in the form of blood, 28.6 per cent.; in the form of azotine, of 26.3 per cent.; in the form of nitrate of soda, of 24 per cent.; in the form of sulphate of ammonia, 21.1 per cent. potash; in the form of muriate of potash, 24.2 per cent.; in the form of sulphate of potash, 38.3 per cent. On available phosphoric acid from South Carolina Rock, for years 1888-1889, 99.9 per cent.; but phosphoric acid, insoluble in South Carolina rock, no wholesale market prices have been given in comparison with trade values of 2 cents a pound.

From this it is seen that the farmer can mix his own fertilizers, as he can purchase in the open market nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia to furnish the nitrogen wanted. Soluble alkali can be found in soda ash, or potash salts, as he may prefer; phosphoric acid, in fine ground Charleston or Navassa phosphate rock. All these articles are to be had in the market in suitable form for mixing together in any proportions wanted. The final mixing is the last and easiest stage of manufacturing fertilizers, and requires no expensive plant and large capital for its economical accomplishment.

Competition on the articles mentioned, as on other articles to be had in the general market, keeps the prices down to a fair living profit; therefore, a farmer who is obliged to use commercial fertilizers can get them in chemicals in concentrated form ready for use, and mix them to suit himself, at a great saving in cost. The manufacturers of commercial fertilizers use many raw products that require drying and manipulating before they are available for use on the soil.

There is no question but that they can use these crude articles, such as raw bones, fish scrap, tankage, etc., to better advantage than the farmer, and it is no object for the farmer to manipulate them and compete with the fertilizer manufacturers on these and similar articles under any circumstances. And why should he when he can get his nitrogen, phosphoric acid and alkali in a more concentrated, cheaper and better form in chemicals?

The Connecticut Experiment Station for 1889 says: "In general it has been shown that in some cases raw phosphates may be more profitable to use than dissolved phosphate, that their effects are more lasting, and that the immediate effect in some cases may be as great as that of the same money value of dissolved phosphate. This is a matter of great importance to users of commercial fertilizers, and will receive further study on the part of the station. . . . The question, Which pays best, plain superphosphates or an equal money value of raw phosphates? is an important one to the farmers of this State, who are spending yearly more than $200,000 for phosphoric acid."

I submit the analyses of some of the articles which farmers will find convenient to purchase for mixing; and also some combinations of them which experience has proved to be good, but the stations may possibly suggest better ones to advance the interests of the farmers, for whose advantage and in whose interest these institutions were established.

	Nitrogen	Phosphoric acid, per cent.	Soda	Potash	Sulphuric acid.
Bones	3.00	23.50	...	...	...
So. Carolina Rock Phosphate	...	28.03	...	...	...
Navassa phosphate	...	34.27	...	...	...
Brookville phosphate	...	35.21	...	...	...
Phosphatic slag	...	23.49	...	...	...
Bone black	...	28.28	...	...	...
Bone ash	...	35.89	...	...	...
Acid phosphate	...	17.00	...	...	43.00
Ammoniat'd superphosphate	2.50	11.00	...	3.00	...
Nova Scotia potash	...	...	...	...	45.75
Sulphate of ammonia	20.50	...	...	...	60.00
Nitrate of soda	15.75	...	35.25	...	...
Sulphate of soda	...	...	29.56	...	47.77
Soda ash	...	...	48.00	...	...
Sulphate of potash	...	...	...	38.60	45.72
Muriate of potash	...	...	...	52.46	...

Dissolved bone black contains about 16 per cent of phosphoric acid and 40 per cent.

of sulphuric acid, or 320 pounds of phosphoric acid and 800 pounds of sulphuric acid in a ton, at a selling price of $26 per ton. In place of this a good mixture can be made from 1310 pounds fine ground South Carolina rock (26 per cent. phosphoric acid) and 690 pounds of ground sulphate of soda (29 per cent. soda and 47 per cent. sulphuric acid), making 2000 pounds, and containing 340 pounds, or 17 per cent. of phosphoric acid, 330 pounds, or 16.5 per cent. of phosphoric acid, and 200 pounds or 10 per cent. of soda, and costing for materials about $13.27 per ton, or about one-half of the cost of dissolved bone black, which contains 20 pounds less phosphoric acid per ton.

When the fine ground phosphate and ground sulphate of soda are mixed together they should be wet with water. This will partially dissolve the sulphate of soda, permitting its acid to attack the brine of the phosphate of lime, thus rendering the phosphoric acid soluble.

MIXTURE FOR ONE ACRE OF POTATOES.

200 pounds nitrate of soda $5.00
300 pounds fine ground Charleston rock 4.50
200 pounds soda ash 3.00

700 pounds, and costing for materials $12.50
and it contains 31 pounds nitrogen, 78 pounds phosphoric acid, 166 pounds soda.

After the mixture is made it should be moistened with water, which will start chemical changes in the ingredients and render them more effective than they otherwise would be on the crop.

A mixture to correspond with the average ammoniated superphosphate can be made by mixing together:

850 lbs. fine ground phosphate, ¾ $6.27
323 lbs. nitrate of soda, 2½ 8.08
116 lbs. muriate of potash, 2 .... 2.32

1289 lbs., and costing for materials $16.67
and contains 221 lbs. phosphoric acid, 50 lbs. nitrogen, 60 lbs. potash,

as much of these three ingredients as is contained in a ton of the average ammoniated superphosphates in the market. The farmer will save nearly one-half in freight, and in the same proportion in the cost of his material.

Study what your soil and the crops you grow need, and then, as best you can, feed so as to make special manures to meet the demand.

Every man must realize that agriculture can only remain a profitable pursuit on the condition of yearly obtaining from every acre a maximum and cheap return, and that, in order to succeed in this, he must restore to the soil those elements which it once contained, but which, in the process of nourishing the plant, have been absorbed and taken away.

Soils differ much as regards their immediate origin, in their physical properties, their chemical constitution and their agricultural capabilities, yet all soils which, in their existing state, are capable of bearing a profitable crop, possess one common character—they all contain organic matter in a greater or less proportion.

ANDREW H. WARD,
Consulting Agricultural Chemist, 85 Devonshire st., Boston, Mass. Fodder and fertilizer formulas furnished, based on required conditions.

Failures of the Week.

NEW YORK, April 10.—The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co. and E. Russell & Co, of the mercantile agency, number for the United States 211, and for Canada 32, or a total of 243, as compared with a total of 243 last week and 256 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 209, representing 176 failures in the United States and 33 in the Dominion of Canada.

Grand Literary and Fine Art Feast
FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are enabled to offer a most unique and attractive combination, by which all of our subscribers can secure a copy or reproduction of that Famous Picture, "Christ Before Pilate," FREE. The original is said to be

The Most Costly Painting in the World

Postmaster-General Wanamaker Paid over $100,000.00 for Munkacsy's Famous Masterpiece,

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

Millions of people in this country and Europe have travelled many miles and paid an admission fee to get a view of this remarkable painting, and it has been the topic of conversation in hundreds of thousands of homes for many months. It is pronounced by critics to be the most notable picture ever brought to America, a masterpiece, truly grand and wonderful as a work of art beyond the power of language to describe, and worth a thousand sermons as a moral lesson.

All the Colors in the Original Painting are Faithfully Reproduced in this Picture.

Months of patient, earnest labor were required to engrave the stones and produce such a picture as we furnish, yet the artists were instructed to be faithful and give the finest possible results, regardless of expense, and they knew full well that a common-place picture would not be accepted, therefore the artists have made a picture that is accurate and faithful in every detail, and have furnished an oleograph picture

Equal in Size and Artistic Merit to Pictures Sold in Stores for $10.00 Each.

Any person sending $1.10, which is less than the regular price for the two papers, will receive this paper one year, and also that charming home journal, the Ladies Home Companion one year, together with a copy or reproduction of this magnificent Hundred Thousand Dollar Painting as a Free Gift.

THE LADIES HOME COMPANION

Has Now Over Half a Million Readers

It is published twice a month, has 16 large pages, and is finely printed on cream-tinted paper, illustrated with many fine engravings. It is a Practical Household Journal of rare literary excellence, every page teeming with good things for mother and daughter. It is a repository of helpful advice for women in every sphere of life; in fact, all branches of household economy that can possibly come within the good housewife's province are ably treated under the following departments:

Practical Housekeeping,
Decorations and Furnishings,
Fashions; or, What to Wear and How to Made It.
Mother's Chat,
Fancy Knitted Work,
Children's Corner,
Etiquette, Toilet Department, Etc., conducted by

Eight Regular Editors and Scores of Eminent Writers.

SIZE OF PICTURE WE SEND, 21 by 28 INCHES

DESCRIPTION OF THE PAINTING.

The scene chosen for the painting is the "Judgment Hall" in the palace of Pilate, and the hour "early in the morning." Around the Governor the priests are gathered, and the high priest, Caiaphus, is accusing Christ and demanding his death. The proud and furious bigot is all alive with excitement. There is a majesty about his pose, the consciousness of power in his look and gesture, and something of dignity in the superb audacity with which he draws Pilate's attention to the execrations of the mob (who are crying out "Crucify him!"), as expressive of the national will which the Governor is bound to respect, at the same time insinuating that to let this man go will be treason to Cæsar, as well as a violation of the Jewish law which demands the prisoner's death for "making himself the Son of God." Pilate is yielding to the clamor, while his conscience, aided by his wife's message, warning him not to condemn that righteous man, is protesting in tones which make him tremble.

THE CENTRAL FIGURE,

And the most impressive of all, is Christ himself, clad in white, with flowing hair and bound wrists. He stands alone, in the simple majesty of his own personality, without sign or symbol, save his individual greatness. A heavenly submission is on his face.

Received the picture "Christ Before Pilate." wouldn't part with it for a Hundred Dollars.
J. P. HARTH, Wheeling, Ill.

We are delighted with the picture "Christ Before Pilate," and if I could not get another I would not take $10.00 for it. MRS. J. A. MILLER, Concord, NH.

I have an oil painting that cost me $25.00, and it is no better than "Christ Before Pilate."
DANIEL B. ROBINSON, Elk Creek, Pa.

A Companion to Christ Before Pilate.

MUNKACSY'S CHRIST ON CALVARY.

The matchless excellence of our reproduction of "Christ Before Pilate," and its truthful likeness to the original painting, agreeably surprised those who secured copies, and the demand has been unprecedented. Thousands of letters of approbation were received, many of the writers expressing a desire that we should also reproduce the great companion piece, "Christ on Calvary." Although a compliance with these requests involved an expenditure of thousands of dollars, a corps of experienced artists were engaged for many months in engraving the stones. No expense or labor has been spared to accomplish the very best results possible, insuring a picture equal to that of "Christ Before Pilate" as a work of art.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST, THE REDEEMER,

Is the leading feature, toward which all others tend. Golgotha, the highest point on Mount Calvary, is where the eventful scene takes place. The crosses of Christ and the two thieves, the holy women and St. John at the foot of the Redeemer's cross, are placed to the right-hand side of the painting. The high priests and Pharisees are turning homeward to the left, whilst from the background in the middle the curious crowd press onward. They are checked by the spear of a Roman soldier. The cross rises high above everything else. The Redeemer, whom fanaticism and vindictive wrath have nailed to the cross, shines as if illuminated by an interior light; there is a noble symmetry in his body, and his face, furrowed by pain, is resplendent with heavenly love.

OUR OFFER Send us $1.10 and you will receive for one year THE WEEKLY GLOBE and also the Ladies' Home Companion one year (24 numbers), each copy equal in size, quality and amount of reading matter to other illustrated papers that cost 10c. a copy, or $4.00 a year. And every person accepting this offer will receive, postpaid, a copy of the Grand Picture, "Christ on Calvary."

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"Grant and His Generals."

THE GREATEST OF ALL WAR PAINTINGS.

This celebrated War Painting, called "Grant and His Generals," now reproduced in oil colors on canvas, was painted in 1865, just at the close of the war, by a celebrated artist, who took the portraits from life, and which picture was sold for twenty-five thousand ($25,000) dollars.

In the group of officers that comprise this grand picture are the well-known figures of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, Schofield, Howard, Meade, Thomas, Hancock, Harrison, Garfield, Burnside, Warren, Butler, Granger, Sigel, Custer, Kilpatrick, Wilson, Kearny, McPherson, Lew Wallace, Fairchild, Ord, Blair, Slocum and Hooker, Generals of the Union Army, all of whom had, even at that time, distinguished themselves in battle, characters that will live in the memory of those who served with them, and of their children long after the old veteran has passed away.

These Generals, as they appear in this painting, are artistically mounted on the backs of horses as actually ridden by them during their campaigns.

Three Presidents of the United State appear in this group, viz., Grant, Garfield and Harrison, elected since the painting of the picture, also a number of others who have been mentioned for that high position. There are also seen here the faces of the three Generals, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan—the only ones who received from the United States Government the high rank of General, which rank became extinct at the death of Sheridan.

This picture does not include by any means all those who distinguished themselves in the Civil War. It would be impossible for one piece of canvas to do so; but it does give those who reached the front rank in their profession, with a number of their ablest Lieutenants.

This grand picture, IN OIL COLORS ON CANVAS (size, 24x36 inches), will be mailed to any address throughout the United States, together with the Weekly Globe, one year, for $1.40. Heretofore the price has been FIVE DOLLARS. The families of Union and Confederate soldiers can procure no more pleasing or inexpensive memorial of the Civil War. Mailed, with Weekly Globe, one year, for only $1.40. Address,

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HOLES IN THE AIR.

Persons Going About in Balloons Should Beware of Them.

[Chicago Tribune.]

H. Hennequin of Paris, France, who has had some experience in ærial navigation, arrived in the city yesterday from San Francisco on his way home. Mr. Hennequin was in Fontenay at the time Tissindier and Gower had their startling adventure in a balloon. The traveller is an intimate friend of Gower, and tells the story of their fall of a mile as the balloonist related it to him:

"They ascended from Tissindier's house in Paris and floated off toward Vincennes, and, as the wind was somewhat strong from the northeast, the two men soon disappeared from the view of Paris, having risen to a height of 1500 feet. When they had reached Fontenay, however, they were fully 6000 feet above the earth. They were sailing along smoothly, watching the scenes below, when suddenly they seemed to fall into a hole in the atmosphere, and down they went at a terrific rate. Gower glanced at the needle of the vertical scale. It was travelling with lightning speed. A roar filled their ears, and both men thought their time had come. Nothing had happened to the balloon. It was in perfect condition, but there seemed to be no air to hold it up. Tissindier desperately threw out sandbags. They were falling so rapidly that the bags were left far behind, and disappeared above them. The earth seemed to be rushing at them with the speed of a comet. There seemed to be no atmosphere left, and they could scarcely breathe. As a last resort Tissindier threw over the anchor and the remaining ballast, and the big balloon, after a rush of a mile through the air, regained its poise, and they were saved. The earth was but 50 feet below."

"This goes to show," continued Mr. Hennequin, "that too much precaution cannot be observed in carrying plenty of ballast. There are in the air occasional rarefactions, and when a balloon once gets into one of them it drops like a piece of lead. Gower and Tissindier sailed into a veritable pit in the air, and had they not had lots of ballast aboard, they would have been dashed to pieces."

A colored girl who has been kept in slavery for 19 years at Minneapolis, Minn., has just learned that she was free.